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Hollick to make bid for Spurs

Lord Hollick's United News and Media Group is asking US media conglomerate Time Warner to join it in making a bid for Tottenham Hotspur. Page 8

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Mothers who started creches to care for their own children have now seen them grow into multi-million pound companies receiving offers from big business. Page 13

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A teenage conscript has 'kidnapped' a Russian nuclear-powered attack submarine in the northern base of Murmansk after killing nine of his comrades. Page 14

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Charlie Ng, the British-born former marine and serial killer of at least 12 people, finally comes to trial in Los Angeles, 13 years after he was first arrested. Page 16

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LEHMAN BROTHERS was last night forced to reassure markets of its financial position after rumours swept London and New York that the Wall Street investment bank might be forced to file for bankruptcy. Page 18

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Gatting bows out on low note

Mike Gatting managed only two runs in his final first class innings, for Middlesex at Lord's. Middlesex lost to Gloucestershire by 96 runs. Page 27

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Feargal Keane

'Hungry and homeless, with the sound of shelling close behind them, the Albanian peasantry are being herded like animals in their own country.' Page 3

Terence Blacker

'Imagine how impoverished the best works of Roth or Updike would be without their daring, and sometimes embarrassing, erotic candour.' Page 5

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'Ask yourself, could Tolstoy have written War and Peace and a James Bond novel at the same time? Is such versatility proper, decent or human?' Page 5

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Recycled paper made up 46.03% of the raw material for UK newspapers in 1997

America
begins
to turn
its back

ONE OF America's leading

arbiters of taste turned her

back on the President yesterday,

the latest and perhaps

most telling rebuke to a man

who is becoming a pariah.

The distancing of America

from the President - a man who

thrives on closeness to people,

and has depended upon a

human relationship with the

nation - is in full swing.

Martha Stewart, a guru for

homemakers across the

nation, said a television

programme that she had

prepared earlier including a

lunch with the President would

not go on air for the moment.

"After reflection upon subsequent

events and information and

feedback from our

audience, we feel that airing

the programme would be

inappropriate at this time," a

spokesman said.

Ms Stewart had cooked

salmon, baby artichokes and

berry shortcakes for the President,

and presented him with

monogrammed pillows - something

that might have seemed

a little close to the knuckle.

Reactions from the media,

politicians and public show

that, above all else, the debate

is becoming an anguished

discussion of American values,

not just of a man on trial.

The issues involved have

sent the nation into an ethical

spin. "This is a sacred process,"

said Richard Gephardt, the

leading Democrat in the House

of Representatives. "This is

not politics." Polls show the

public's increasing concern

with morality, something that

both reflects and influences

their growing distaste for Mr

BY ANDREW MARSHALL

in Washington

Clinton. A study by the Wash-

ington Post yesterday showed

that seven out of 10 believe adul-

tery "should not be tolerated".

Yet there is still contradiction

within the public reactions to Mr

Clinton's misdoings. Fewer than

half of those who said adultery

should not be tolerated thought

the President's affair with Ms

Lewinsky was "important". The

public has a sense of moral decline,

with 76 per cent believing the

country is "on the wrong track".

Hillary Clinton and the Vice-

President, Al Gore, score more

highly but the President's ratings

have dragged down the Demo-

crats' score. The "morality

gap" between them and the Re-

publicans has widened dramati-

cally. And yet only one in

three believes that the President

should be impeached, according

to a USA Today/CNN/Gallup

poll.

The President's own moral

guides are also offering

diverging opinions. He has in

the past leaned on the Rev

Robert Shuler, a pastor from

California, for advice, but now

Mr Shuler says he should

resign. "He has to ask himself

whether he will heal the breach

through extended impeach-

ment hearings, or whether

prolonging this will only make

it deeper and uglier," he told

the New York Times.

Yet Philip Wogaman, pastor

of the Foundry United Method-

ist church in Washington, where

Mr Clinton worships, said it

would be a grave mistake for

him to resign.



The President bows his head as a pastor addresses the White House prayer meeting

Scott Applewhite/AP

'I don't think there is a fancy way to say that I have sinned'

These are edited highlights of

President Clinton's words at a

prayer breakfast in the White

House yesterday, when he said

he had sinned in his relation-

ship with ex-intern Monica

Lewinsky, and asked forgiveness

from his family, Lewinsky

and the American people.

First, genuine repentance, a de-

termination to change and to

repair breaches of my own

making. I have repented.

Second, what my Bible calls

a broken spirit. An understand-

ing that I must have God's

help to be the person that I want

to be. A willingness to give the

very forgiveness I seek.

A renunciation of the pride

and the anger, which cloud

judgment, lead people to excuse

and compare, and to blame

and complain. Now, what does

all this mean for me and for us?

First, I ask for your prayers

and for your help in healing our

nation. ... It is very important

that our nation move forward.

I am very grateful for the

many, many people - clergy and

ordinary citizens alike - who

have written me with wise

counsel. I am profoundly grate-

ful for the support of so many

Americans who somehow ...

seem to still know that I care

about them a great deal, that I

care about their problems and

their dreams.

I am grateful for those who

have stood by me and who say

that, in this case and many others,

the bounds of privacy have

been excessively and unwisely

invaded. That may be.

Nevertheless, in this case, it

may be a blessing because I still

sinned. And if my repentance is

genuine and sustained ...

their good can come of this

for our country, as well as

for me and my family.

White House tries to get in retaliation first

THE WHITE HOUSE made a

dramatic effort yesterday to

pre-empt Kenneth Starr's al-

legations by sending its own re-

port to Congress, declaring the

President did not commit per-

jury, obstruct justice, tamper

with witnesses or abuse the

power of his office. "Impeach-

ment is a matter of incompar-

able gravity. Even to discuss it

BY JOHN SOLOMON

is to discuss overturning the

electoral will of the people," Bill

Clinton's lawyers wrote.

"We do not believe the OIC

(Office of Independent Counsel)

can identify any conduct remotely

approaching the impeach-

ment standard," said the

73-page rebuttal, written by at-

torney David Kendall and a

White House counsel, Charles

Ruff, and their associates.

"Instead from press reports,

if true, it appears that the OIC

has dangerously overreached

to describe in the most dramati-

c of terms conduct that not only

is not criminal, but is actually

proper and lawful."

The report was released by

the White House less than an

hour after lawmakers voted to

make public the report by Mr

Starr, which accused him of 11

impeachable offenses.

The Clinton rebuttal was

part of a massive counterof-

fensive, planned in secret over

the last few days by the Presi-

dent's top troubleshooters.

White House spokesman

Joe Lockhart said the rebuttal,

sent to a half-dozen House

leaders, was not based on an

advance look at Mr Starr's re-

port. "We don't know what's in

the report, but we can read the

newspapers," he said.

The White House report was

sent to leaders of the House Ju-

diciary Committee, to the

Speaker Newt Gingrich, the

Minority Leader Dick Gephardt

and House Oversight Commit-

tee chairman Bill Thomas. The

document offered a point-by-

point rebuttal of allegations

expected in Starr's report.

"This private mistake does

not amount to an impeachable

action," the report said. It went

on to say that Starr's report had

the "intent to embarrass".

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BRITAIN TODAY



FORECAST

General situation: Heavy showers will clear from Wales and England; this afternoon

there will be fewer showers and better sunny spells in most areas. However,

Northern Ireland and Western Scotland will have steadier rain, moving into

the north of England and Wales later.

Case S, E & SE England, London, E Anglia: Heavy showers spreading east.

Fewer showers this afternoon with longer sunny spells. Moderate to fresh west-

erly winds. Max temp 14-16C (57-61F).

SW England, Channel Is: Brief sunny spells and occasional heavy showers.

Fresh west to north-west winds. Max temp 14-16C (57-61F).

Midlands, S Wales: Heavy showers clearing. Sunny spells but more rain this

evening. A moderate to fresh west to south-west wind. Max temp 14-15C (57-

59F).

N Wales, C & NW England, Lake Dist, Isle of Man, NE England,

Yorkshire: Heavy showers clearing. Sunny spells but more rain later. Moderate to

fresh south-westerly winds becoming variable. Max temp 12-14C (54-57F).

N Ireland, SW Scotland, Glasgow: A spell of heavy rain then sunny spells and

scattered showers. Fresh west to south-west winds veering northerly. Max temp

12-14C (54-57F).

NW, NE & SE Scotland, W Isles, Edinburgh, Aberdeen, N Isles: Early

ground frost inland. Sunny spells and scattered showers but steadier rain in

Shetland. Variable winds becoming mainly north to north-easterly, moderate to

fresh. Max temp 12-14C (54-57F).

LIGHTING UP

Belief 7.48pm to 6.52am

Birmingham 7.30pm to 6.34am

Bristol 7.32pm to 6.42am

Glasgow 7.43pm to 6.44am

London 7.35pm to 6.32am

Manchester 7.35pm to 6.35am

Newcastle 7.32pm to 6.34am

Height measured in metres

HIGH TIDES

Ayr 10.30 4.4 11.02 4.2

Belfast 10.43 5.2 11.10 5.0

Birmingham 10.35 4.4 11.02 4.2

Bristol 10.40 5.0 11.04 4.8

Cardiff 10.35 4.4 11.02 4.2

Dun Laoghaire 10.40 5.0 11.04 4.8

Glasgow 10.35 4.4 11.02 4.2

The intern, a woman scorned and the love letters that trapped a president

BY DAVID USBORNE
in Washington

IT IS a typically hot and humid day in June 1998, and 21-year-old Monica Lewinsky walks through Washington to Pennsylvania Avenue and to a new job as an unpaid intern at the White House.

Attractive in a buxom, ungainly way and with an exquisite face, Monica is typical of the scores of young people enrolling to work for the Administration that summer. Just finished with her studies at university in Oregon, she is the daughter of divorced, but politically well connected parents from Beverly Hills. Her mother, Marcia Lewis, the author of a kiss-and-tell book about Luciano Pavarotti, has an apartment at the Watergate complex.

But she was a girl also with enthusiastic carnal ambitions. With eyes like soup plates and lustrous black hair, she had had early experience of illicit sex and betrayal. In Oregon, she had carried on a furious affair with her drama teacher, many years her senior and married. In the White House she found another such father figure on whom to transfer her desires. That person, of course, was the President.

Monica worked quickly to land her prey. With her job in the office of the White House Chief of Staff, Leon Panetta, she had easy and frequent access to the environs of the President himself. Any excuse she had to glimpse him directly, she took. The photocopier machine outside the Oval Office was a favourite haunt. All public events attended by the President at the White House, Monica attended too.

Monica, not surprisingly, was impressed with her own conquest. She even wrote to her old flame, the drama teacher, to boast that she had earned her "presidential kneecaps", a reference, presumably, to oral sex with Mr Clinton. But then, disaster. Aides who had begun to observe Monica's "unhealthy" interest in the Commander-in-Chief had her transferred out of the White House to the Pentagon in April 1998.

At the Pentagon, she sulked. Happily though, she met another woman, Linda Tripp, who similarly had been exiled from the White House. To Ms Tripp, Monica indulged her tendency to boast one more time. She told her about her Oval Office flings.

That summer, Ms Tripp found



herself with more reason to resent the White House. She had been cited as a source in a *Newsweek* story about alleged fondlings by the President of an old political friend, Kathleen Willey. Written by ace reporter Michael Isikoff, the article included remarks by the presidential lawyer Robert Bennett, dismissing her as an unreliable source. Mr Bennett's comments were typical of a White House that was still arrogant in its denial of the libid-

scandals already nipping at the President's heels. It pook-pooked Ms Willey's claims just as it had those of Paula Jones, the Arkansas woman who had opened a civil lawsuit against Mr Clinton.

James Carville, White House spin doctor extraordinaire, famously referred to Paula Jones as trailer trash. She was, he said, "what you get if you drag a \$100 bill through a trailer park".

Two women scorned are dan-

gerous to any man. Then another woman entered the frame. She was Lucianne Goldberg, a New York literary agent friend of Ms Tripp and, crucially, a former political spy for Richard Nixon. Ms Tripp told her of the Lewinsky affair and Ms Goldberg instantly saw the potential for a best-seller. Her advice to Ms Tripp turned out to be pivotal to the sequence of events that delivered the President to the crisis he is in.

First, she insisted that Ms Tripp

secretly record her telephone conversations with "her friend" Monica. But equally important, and often overlooked, Ms Goldberg engineered that all love letters between Ms Lewinsky and the President be sent to the White House by courier to ensure that there would be a record of them. The courier service they reportedly used belonged, astonishingly, to Ms Goldberg's brother.

As Ms Goldberg later explained to Stephen Brill, editor of *Content*

magazine, "for her to have a real book deal, she had to get some of what she knew into a mainstream publication of some kind". How about Isikoff at *Newsweek*?

For evidence, the pair concluded that love letters should be sent by Lewinsky to the President. They advised Ms Lewinsky accordingly.

More was needed to make the story irresistible to Isikoff. Ms Goldberg saw the perfect opportunity in the Paula Jones sexual harassment

case that was then under way against the President.

Someone started to place anonymous telephone calls to Ms Jones's lawyers urging them to look into Ms Lewinsky and her relationship with the President. That someone may have been Ms Tripp herself. Did Ms Goldberg urge Ms Tripp to do so, she was asked by Brill? "Do you think I had to?" she replied. "Hell, I guess you could say so".

This was dastardly scheming indeed. In so constructing a scenario that could not fail to lure the attentions of Isikoff, the duo of Goldberg and Tripp had also set a trap for President Clinton.

Thanks to those phone calls, the lawyers did indeed look towards Ms Lewinsky to help demonstrate that there had been a pattern of abuse of women by the President. And most importantly of all, they decided to demand a deposition from Mr Clinton. And that, we now know, was the beginning of the Monica meltdown.

By now it was not just Isikoff who was getting interested. So too was the special prosecutor Kenneth Starr, whose remit had at first been to investigate land deals entered into by Mr Clinton in the early Eighties. His suspicions were deepening that behind the Lewinsky allegations there lay not only an adulterous relationship but something darker: an example of the President lying to protect himself.

That deposition made by the President to Ms Jones's lawyers on 17 January now seems to be the moment he snookered himself. In his report, sent to Congress this week, Mr Starr asserts that the President perjured himself by denying a sexual relationship with Lewinsky. She had committed the same crime in a deposition she had made earlier to Ms Jones's lawyers.

It was in promising her immunity from prosecution for her perjury that Starr finally this summer persuaded her to spill the beans about the liaison to his grand jury.

Thus was the humbling of Bill Clinton executed. Its engineers were two women, embittered by the treatment they had received from an over-bearing White House, and another woman who was doing her job, laying the ground for the literary bombshell of the decade.

And a fourth party helped too - the Washington media - and, more specifically, the reporter, Michael Isikoff.

Hope loses patience with the homeboy made good

BY PHIL DAVISON
in Hope, Arkansas

WHEN BILL Clinton first semi-apologised to the nation on 17 August, the God-fearing folk of his little Arkansas home town - population 11,201 at the last count - were not really listening. They were attending the town's biggest event of the year, the four-day Hope Annual Watermelon Festival.

As always, the Bright family won the top prize, with a melon that at 200lb-plus weighed more than the President. But there was a sense of disappointment that Jason Bright, grandson of the legendary Ivan, could not match his 1985 *Guinness Book of Records* watermelon of 260lb.

When the festival was over, folk got to talking about the town's most famous son, William Jefferson Blythe IV (his real father, William Blythe of Texas, died in a car crash three months before young Bill was born). They have been talking about young Bill ever since, mostly in the City Bakery, the centre of the action in a town that is very Protestant and very dry. Alcohol is banned.

"I think they should neuter him but keep him on as President," Randal Ross, owner of the City Bakery, told me as I studied the childhood photographs of Mr Clinton on the cafe's walls.

"We've got Muslim terrorists trying to blow up Americans all over the world but the media are all caught up in this sexual thing. I mean it's not as though he did it on the Senate floor. Or did he?" he said.

If you want to imagine how small Hope is, consider this: when I asked my motel receptionist to call me a cab, she replied with the slowest of mid-western draws: "Lord, honey, the AB company done shut down long time back."

But she told me Mr Clinton's birthplace was "just about a mile on down the road", so I walked. Every mile or so, when I stopped to ask folk on Inter-



Visitors waiting to enter President Clinton's birthplace home in Hope, Arkansas, in 1997. The national historic site has been recently renovated. Mike Winbrock.

state 30, I got the same reply: "It's just about a mile on down the road."

The President's birthplace ("Well, he was actually born in the Julia Chester hospital, now a funeral parlour, but he was brought here a couple of hours later," I was told) is a two-storey wooden house, white with dark-green trim, at 117 South Harvey street, surrounded by a white fence.

It is now a museum, refurbished and furnished (with the help of the President's late mother, Virginia Clinton) in the style of the early Fifties, including a cot that replicates the one where the future president slept. Above it is his kindergarten drawing book with his writing: "This little golden book belongs to Billy Blythe."

"I'm extremely disappointed in him but I'm a Christian. And my Christian teaching is that God is a God of forgiveness, a God of second chances," said Beckie Moore, who runs the museum.

"He told his mother at an early age he was going to be president. He loves people. He's a brilliant man, probably the best president we've ever had. At first I didn't want to believe the allegations were true. I was really, really hurt. But he's apologised 5,000 times. It breaks my heart that he continually has to say that to the American people."

In a town without cable, and very rainy, Ms Moore took pity on me, shut down the museum and drove me around. She told me the President still had a few cousins here and lots of school friends. His nurse and nanny, Wilma Booker, now in her seventies - "the first woman ever to touch him," she said, without any hint of irony - still lives here, but was not home.

We drove past the long-closed railway station and down to the City Bakery, where anyone from out of town sticks out like a sore thumb. But no one minded talking as I moved from table to table.

"I guess it hurt us more than

most folks 'cos he come from here," said Wayman Dougan, a truck driver in a green baseball cap and the typical beige overalls carrying a sewn-on patch with his name - Wayman.

"He's supposed to be the leader of the nation. He's supposed to be the key influence on our kids. It's apparent that Monica Lewinsky wasn't his first affair. I believe the other girls were not lying," Mr Dougan said. "There's enough immorality in this world as it is. We don't need it up there in the highest areas of government. I've got grandkids. It's hard enough to teach them what's right or wrong."

As I left, the deadpan Mr Dougan told me a local joke. "The President and First Lady were passing the service station across the road. Hillary points to the man inside and says 'he was my high school flame'. So Bill says 'heck, if you'd married him, you could have had that service station.' And Hillary says: 'Honey, if I'd married him, he'd be President!'"

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هكذا كان الأمر

SOMETIMES
IT'S EASIER
TO TALK
TO SOMEONE
YOU
DON'T LIKE.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY EDWARD SYKES



If you tell your
girlfriend,
will she think
less of you?

A REGISTERED CHARITY

When you have a problem, it's the most natural thing in the world to want to talk it through with someone.

Sometimes, though, this creates another problem: who's the best person to confide in?

An obvious choice would be a close friend. But let's face it, we don't always choose our friends for their amazing powers of tact, diplomacy and discretion. Tell one person, and you may end up telling the world.

You may be lucky enough to be able to talk to someone in your family. Then again, you may be one of the large number of people who find talking to your nearest and dearest agonisingly embarrassing.

A girlfriend or boyfriend? If you can, great. But sometimes we don't want to expose our weaknesses to those who fancy us.

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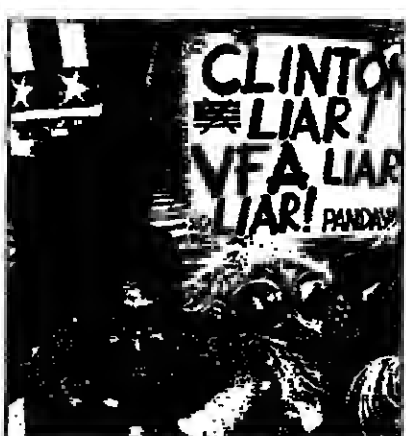
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Key players in America's endgame



FRIENDS

The Democrats who support the President must decide whether to keep him at arm's length or back him to the hilt as a forgiven sinner. Mid-term Congressional elections in two months make the first course preferable. Who needs enemies when you have friends like these?



ENEMIES

Just because Bill and Hillary are paranoid, doesn't mean there isn't a conspiracy. Key Republicans who have targeted the President will aim to drag out proceedings to keep Al Gore out of the Oval Office. They may draw back if the public thinks they are destroying the office of President, not just the man.



MEDIA

The public says it wants to know less - but keeps tuning in and reading the scurrilous websites. Newspapers have toughened their stand against Clinton, and many now urge resignation. The networks watch the ratings; saturation coverage will go into even higher gear if impeachment proceedings begin.



VOTERS

There are signs that voters are changing their previous attitude - that they thought highly of the President as office-holder, and poorly of him as a man. Many Democrats may not vote; Republicans will, and that may deal the Democrats a series of defeats in November's elections.



WIFE

Should I stay or should I go? So far she has remained by his side, and will probably continue to do so. There is little she does not know about his infidelities. Count on two sets of removal vans outside the White House when the President leaves, however. She will have a life of her own.



ALLIES

Tony Blair and others have backed Bill publicly, and often. But in the language of diplomacy, there comes a time when it is appropriate to reconsider the nature of a friendship. That could mean putting some distance into the Anglo-American Special Relationship, and shifting from BC (But Clinton) to AD (After the Democrats).

AS THE old saying goes, a friend in need is a damned nuisance. It is the friends of Bill Clinton - not the old Arkansas buddies but the political allies he has accumulated as a consequence of his election to the White House six years ago - who must now make the most difficult choices about their options in the days to come.

The Democrats began to break publicly with him a week ago, when Senator Joseph Lieberman of Connecticut and Pat Moynihan of New York led the charge. Since then, every Democrat has had to choose sides. Governor Parris Glendening of Maryland cancelled a presidential visit; others will

BY ANDREW MARSHALL
in Washington

do the same. Mr Clinton has moved from the credit side of the political ledger and his name is now written in red. He is a liability, not an asset.

Mr Moynihan had been saying in private for months that he regarded the President as a disgrace. He may not even run for office again; his judgement reflects that of the party's grandees, who have long had little time for the man from Hope.

Partly, what is happening is that some of the old cleavages are re-emerging and the worry for party managers must be that what had become a more

disciplined, efficient machine will disintegrate.

Significantly, Mr Lieberman is an old ally of the President's, who re-emerged the Democrats under new centrist slogans, ditching old dogma in search of a third way. In many respects, these are the people who put most faith and political capital into the fresh-faced young Southern governor. Now he looks more like the Southern governors of old: corrupted by power, immoral and relying on quick fixes and personal connections to save his bacon when the going gets tough.

Mr Lieberman had also been rumoured to be a running-mate for Al Gore in 2000. If that

was on his mind, the political calculation, that the President was wrecking the chances of an uninterrupted 12 or 16 years in the White House for the Democrats, was plain. It may be that Mr Lieberman had other calculations: if Mr Gore has to look for a vice-president to sit out the remaining two years of what should be the Clinton presidency, a man who made his discontent public would be an ideal choice.

Mr Gore has even tougher choices to make. If he remains loyal and upfront about it, he risks being tarred by the same brush. He is already the target of an inquiry by the Justice Department on campaign financ-

ing. He has blended into the background, something for which his somewhat bland style fits him perfectly. But at some stage, if impeachment becomes a possibility, he will have to make hard choices.

Hard choices, too, confront Mr Clinton's allies abroad. No one has been more publicly supportive and personally close than Tony Blair, the foreign leader the President was in closest contact with over the missile strikes on Afghanistan and Sudan, the fellow-traveller on the third way, the generational twin across the Atlantic.

Personal ties in diplomacy are rarely as important as they are made out to be but between

Downing Street and the White House there must be some closeness for the relationship to flourish, as there was between Margaret Thatcher and Ronald Reagan, or Harold Macmillan and John Kennedy, and as there definitely was not between John Major and Mr Clinton. Moving away, even a few steps, carries grave risks for Mr Blair, however. Every word and gesture will be examined over the coming weeks; he will be probed mercilessly.

For those who wish the President ill, there are also risks in coming weeks. If the office of the president itself comes to be seen as a target, the public will take it very hard. There is still

a great deal of goodwill towards Bill Clinton the president as opposed to the husband and father, and, even though the public is catching up with the mood of the politicians and the media, if either gets too far in front, they will pay a price.

The key elements will be timing. The hearings on the President may drag on into next year, which would paralyse the presidency and Congress. No one would be in charge of the country. If that is seen to harm the nation, if the economy tips into recession, the blame game will start, and Republicans will be no more immune than Democrats. Equally, it is possible that, as the charges are end-

lessly rehearsed, public sentiment could change again.

Public reaction is the hardest element to judge in the equation that will decide the President's future. There is a wave of moralism entering the public language of politics, an opinion polls recent rising concern about the ethics of America. It was evident before the Lewinsky affair its partly a reflection of the lack of any security challenges and the sunny economy. So far it has not caught up with the public's general perceptions of the President's handling of political and economic issues, where he scores highly - very highly

A friendship at the heart of the survival battle

THE MIND goes back to a hot July day in 1992 on the lawn of the Governor's mansion in Little Rock. Bill Clinton was presenting his dream ticket, unveiling as his running mate the Tennessee Senator Al Gore. The promise seemed boundless: two of the south's brightest sons, linking their destinies to lead America into the millennium. Today, for Bill Clinton, the dream is almost dead. But, for Al Gore the office which has been his goal for two decades is almost within his grasp.

By the anti-monarchic standards of America, Al Gore was born to the purple. His pedigree was as distinguished as Bill Clinton's was out. His father had been a senator before him. The son was raised not on the family farm but in Washington DC, where he attended the elite St Alban's school before entering Harvard. He was a congressman at 28, a senator at 36, and a Presidential candidate already in 1988, when he was only 39. Had he won he would have been the youngest President in history.

In stark contrast to Clinton, his image was - and despite his present involvement in a fundraising scandal, remains - purer than the driven snow. Clinton came into that year's New York convention amid allegations of infidelity and draft-dodging. In that sense, if not the geographical one, Gore was the perfect ticket balancer. He brought with him the perfect all-American family: a happy-go-lucky, effervescent wife,

BY RUPERT CORNWELL

Tipper, and four handsome children who might have stepped out of a 1950s high school photo album. Indeed, it was a car accident which almost killed his son, Albert Jr, that persuaded Gore not to run in 1992.

Like Clinton he opposed the war in Vietnam. Unlike him however, he elected to serve as a reporter for the army engineering corps. Best of all, in contrast to so many presidential and vice-presidential pairings, he and Clinton hit it off from the word go.

What linked them then, and links them now, is a fascination with issues. Gore, famously, is stolid and impassive. "My, he looks so lifelike," runs the old joke about the voter first encountering him in the flesh. Where Clinton throbs with life and movement, he comes across as wooden and slow spoken. But the heavy style masks deep knowledge and burning commitment, and a political brain as sharp as Clinton's. He has tailored his career to the times: arms control in the 1980s, then the environment, and now information technology.

The vice-presidency, famously is a thankless task, "not worth a bucket of warm spit", in the words of one unhappy incumbent. But among the breed, Gore has exerted rare power. The influence shows not in the committee he chairs or the speeches he gives - but in his close personal relationship with the President.

To Bill Clinton he has delivered utter personal loyalty.

The throne has wobbled several times in the past few years, but from Gore the support has never wavered.

In return, he is listened to. No important White House policy decision has been taken without Gore's approval. In the foreign policy field especially, he has made his presence felt.

Of late however his prestige has been sapped. Environmentalists have been upset by his refusal, or inability, to get tough with big business over emission standards. Clinton's own troubles have cast a cloud over what seemed an effortless glide to the party's nomination in 2000. Gore has been embroiled in a fundraising scandal dating back to 1996, in which he was said to have illegally solicited donors from his White House office. The law is an anachronism, dating back to the 1880s, before phones existed. But in handling the trouble last year, he displayed himself at his worst: pedantic, humourless and evasive. There was, he repeatedly told a press conference, "no controlling legal authority" banning what he was supposed to have done. Even that master hair-splitter "Slick Willie" himself might have winced at that one.

The affair is anything but over, and just possibly a president who resigns or is impeached could be succeeded by one who quickly finds himself at the receiving end of a special prosecutor's attentions. But Al Gore's very over-



Clinton and Gore at the Democratic Convention in August 1996 when Clinton accepted the nomination for a second term in office Reuters

zealousness as a fundraiser is a token of his determination. Quietly but unmistakably, he is as ambitious as Bill Clinton. If something has to be done, Gore will do it - especially if that something helps nail down the prize for 2000.

In private, there is a wonderful deadpan humour and parties at the vice presidential mansion up Massachusetts Avenue are said to be a riot.

But before a larger public audience, Gore visibly labours. He

is a strong debater but a lousy communicator. He lacks the current president's unparalleled gift of catching a mood. At best, a Gore speech has a certain plodding authority, but attempts at emotion usually end in mawkishness - witness the gruesome sentimentality of his address to the 1996 convention in Chicago, using his sister's death from lung cancer to berate the tobacco industry.

But in many respects, Gore is the more instinctively Pres-

idential of the two. He is for one thing disciplined. His brainstorming sessions will end sharp at 11pm, in contrast to those rambling discussions beloved of Bill Clinton, stretching into small hours.

Of late, Clinton has become a better administrator. But in his first term, it was Gore who tended to bring meetings to a close, and to insist that decisions must be taken.

If anything too, he is more hawkish. On Bosnia in partic-

ular he favoured much tougher, and much earlier, Western action against the Bosnian Serbs. He was one of the few Democrats in Congress who supported the use of force to evict Saddam Hussein from Kuwait.

Vice-presidents who become presidents can be pleasant surprises. Muffled under Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson became one of the great domestic presidents - at least until Vietnam.

Harry Truman, once re-

garded as a second rate machine politician from Missouri, is hailed universally for his part in shaping the post-war world.

Al Gore, southern centrist by instinct, internationalist by conviction, has the potential to reach these standards. For the world, in short, he should be a known and reassuring quantity.

But there will be surprises too. Maybe he'll even get off a good joke in public.

Internet under massive strain

KENNETH STARR's report to Congress may have been the defining moment in the Clinton presidency, but it was also the moment when on-line news delivery came of age.

The decision to publish Mr Starr's report directly on the World Wide Web has virtually guaranteed that it will be most widely read Internet document ever.

An estimated 100 million Net users have access to the report - 4 million in the UK - and the numbers trying to access the Congressional site

have seen bottlenecks quickly emerge, with some computer experts predicting failure of the server.

The BBC News Online service said it was expecting interest to swamp even that generated by the death of the Princess of Wales. Phil Codling, Internet network analyst at Datamonitor, said: "Potentially the weakest link is the pipe into the Washington server. There might be rather more Internet traffic than usual, but it won't be enough to kill the network."

GARY FINN

Blair stands by his man

TONY BLAIR is standing by his man in the White House, as he could hardly do anything else.

But the Prime Minister's allies are starting to wonder whether he will suffer some collateral damage from all the bullets flying at the US President.

Their special relationship has been to their mutual advantage - until now. But the balance of power has changed since a nervous opposition leader met President Clinton for the first time in 1998. Mr Blair worried about whether to call him "Mr President" or "Bill". Mr Clinton said "Hi, Tony" and the two men never looked back: the Oxford-educated former lawyers also had much in common politically. "They get on very well, and it

BY ANDREW GRICE
Political Editor

is a genuine meeting of minds," said one British minister. "In many ways they are very similar. But Tony does not have a zipper problem."

When Mr Blair returned to Washington as PM in February this year, the American media was dominated by the Monica Lewinsky affair. Mr Blair heaped praise on his friend, telling him at a White House dinner: "Bill, I am pleased to call you a good colleague and friend. I know I'm not alone in supporting you. I know the American people support you." They tended off questions about Miss Lewinsky after agreeing their lines in advance. But it

may not be so easy for Mr Blair when he visits New York on September 21.

Yesterday, Downing Street insisted Mr Blair still regards Mr Clinton as a "very close friend and ally" who had done more than any other President to bring about peace in Ireland. Number 10 said the Prime Minister "hoped" to see Mr Clinton while he was in New York, although events are moving so fast in Washington that nothing can be taken for granted.

He will not want to abandon Mr Clinton in his hour of need, but Mr Blair has put fight between him and his buddy when it suited him in the past. Modernisers including Mr Blair distanced themselves when Mr Clinton's first presidency ran

into political troubles. Mr Blair quietly transferred his primary political affections to Paul Keating, Australia's Labor Prime Minister, before Clinton won a second term in 1996 and Mr Keating lost power.

Mr Blair drew two lessons: firstly, it is not enough just to win power - a party must know what it intends to do once in office. Secondly, as Mr Blair put it, politicians must avoid Mr Clinton's biggest mistake: "running on one basis and governing on another".

As well as learning from Mr Clinton's mistakes, Mr Blair always swaps notes with him on campaigning and, above all, retaining electoral support. That may seem a forlorn hope for the ailing President now.

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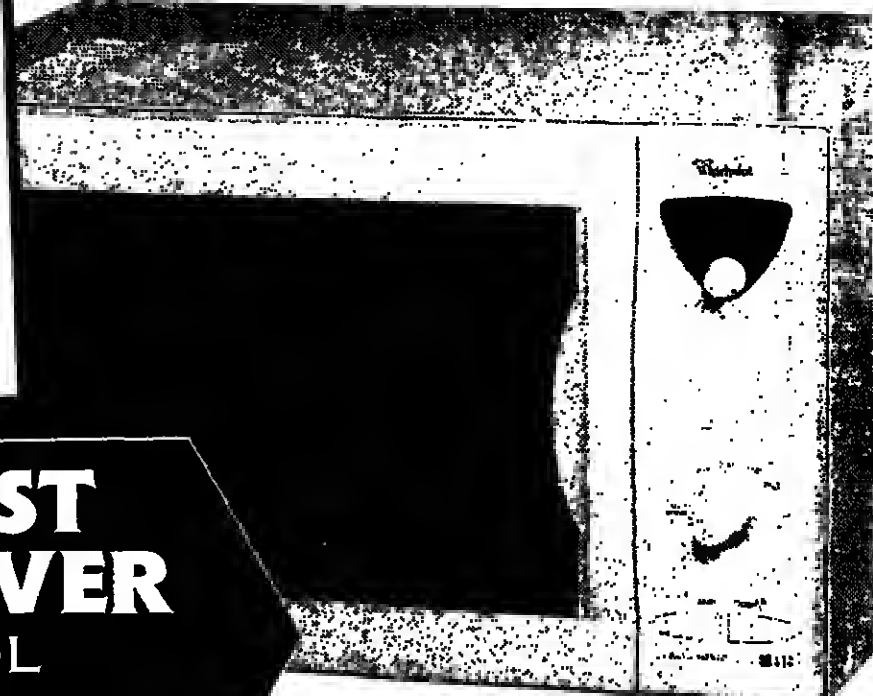
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Which school? Where to go to be a snob, swot, winner or a bully

Judge attacks race activists

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AGES	13-18	13-18	13-18	11-18		
FEE	Boarding, £4,649 a term	Boarding, £4,795 a term	none, state	Day, £2,331 a term	Boarding, £4,735 a term	Boarding, £4,610 a term
ACADEMIC ACHIEVEMENT	"First class all-round. Outstandingly good teaching."	"Credible, given range of intake. Good wide range of subjects."	"Steady performer in academic league tables. GCSE results strong."	"Outstandingly strong and consistently so."	"Strongest in the league. Very good results. High quality of teaching."	
ATMOSPHERE	Founded in 1440 by Henry VI. "Buildings mellow old brick."	Founded in 1935 by 'Boss' Meyer who wanted to put individual's needs before school's. Modern sports facilities.	Foundation derives from Saint Philip Neri. "Catholicism permeates everything. Pleasant, modern buildings."	"Calm but dynamic. Opened 1904."	Founded 1923. "Huge, elegant and slightly gloomy Victorian mansion. 'Life is a bit boyless'."	Founded in 1567. "Impressive buildings."
DISCIPLINE	"Broad-minded, liberal though quite capable of firing a pupil at a moment's notice. Random drug testing."	"Excellent in part at grass-roots level but problems because of size of campus."	"Exceptionally firm. Pupils rarely ever visit the local McDonalds let alone smoke in a mile of the school."	"Slightly 'in an eight track' approach - (relaxed but not relaxed according to the school)."	"Strict. Strong discipline. With a good sense of humour."	
PUPILS	"A rich mix of spivs and coifs. 35 per cent sons of old Etonians."	"Lots of flash new money. Lots of talent from humble backgrounds."	"A happy and communicative lot."	"Incredibly articulate and a teeny tendency to intellectual arrogance but not too."	"Interesting and rich geographical and social mix - new money, first time buyers, overseas pupils and some upperclass."	"Wide social range but school is not snobby - not impressed by social credentials."
VERDICT	"Still the number one boys' public school for social status."	"Genuinely co-ed, genuinely comprehensive offering all things to all people."	"A very Catholic, very disciplined, hard-working all-ability school."	"The school's motto is 'noblesse oblige' and it lives."		

AN OLD BAILEY judge has asked the Attorney General to investigate black activists for trying to turn the killing of a 16-year-old Asian schoolboy into a "racial cause célèbre".

Judge Graham Bost QC hit out at race campaigners who likened the murder of Manesh Patel to that of the black teenager Stephen Lawrence.

Manesh, from Kenton, in Middlesex, died after being attacked by two white teenagers in a west London street in July last year, but the judge said it was a case of "bullying" with no racial motive - as did the victim's father.

The judge was told activists bombarded Manesh's parents with telephone calls to try to persuade them to criticise the police and claim that the killing was racially motivated.

He said: "It is extremely regrettable that anyone would think to approach Mr and Mrs Patel during the course of the trial. It would only have served to exasperate their distress at a very difficult time. In my view the Patel family treated the situation with considerable restraint. This whole matter ought to be investigated by the Attorney General."

Brian Altman, prosecuting, said Mr Patel was approached by Harrow Commission for Racial Equality to hold up a banner outside court. He refused. "He also received a number of calls from unknown sources trying to persuade him this was another Stephen Lawrence-type case. Mr Patel has told me that he has nothing but praise for the police."

He handed the judge a press release from an organisation called the 1990 Trust, which stated: "Another bus stop, another murder, another miscarriage of justice."

In June a 16-year-old from the Harrow area, who cannot be named, was found guilty of manslaughter.

Another youth, 17, was convicted of causing actual bodily harm. Yesterday the 16-year-old was sentenced to three and a half years' detention, while the older boy was given 80 hours' community service.

ETON is still number one for social status - but watch out for the drink. Though Westminster is academically powerful, you must be tough to survive.

That perennial topic of dinner party chat - where to send the children to school - receives a boost this week with the publication of an irreverent guide that tells parents which schools are in - and out.

The latest edition of the Good Schools Guide, written "for parents by parents", promises to reveal where you will find bullying and where to avoid social climbers.

The schools are not, generally speaking, comprehensive but their private counterparts

BY JUDITH JUDD
Education Editor

that cost up to £14,500 a year.

Amanda Atha, author of the guide's sixth edition, is scathing about inspectors' reports where words like "outstanding", "happy", "exemplary", "caring", pepper every paragraph. Take such reports with a pinch of salt, she suggests, and turn to her guide based on visits to more than 350 schools and talks with heads, staff, teachers, pupils and parents.

Miss Atha is undaunted by the reputations of even the most famous schools. Eton is "still number one for social status", first class all round and

offers outstandingly good teaching but she says drink is "a perennial problem".

Westminster, top of this year's independent school A-level league tables, is also viewed with a cool eye. There are "continuing reports of bullying" though the outgoing head says that inspectors' comments on improving pastoral care have been implemented. One parent commented on the academic pressure "there is no mercy". "Do not choose it for your son," warns the guide, "if he is likely in any way to be the underdog."

Millfield in Somerset another school in the headlines recently and famous for its

sporting prowess, "could be your first choice if you have a dyslexic child, providing the child is reasonably robust and determined or if you have a real winner but no money". Be prepared, also, for "lots of flash new money" and mothers with "large rocks, shoulder pads and stilettos".

Stockbrokers should head for Charterhouse, "a super public school for the sons of stockbrokers" which has "five-star facilities". Benenden, which the Princess Royal attended, is a traditional girls' boarding school but "no longer the fashionable choice for English pupils".

Bullying appears to be on the

increase, the guide notes, but it applauds the head of Rugby for eradicating a long tradition of bullying. The scene of Tom Brown's Schooldays is "going from strength to strength" and is even described by some boys and girls as "fun".

Other schools which receive the book's seal of approval are Winchester, described as one of the best - if not the best - and brightest, St Paul's Girls in London is "utterly wonderful" and Manchester Grammar is a "five-star academic day school".

State schools are in a minority but Hills Road Sixth Form College in Cambridge is "a match for any fee-paying school" and William Ellis com-

prehensive is "a super strong north London state school with a tremendously hard working innovative staff" which teaches children from 76 countries with more than 40 mother tongues.

The London Oratory, attended by Euan Blair, the Prime Minister's son, is "a very Catholic, very disciplined, hard-working all-ability school" and your exit from it is "rapid and certain if you - or your child - kick consistently against the unbending principles of the school's policies".

Some facts are too hot for even this guide to handle: though some schools are now dispensing the morning after

pill, it declines to say which.

Dick Davison of the Independent Schools Information Service said: "The criticism of guides like this is that they are not guides to all the available schools. They may be eccentric and gossipy. Having said that, schools prefer to be in them rather than out."

But Tim Devin, an education public relations consultant, said it was good to give parents views about schools. Private schools had been scathing about the guide when it first appeared in 1986. "Now there has been a change of attitude," said Devin. The Good Schools Guide published by Lucas Publications, price £17.99.

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JAVI 1350

Hollick plans bid for Spurs

UNITED NEWS & Media, Lord Hollick's media empire, is putting together a consortium to mount a takeover bid for Tottenham Hotspur, the north London football club controlled by Alan Sugar.

United has joined forces with English National Investment Company, the financial firm which has a 25 per cent stake in Glasgow Rangers, to mount a bid. Time Warner, the US media giant, has also been asked to take part.

United, which owns the Express newspaper, also controls the Anglia, ETV and Meridian ITV franchises and has a 50 per cent shareholding in Channel 5. It has a stake in SDN, the company which has been awarded a licence to operate channels on digital terrestrial television. The plans being hatched by United News include using spare capacity on SDN's network to run a subscription football channel.

Mr Sugar, the Tottenham chairman who owns 40 per cent of the club, is also known to be keen to sell. He has been

BY PETER THAL LARSEN,
JANE ROBINS AND
MICHAEL HARRISON

disappointed by the club's poor performance on the pitch and stung by hostile protests from Tottenham's fans.

However, Mr Sugar is likely to hold out for a full price. He has turned down a bid worth £80m, arguing that the club is worth more given the current flurry of interest in football clubs. At yesterday's closing share price of 72p, it is valued at just £72m.

United's move comes at the end of the week in which British Sky Broadcasting offered £223.4m for Manchester United and Carlton Communications revealed it was in talks with Arsenal. Aston Villa yesterday denied reports that it was in takeover talks, while Liverpool's chairman and major shareholder David Moores ruled out a takeover of his club.

Meanwhile the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, Peter Mandelson, pledged that he would vet the bid for

Manchester United by Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB with "utmost scrupulousness, objectivity and impartiality". There had been question marks over whether Mr Mandelson was the right minister to rule on the bid because of his friendship with Mr Murdoch's daughter Elisabeth, head of Sky networks at BSkyB, and because the company is a financial contributor to the Millennium Dome.

But Mr Mandelson said he had received advice from the DTI's permanent secretary, Michael Scholar, that there was no conflict of interest. "I am a hard-nosed character and not easily pushed about," he added.

BSkyB yesterday announced that it had taken a 9 per cent stake in Manchester United by buying the club's shares on the Stock Exchange. The move was seen as an attempt to discourage other bidders while protecting the company's interest in the club in case its bid is referred to the Monopolies and Mergers Commission.

BSkyB's Man United stake, Business, page 18



Republicans Louis McNally (left) and Patrick McGuigan being greeted by relatives on their release from the Maze yesterday

AP

First Ulster terrorists freed from the Maze

BY KIM SENGUPTA

ONE OF the most contentious conditions of the Northern Ireland peace agreement became reality yesterday with the early release of the first batch of terrorist prisoners.

Three republicans and three loyalists walked out of the Maze, County Antrim, into bleak rain, celebrations from family and supporters and condemnation from groups representing victims.

The men, members of the Provisional IRA and Ulster Defence Association, were serving sentences of five to 22 years. The republicans - Louis McNally, Patrick McGuigan and Gerry Magee - were greeted by supporters from Salsire, a nationalist pressure group campaigning for "political prisoners". Half an hour earlier the loyalists - Matthew McCormick, Gary Hall and Daniel Annesley - had slipped out.

McNally, 54, from Tyrone, was sentenced in 1990 to 22 years for trying to blow up a bus of soldiers. Magee, 33, from Antrim, was convicted of the same offence and got 20 years. McGuigan, 27, from

Belfast, was convicted of grievous bodily harm in 1995 and sentenced to 12 years.

Gerry Kelly, a Sinn Féin assemblyman who served a prison sentence for a bomb attack on the Old Bailey in London and later escaped from the Maze, was outside the prison to meet the IRA prisoners. He said the early-release scheme was central to the Good Friday Agreement, and accused the Government of dragging its feet over the releases.

Among the loyalists freed, Hall, 28, was jailed for 14 years in 1993 for attempted murder. McCormick, 31, was convicted of conspiracy to murder and sentenced to 14 years in 1993. Annesley was sentenced to five years on charges of blackmail, of which he had served two years and three months.

The freed men would have been eligible for release under Northern Ireland's penal system, without the conditions of the peace agreement, within the next 12 months.

SAVE £100 ON LAUNDRY

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British Association: An old childhood enemy threatens lives, precious metal hits the road, and money gets a conscience

New threat of measles epidemic

GOVERNMENT scientists are predicting a serious outbreak of measles in primary schools due to a significant fall in the level of childhood immunisation. This follows fears over the safety of the triple mumps, measles and rubella (MMR) vaccine.

Scientists from the Department of Health's Public Health Laboratory Service (PHLS) believe the poor uptake of the MMR vaccine will lead to the first measles epidemic for several years when toddlers enter school in two or three years' time.

They are also concerned that the Government's strategy for controlling congenital rubella - when babies are born disabled as a result of their mothers being infected with German measles - will be set back 20 years. At that time, up to 50 rubella babies were born disabled every year.

Concern over the safety of the triple MMR vaccine was raised by a study published in *The Lancet* last February linking it with bowel disease and autism, but PHLS scientists

IMMUNISATION

BY STEVE CONNOR
Science Editor

tists yesterday dismissed the research as "whimsical" and reiterated the Government's position that the triple vaccine is more efficient than using single vaccines against measles.

Roland Salmond, a consultant epidemiologist at the PHLS in south Wales, said that calls for reverting to single vaccines were based on little more than "hunch and supposition".

He admitted, however, that lack of public confidence in the childhood vaccination programme threatens to result in a major outbreak of measles in schoolchildren and rubella in newborn babies. "We're getting early intelligence of problems to come," he told the *British Association* yesterday. "The level of uptake has to be above 90 to 95 per cent to keep the country what it is at the moment, which is measles free."

Uptake nationally is about 85 per cent but in some areas it has slipped to 67 per cent, he said. "At

that level, if it persists into the sort of ages when children congregate together at school we may expect ... measles outbreaks to take place. If it persists in girls until they reach child-bearing age, then certainly if it falls to lower than 85 per cent you can equate that with the policy in the UK before the MMR vaccine was introduced."

Dr Julius Weinberg, a senior scientist at the PHLS, defended the Government's strategy of promoting the use of MMR rather than reverting to single vaccinations, which were abandoned in 1988. But he accepted that the poor uptake in childhood posed serious concerns. "The responsible thing for us to do is to explain to the public what the good evidence shows. I don't expect it to work instantly, but there is time to catch up," he said.

Last week, the health department sent 2.5 million leaflets on MMR to GPs in England and Wales in an attempt to counter damaging publicity surrounding the vaccine. It says there is no evidence of a link between MMR and autism and bowel disease.



A road sweeper in central London cleaning up dust which probably contains small amounts of platinum from car exhausts Mark Chilvers

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Part of DSG Retail Ltd

Riches under foot as cars pave streets with platinum

THE ROADS of Britain, and especially its roundabouts, are paved with platinum - a metal more valuable than gold.

Street dust alone carries concentrations of the rare earth metal which are so high that it is almost worth panning for, like prospectors for gold in the last century.

To recover it you do not even need a pick: all it takes is a dustpan and brush, according to Dr Hazel Pritchard, an exploration geologist at Cardiff University. "The nice thing about street dust is that it's already been crushed," she said yesterday. "All you would have to do is take the cigarette butts out."

The source of this potential 20th-century Klondike is the catalytic converters fitted since the Eighties to new cars. Each contains a couple of grams of platinum and other valuable metals such as rhodium, palladium and gold. The ratios of the metals confirmed that they were emitted from exhausts to collect in the roadside dust, Dr Pritchard said.

But the best place to find platinum is in mines in South Africa and Russia, where 10 tons of ore have to be crushed to produce just 1 ounce (28 grams). Yet the metal's value is so high, over £200 per ounce, that it is economic to mine it at concentrations as low as

ENVIRONMENT

BY CHARLES ARTHUR
Technology Editor

1,000 parts per billion (ppb).

By going no further than a popular roundabout in the Cardiff area of Cyncoed early one Sunday morning with her kitchen dustpan and brush, Dr Pritchard discovered concentrations of up to 126ppb.

"I discovered that concentrations were highest at roundabouts and in areas with expensive cars," she said. Other promising sources were the roadside pavements and especially the cracks in them, "though I don't think you would strictly call that a seam".

Dr Pritchard said that these were just initial values, and "it would be sensible to do a proper survey and find out what they are across the country".

The metal is not thought to have any toxic effects, because it is inert, so the build-up should not have any implications for health.

But it might be good for wealth. Separating out the lighter dust increases the concentration of platinum, and of the other rare metals, by 10 times. "If it continues like this, it should be worth recycling," said Dr Pritchard.

Otherwise the metals in the dust are washed down the

drains and into rivers - as Dr Pritchard confirmed by taking random samples from Cardiff Bay, which also showed platinum concentrations of about 15ppb.

About 35 per cent of the world's total platinum output is used in catalytic converters, which turn exhaust gases such as nitrogen dioxide and hydrocarbons into nitrogen and carbon dioxide. They have been compulsory on new cars in the United States since 1977, and on new European cars since 1993.

However, extracting the metals would not be a simple matter of taking a vacuum cleaner to the nearest roundabout and then washing it out into the sink. "You would need to do complex extraction to properly get it out. To really extract you would have to smelt it using nickel sulphide. It's not really the sort of thing you can do in your kitchen."

Prospective prospectors are also warned that it's dangerous to kneel down and sweep busy roads. It can also surprise onlookers, as Dr Pritchard discovered: "I looked up from gathering these samples at 6.30 on a Sunday morning to find two paper boys looking at me in complete amazement."

Then again, being a road-sweeper may soon become a more valuable job.

Investors happy to pay price of a moral stand

PEOPLE WHO put money into "ethical" trusts that avoid investing in tobacco or armaments companies tend to cover their bets by having "conventional" investments too - but they take a clear decision to accept lower economic returns in order to follow a moral line, research has found.

A survey of 1,100 people with money in ethical trusts, whose total investments range from £2,000 to £2m, found that on average 69 per cent of their assets were in conventional funds, said Dr Alan Lewis of the Centre for Economic Psychology at the University of Bath.

Only 1-in-5 had no "conventional" investment. Asked about their non-ethical assets, some investors said they felt "ethically driven to bequest as much as possible to their offspring". Others said it was "a gift or legacy" which they felt uncomfortable about, and which would soon be channelled into ethical funds.

Dr Lewis believes that ethical

MONEY AND ETHICS

BY CHARLES ARTHUR

cal investors are a growing force who have made a positive decision to accept lower returns in order to follow a moral line. "They are not cranks," he said. "They work in health or education, typically have an income of £50,000 to £60,000, and are middle-aged."

Very few are Conservative voters, but they are more likely to be members of the Roman Catholic Church or Amnesty International, and to read the *Guardian* newspaper. They are also more common in the south than in the north of Britain.

About half of the investors reckoned that they were getting less money because of their choice. "Ethical investors are committed, but they are not evangelists," said Dr Lewis. "It is part of a lifestyle package."

In tests, more than 80 per cent said they would stay with an ethical investment even if its

return was 20 per cent lower than that of an ordinary trust.

The Labour administration is known to be considering offering incentives to ethical investment funds. "If that happens, we expect the market to increase substantially," said Dr Lewis.

"The City is still extremely cynical about it, but that attitude is softening."

The returns on ethical investment funds generally lag behind those of the general market by a few per cent, equivalent to hundreds of pounds annually in sizeable investments.

The first ethical fund in the United Kingdom was launched in 1964, and there are now more than 30 ethical trusts with about 150,000 investors. Their value constitutes less than one per cent of the stock market, but the proportion is growing rapidly.

By comparison in the United States, where such funds were launched much earlier, they constitute about 20 per cent of the investment market.

Hague
for un
euro p



Sid James and Amanda Barrie in the 1964 film 'Carry on Cleo' which will be the subject of a film season and exhibition in London

Carry On up the cultural reference

"INFAMY, INFAMY, they've all got it in for me". Once, Kenneth Williams' classic quote from *Carry On Cleo*, would have been an accurate summary of the British film establishment's attitude to Carry On films. Not so now.

To mark 40 years since *Carry On Sergeant* started the series, the National Film Theatre is planning to show a season of Carry On films at the South Bank from January.

And its sister organisation, the Museum of the Moving Image (Momi), is planning to run a six-month exhibition from 9 December that will pay homage to the suggestive film series. The exhibition will be complete with lectures about their cultural impact, how they represented machismo and effeminacy and a laughter workshop.

Robert Ross, author of *Ooh! What a Carry On* and one of

BY PAUL MCCANN
Media Editor

the lecturers, thinks it is time that Carry On movies were appreciated as part of Britain's film heritage.

"The 20 years during which the main films were made covers a period of great change in British history," he said. "They went from post-war austerity to the Sex Pistols and say much about the change in society."

"At the beginning they were very much about the post-war cross class consensus of all mucking in."

"In *Carry On Constable*, and many of the hospital-based films, upper class characters like those played by Kenneth Williams, work with the working class, Sid James-type characters, to help save the police station or the hospital."

Carry On actress Barbara Windsor also believes that

the films were reflections of society.

"Alright, when you went into hospital you didn't get daffodils stuck up your behind, but like the McGill seaside postcards they show how we were then," she said. "I remember walking on Blackpool front once and saying to a friend 'God, they're all here'. There was a fat woman sitting with her legs open, a couple of lecherous blokes leering, a blonde with a bigger chest than me and even a couple of queens."

"It makes me laugh that we were so innocent then that they still made out that camp blokes like Kenny (Kenneth Williams) or Charlie (Charles Hawtrey) were interested in women."

Ms Windsor cannot believe the films are being treated with such reverence: "But it looks like the attention will go on and on," she added.

Hague calls for unity on euro policy

WILLIAM HAGUE, the Tory leader, unveiled his party's new vision of Europe yesterday with a stark warning that disunity over a single currency would cost it seats in next year's European elections.

Mr Hague told a gathering of Conservative MEP candidates that none of them would be allowed to run individual campaigns or say "whatever they like" in the run up to the poll next June.

He said that dissent could ruin the great opportunity offered by the European Parliament elections to prove that the Tories were back in business.

Mr Hague issued his call for unity when he outlined the Conservatives' Statement of Principles on Europe at a conference in Leicestershire.

The statement, which will form a basis for the party's election manifesto next year, maps out a vision of a low tax, deregulated European Union which embraces new democracies in Central and Eastern Europe.

It urges co-operation, but not integration, between states on areas such as defence and the fight against crime, reform of the European Court of Justice and a strengthening of the role of MPs in scrutinising EU draft

BY PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

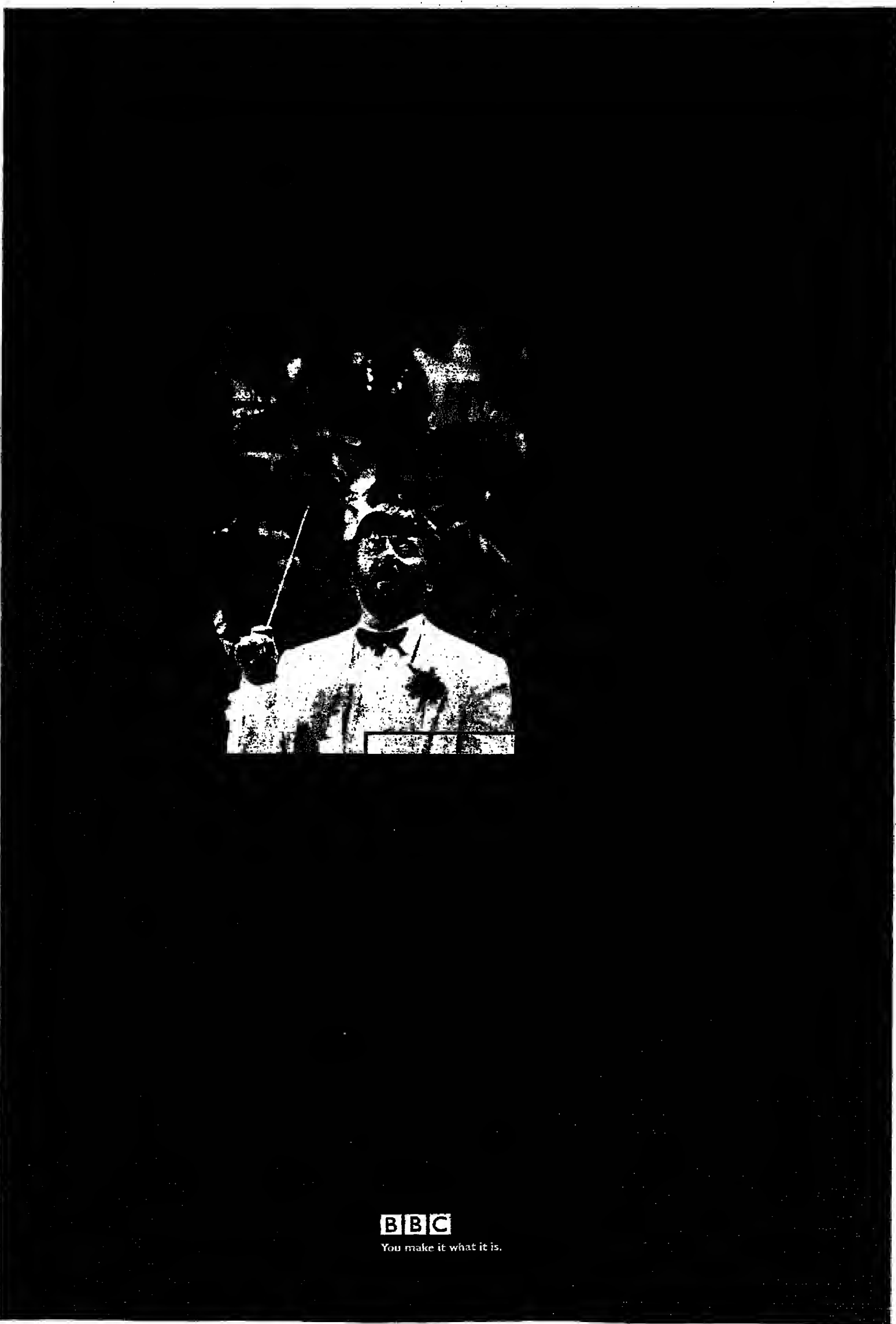
legislation. However, the manifesto's strong message would be obscured if candidates opposed the official policy of ruling out a single currency for two Parliaments, he said. "No one can afford to run an individual campaign ... We must speak with one voice."

Although the party's Eurosceptic stance remains, Mr Hague declared that Conservatives would never be "Little Englanders" and claimed that his was the only "true pro-European party" in the UK.

He said that Europe's 20 million unemployed were a "political time bomb" and stressed that lower social and business costs should be a top priority.

The Tory leader said that the EU should set itself the goal of global free trade by 2020, a deadline that could be achieved by the creation of a new transatlantic free trade area between Europe and North America.

Instead of fighting against the United States, Canada and Mexico, the EU should work with their North American Free Trade Association, NAFTA, to cut tariffs, boost trade and jobs.



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Police removing a body from 2a Wellesley Road, Slough, where Gillian Harvey, 30, Ian Brown, 36 (centre), and Peter Smith, 31, were killed PA



Three-in-bed axe killings baffle police

By JASON BENNETTO
Crime Correspondent

IT LOOKS an unremarkable ground-floor flat, with its faded curtains and grubby brick front. At the back, a dejected-looking toy dog stares out of the window. The street is equally unsurprising. Scruffy, but not derelict, the terraced houses are inhabited by a mixture of Indian families and white and Nigerian tenants. Wellesley Road, in the centre of Slough, west of London, used to be considered a relatively safe, if dull place to live.

But in the past eight days the atmosphere on the street has dramatically altered. Parents are fearful for their children's safety, teenagers come home early, and elderly people stay

tucked up inside. Late-night shopping at the nearby Tesco superstore is a thing of the past.

The reason for the transformation is that on Thursday 3 September at number 2a, three lovers were found hacked to death with a 18-inch axe.

The man - for it is almost certainly a man - who carried out the attack has been described by the detective heading the murder inquiry as "deranged". He is still free and police are struggling to find a motive for the killing. The chances are that he is hiding somewhere fairly near - perhaps 30 miles up the road in London, or in Slough.

Random murders are rare in Britain - they formed a tiny proportion of the 711 homicides in England and Wales last year - but triple murders in which the killer has no obvious link with his victims are almost unheard of.

One of the lines of inquiry being considered by the 30-strong police investigation team is that the killings could be the latest tragic consequence of "care in the community". This follows reports that a man, described as "hot-tempered" and showing signs of mental distress, had been seen drinking with one of the victims.

For the past two years, Gillian Harvey, 30, had rented the flat in Wellesley Road. By all reports she was a model lodger - paying her rent on time and keeping the noise down.

Described by friends and neighbours as "friendly", "nice" and "a bit backward", she had just begun work as an escort at the charity Age Concern.

Francis Cahane, an old boyfriend, told his local newspaper: "She was a very backward girl and very glib. You could say anything to her and she would believe it. Her heart was in the right place ... but because she was so slow, people used to take advantage of her."

But Ms Harvey had at least two close friends, both of whom were to die in her two-bedroom flat. Ian Brown, 36, a self-

employed painter and decorator, was her sometimes live-in boyfriend, although he owned another property in the town. Peter Smith, 31, a railway station employee and former boyfriend, lived close by with his parents. The three often spent nights in the flat drinking and playing computer games.

The victims were reported missing by relatives at the beginning of the month and the police made several visits to the flat. Spurred on by complaints about the foul smell seeping out of officers finally broke in at 7.59pm on 3 September.

Detective Superintendent Trevor Davies, who is in charge of the inquiry, recalled: "There was a substantial amount of blood. For the police who went in, to find a scene like that is a harrowing experience."

There was no sign of forced entry and no sign that the flat had been ransacked - suggesting that whoever carried out the killing knew his victims. There is also no evidence to suggest that the three were heavily involved in drugs.

Det Supt Davies said that the three victims appeared to have a "unique" relationship and had enjoyed each other's company.

Yesterday, there was a solitary police officer on duty outside the end-of-terrace flat, which is yards from a busy dual carriageway. Crash barriers and police tape surrounded 2a. Two small bunches of flowers were wedged between a wall and a road sign.

Mohammed Chune, 28, who lives two doors down, has become a taxi driver for his friends who are frightened of walking to work in the early morning. "They are scared to be on their own. They even come back early if they have been out clubbing," he said.

An elderly lady said she had lived on the street for a year. "I'd leave like a shot if I could - I feel terrified after what happened."

Mohammed Rehman, 62, has lived next to 2a since 1971. "Some of my children are scared to go out. My family are terrified that something like this could happen next door," he said.

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Blair's guru warns 'hype will not win'

By PAUL WAUGH
Political Correspondent

NEW LABOUR must offer policies of substance and not just media hype if it is to stay in office, Tony Blair's favourite intellectual guru has warned.

Anthony Giddens, director of the London School of Economics and the UK's leading advocate of the "Third Way", states in a book, published next week, that the Government should realise that image manipulation alone is not enough to keep it in power.

Professor Giddens's book, *Third Way*, is the first detailed view of the political doctrine to be discussed by the Prime Minister and other left of centre western leaders at a conference in New York this month.

The book suggests that both socialism and the unbridled free market have failed and should be replaced by a new approach that combines social justice and equality with individual responsibility.

However, he stresses that unless Labour can adopt such ideas and identify concrete policies, it will find it difficult to remain in power.

"Many who praise the scale of the victory also see the New Labour project as an empty one. New Labour is widely seen as depending on media-orientated politics, and as creating 'designer socialism'," he writes.

"Personal images, symbolic stagings, sound bites, visual gags, all count for more than issues, arguments, projects and the evaluation of campaign promises.

"A precept of successful advertising, however, is that



Giddens: Labour needs policies to stay in power

image alone isn't enough. There must be something solid behind the hype, otherwise the public see through the façade pretty quickly.

"If all New Labour had to offer were media savvy, its time on the political stage would be short. I hope such will not be the case."

In the book, Professor Giddens calls for the welfare state to be modernised by the greater use of compulsory savings schemes, and voluntary and private sectors to provide care services. However, welfare spending should remain at European rather than US levels.

The statutory pension age should be abolished in recognition of the fact that more Britons than ever before were retiring early or changing the way they worked.

"Civic culture", made up of small, local self-help groups, should be revived, while work practices should be made more family-friendly.

Mothers become baby-care tycoons

By Darius Sanai

NINE YEARS ago, Veronica Craig, then 34, with four children, started looking for a nursery for her children near her home in Haslemere, Surrey. After a search of the area, Mrs Craig decided she did not like the look of her local daycare centres.

So she hired a couple of nannies to look after her two under-fives in her home, and the neighbours, also young professionals, sent their toddlers along and contributed to the cost.

Now Mrs Craig, a research psychologist by training, is worth more than £2m. Her crèche grew into a small day nursery then a large day nursery, and now she has a chain of day nurseries - Caring Daycare - across two counties. Her 80 staff look after about 200 children, their parents paying £135 a week per child. She has a waiting list of almost 100.

Mrs Craig is one of a new breed of millionaires, mothers who say they just wanted to do the best by their children and who have created an industry so lucrative they are being targeted by buyouts by Whitbread.

When, at the end of 1988, Mrs Craig's front room became full - with seven children and two nannies - she bought an old manor house on the Surrey-Hampshire border and opened it up as a nursery. All 40 places were taken up immediately.

Her nurseries are located around Haslemere, Guildford



Veronica Craig spending time with the children yesterday at one of the nurseries of her Surrey-based Caring Daycare chain

Rui Xavier

and Midhurst in Surrey and West Sussex, the relocation choice of the thirtysomething City workers who leave their cramped flats in Chelsea and Battersea for the leafy dates around the A2, start a family, and then need care for their children.

Although she did not know it at first, Mrs Craig was tapping a market as lucrative as that of the wine bars, sportscar dealers and leisurewear manufacturers.

"Once I'd started, I became passionate about it," she said.

"I continued to research into child development, and developed my own theories about the happiness and care of children." The sole owner of the business, she coped easily with the financial side. "I learnt to be a businesswoman, and I dis-

covered parts of myself I would never have known I had."

Mrs Craig said she had had no intention of turning into a tycoon: "I just wanted the best possible care for my children."

About six years ago, Kate Edolls had a similar idea. A Sur-

rey mother with a commuting husband, she looked around for suitable crèches, found none, and started one herself. The three nurseries that grew out of her mini-daycare centre, Jolly Tots, were among the most popular in the Reigate

area where she lived, catering for some 150 children.

Inevitably, the success of the nurseries caught the greedy eye of UK plc big business, already investing in retirement homes, turned its attention to the nurseries.

In 1986 Ms Edolls, like Mrs Craig, started receiving offers from Gatehouse, a subsidiary of Whitbread, which had already bought one privately owned nursery chain and was seeking to expand. Initially, both refused the advances, but last year Ms Edolls sold Jolly Tots to Gatehouse, netting more than £1m.

Lesley Bennett, now 36, has also received, and refused, an offer from Gatehouse for her Cherry Group chain. She started her nursery in Weybridge - another wealthy Surrey commuter zone - in 1990, with, she recalls, "essentially zero children" except for her. She now runs five nurseries across the county and is looking for a sixth site. It is easy to spot the maternal influence: they are spacious and colourful, the children articulate, happy and relaxed.

The remaining nursery tycoons, Mrs Craig and Ms Bennett, say they are committed to their businesses, despite the sums of money - rumoured to be more than £5m - on offer. "The corporate nurseries are run very much as a cold, calculating business and we are not," Ms Bennett's business partner, Barry Rolfe, said.

In fact, when talking about the sums they are worth, the women speak as if money is something of an irrelevance. Ms Bennett's emphasis is more on giving mothers a chance to work. Mrs Craig's focus is on making the children happy.

Dewar gives his vision of home rule

LABOUR WILL portray itself to the Scots at the first Home Rule election as the right party to secure the benefits of independent decision-making "without the cost of walking out on Britain".

One year to the day after his referendum triumph, Donald Dewar, Secretary of State for Scotland, presented his personal vision of the priorities for the Edinburgh parliament.



Dewar: Focus of appeal

Though the party will campaign under the banner "Scottish New Labour", he laid great stress on equality of opportunity and social justice - traditional values Scots claim to hold dear.

"The Labour Party was brought into being to redress the balance and to fight poverty and inequality. That is still our cause and our commitment," Mr Dewar said, launching his statement, "A Lifetime of Opportunity", at a Glasgow community centre.

The choice of the venue, on

By STEPHEN GOODWIN
Scotland Correspondent

a council estate in the constituency Mr Dewar has represented for 20 years rather than at a posh hotel, was symbolic. Labour has decided to make Mr Dewar's attachment to traditional values and his modest image the focus of its appeal in the run-up to next May's election.

Mr Dewar trails slightly behind the Scottish National Party leader, Alex Salmond, in opinion polls on who would make the best first minister in the Home Rule administration.

Mr Salmond marked the anniversary of the referendum victory in more flamboyant style, criss-crossing Scotland in a helicopter in a series of public appearances.

Countering critics within the Labour Party who believe the "New Labour" tag could prove counter-productive north of the border, because of its metropolitan Blairite overtones, Mr Dewar said Scotland must not be a prisoner of the past.

Mr Dewar pledged a nursery place for all three-year-olds in the lifetime of the government - a promise made for no other part of the UK - and 60 new community schools, with counselling and health services provided under the same roof as education.

Scottish Conservative leader David McLetchie said the "vision statement" smacked more of desperation than reality. It was "just another set of empty promises for Labour to break at the first opportunity".

IN BRIEF

£5,000 fine for under-payers

EMPLOYERS WILL face a £5,000 fine for every worker they under-pay when the national minimum wage comes into force in April. Ian McCartney, Trade and Industry minister, who disclosed the plans, said the tough regime envisaged by the Government would constitute an "incentive for self-enforcement" of the £3.60 hourly rate.

Blackmailer jailed for 7 years

A BUSINESSMAN was jailed for seven years yesterday at Manchester Crown Court for blackmailing a dairy by threatening to contaminate milk with the potentially deadly E. coli bacteria. Alan Hadfield, 51, tried to get £30,000 from Waterford Dairies in Greater Manchester.

Glitter's sex case adjourned

THE COURT case against the pop star Gary Glitter was yesterday adjourned by a North Avon magistrate until 26 November. Glitter denies more than 100 allegations relating to alleged sex attacks on young girls and child pornography offences. He was released on conditional bail.

Trapped farmer cuts off own arm

JOHN MITSON, 46, cut off his arm with a pocketknife after he trapped his hand in a baling machine at his Suffolk smallholding and feared he would be dragged in. He retrieved his severed arm and walked to the nearest house for help, but doctors could not save it.

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There's a Great Deal going on

Russia's new team worries the West

THE HEAVY price Boris Yeltsin paid in his struggle to secure a government has become clear with the appointment of a Communist-backed official and avid money-printer to the chairmanship of the Central Bank.

It raised Western fears that Russia is lurching back to methods of the past and destroyed much of the relief that yesterday accompanied the Duma's 315-63 confirmation of the Foreign Minister, Yevgeny Primakov as Prime Minister. Yesterday he named Igor Ivanov as his Foreign Minister.

The appointment of Mr Primakov, 68, an ex-intelligence chief and perestroika liberal, closes the conflict between the President and legislature, which has seen a shift in the balance of power. Mr Yeltsin had to abandon his first choice, Viktor Chernomyrdin, after the Duma twice rejected him, and has also handed his opponents

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow

at least two senior government positions. The first, the Central Bank chairmanship, goes to Viktor Gerashchenko, the second is a senior economic position, almost certainly first deputy premier, for Yuri Maslyukov, a Communist ex-head of the Gosplan central-planning colossus.

A deal giving parliament the right to approve some Cabinet appointments has also been signed by Mr Yeltsin and is still before the Duma. Isolated and remote, he has weakened his grip on a once all-powerful office within days. Yesterday the oligarch Boris Beresovsky, a former sponsor of Mr Chernomyrdin, said Mr Yeltsin "has to resign, and soon".

He tried to salvage his image by appearing on television with an address to the people in

which he conceded there had been no government for three weeks. Although Russia was "on the brink of crisis", the country now had a "government of concord", he said.

The scale of that crisis has been underlined by reports that some of Russia's 89 regions and republics are straining at the federal leash and introducing measures that cut across the constitution. Mr Primakov acknowledged that there was a "serious danger of the country fragmenting".

His appointment as a compromise prime minister should lower the political temperature, though he will need to act fast to stop the economy running out of control. In his pre-confirmation speech to the Duma he promised not to return to Soviet-style command systems but emphasised the need for state intervention, comparing his approach to that

of Roosevelt's New Deal. "So what must we do? Repeat the wild capitalism that we had up till now? Or use the experience of other countries?"

The West will take little comfort from those words, which suggest a move away from the market and monetarism. Nor will it rejoice at the announcement by the liberal party, Yabloko, that it will not join the Primakov administration.

Mr Gerashchenko's appointment will cause hearts to sink furthest of all, especially among the IMF and other creditors. He was once described by the Harvard economist Jeffrey Sachs as the "worst central banker in the world".

Ministers of the G7 industrialised nations and officials from the World Bank, the IMF and the European Commission are to meet in London on Monday for consultations overshadowed by the crisis in Russia and Asia.



Beggars in a Moscow subway, an increasingly common sight as the economy continues to dive

AP

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Being able to transfer money instantly will also be useful when you've got your Barclaycard bill to pay. Post a cheque or use the giro system

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AND FINALLY.

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Teenage sailor kills eight on nuclear sub

A RUSSIAN teenage conscript sailor killed at least eight crewmates on board a nuclear-powered submarine and barricaded himself in a compartment yesterday, serving a further reminder of the deepening despair in the armed forces.

Anti-terrorist commandos were yesterday negotiating with the serviceman, who was threatening to blow up the vessel, docked near Murmansk, in the Russian Arctic. It was unclear if Alexander Kuzminykh, 19, had access to explosives. The Russian defence ministry said there were no nuclear weapons on board.

Russian TV reports said that Kuzminykh used a chisel to stab the sentry guarding the gangplank of the Akula-class hunter-killer submarine in the early hours yesterday. He then bludgeoned him to death with a sledgehammer, and went on to shoot dead five of his crewmates, taking a further two hostages, whom he later killed. The ITAR-Tass news agency put the death toll at nine. Kuzminykh was said to have been in detention on disciplinary charges.

Russia's Defence Ministry issued a bold statement confirming an "emergency" on a submarine from the Northern

BY PHIL REEVES
in Moscow

Fleet, "involving the death of personnel". It said there was no danger to the vessel.

Admiral Vladimir Kuroyedov, the head of the navy, flew to the scene. The youth's parents were also dispatched there from their home in St Petersburg, trying to persuade him to give himself up.

The issue seems to raise serious questions about security in Murmansk, the base for dozens of Soviet-era nuclear submarines, which rarely sail these days because of the lack of funds for fuel.

Murders and suicides occur with alarming regularity in the armed forces, which have long been teetering on the edge of collapse. Lack of wages and hunger have placed servicemen under intense stress.

Last month, a group of soldiers led police on a four-day chase across a remote Arctic peninsula after shooting their way out of jail. In April, a conscript killed three colleagues at a border post in the Far East. In January, a private killed seven on the Pacific island of Sakhalin. Last November, a border guard private massacred five comrades at a post on the Chinese frontier.

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Israel on alert as Hamas vows bloody revenge



A policeman pushing Palestinians away from a roadblock near Jerusalem after Israel sealed off the West Bank and Gaza

Reuters

By ERIC SILVER
in Jerusalem

ISRAELI SECURITY forces were on high alert yesterday after the Islamic fundamentalist group Hamas promised to take revenge over the killing of the West Bank's two most wanted Palestinian gunmen.

Thousands of Arab day labourers were barred from entering Israel from the West Bank and Gaza as Israeli troops sealed the pre-1967-war border. Armed police patrols were reinforced in Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv and other cities.

Israeli soldiers shot dead the two Hamas fighters on Thursday night in Taibeh, an isolated hamlet north-west of the city of Hebron. They were identified as the brothers Imad and Adel Awadallah. Hamas's founder and spiritual leader, Sheikh Ahmed Yassin, grimly threatened Israel with an "appropriate response".

Imad Awadallah, a senior commander in Hamas's military wing, was arrested by the Palestinian police in April on suspicion of killing a Hamas bomb-maker, Muhyideen al-Sharif, in an internal power struggle.

In a secret, videotaped interview, Adel accused Yasser Arafat's Palestinian Authority of colluding with Israel to as-



A relative holds pictures of Imad and Adel Awadallah AP

sassinate Sharif. Imad escaped from a Jericho prison last month. Both Israeli and Palestinian security services had been hunting him ever since.

The search was stepped up on Wednesday after an explosion and gunshots were heard in Taibeh, which is in an area under Israeli security control. Israeli officers speculated yesterday that it might have been a "work accident" or a trial run for an attack on Israelis.

Undercover units combed the area and found the Awadallah brothers in a farm. The two were killed in an exchange of fire. The Israelis say they suffered no casualties.

Troops unearthed a large cache of automatic rifles, hand grenades and ammunition on

the site. An officer said that Israeli intelligence had information that Hamas was plotting a spectacular operation inside Israel, either kidnapping soldiers or killing civilians. These were the kind of weapons they would need, he added.

Mahmoud al-Zahhar, a Hamas spokesman in Gaza, promised the Israeli Prime Minister, Benjamin Netanyahu, blood for blood. "Revenge will be very strong," he said.

Israel has learned to take these threats seriously. In 1996, after the Shin Bet internal security service assassinated Hamas's master bomb-maker, Yehya Ayyash, Islamist suicide bombers killed 60 Israelis and foreign tourists in Jerusalem, Tel-Aviv and Ashkelon.

Weary Kohl is booed back home

"IT'S GOOD to be home," the Chancellor sighed, wiping the sweat off his forehead as he gazed at the faces of the 5,000 people who had come to welcome him on this balmy night. "Helmut, Helmut," the crowd thundered. "Our Helmut!"

Home is Europaplatz, just a square wedged between a fly-over and a nondescript town hall - one of few buildings to have survived the war. Home is Ludwigshafen, a concrete sprawl of tower blocks, chemical plants and spaghetti junctions. It is not much to look at, but it is from here the Chancellor hails: where he grew up; got his first job, and met his wife Hannelore. And it is to Ludwigshafen that he will return at the end of his distinguished career, possibly in two weeks' time.

But now he had come back to avoid a premature homecoming, to plead for one more chance, and to rest a little on his gruelling campaign trail. Everywhere he has been in the last few weeks, he was met with boos, demonstrators bearing hostile ghetto-blasters, and people marching with red flags.

He had just flown in by helicopter from Trier, an ancient town on the border of Luxembourg, former capital of Gaul and birth-place of Karl Marx. These days, Trier is a conservative bastion, but for symbolic reasons, Marxists feel duty-bound to make a stand, especially at a Kohl rally.

It is a perfect venue for that clash between good and evil that the Chancellor seeks in vain to find on his tour of Germany. "Only in Cuba will you find the red flag flying these days," he declares in the middle of a diatribe against Communism, aimed obliquely at his Social Democrat opponent, Gerhard Schröder. Right on cue, two banners bearing the hammer and sickle shoot up. "I apologise, there are also two in Trier," Mr Kohl says, to great merriment from his supporters.

The red threat is a theme that has dominated Mr Kohl's election speeches, updated in recent days with events in Russia. "Stability instead of risk," is the Christian Democrats' new slogan, and it is no coinci-

BY IMRE KARACS
in Trier and Ludwigshafen

dence that the word "stability" appears up to 20 times in a standard Kohl election speech, plus "reliability" and "trust".

For 50 years, German politicians have been getting elected on the promise of "no experiments", and Mr Kohl has no intention of departing from the proven script. He alone can be relied on for leaving things as they are, he tells the people of Trier. "Beware of imitations," warn the Christian Democrat posters, in a dig at Mr Schröder's perceived chameleon-like qualities.

Then on home. Mr Kohl's visit to Ludwigshafen could not



Helmut Kohl in his home town of Ludwigshafen

have come at a better time. The town council, run by a Red-Green coalition, is in turmoil. So he likens the goings-on to the "politics of a lunatic asylum. Ludwigshafen has just had an introductory course on the Red-Green experiment," he says.

Mr Kohl talks, as always, about the contrast between the first and second half of this century in German history, but on home ground draws from his local experience. In 1945, at "Zero Hour", it was more difficult to travel to Mannheim across the river than it is to get to the United States today.

His homespun homily is full of local anecdotes, and infused with the values that his town-folk can recognise. "Anyone who says you can earn more by working less is deceiving you,"

he says. The Chancellor laments the high unemployment rate, but says the government alone cannot create jobs. He defends the pension reform - by the outgoing parliament - which will cut pensions early in the next century as Germans on average are getting older, and "the coffers are running empty". Mr Schröder, he points out, has promised to reverse the tax reform, but has failed to explain how his government would cope with the demographic crisis.

Of the future, little is said. "We need a new dynamism," declares the 68-year-old Chancellor. Germany must have more enterprise, more self-employed people. Mr Kohl does not mention risk-taking and its rewards, or dangers.

"It was a good speech, brilliant in rhetoric," pronounces Uwe Beyer, as he applauds the Chancellor's evening performance. "But, whether he has the right policies, we'll have to see." Mr Beyer, 20 and voting in a general election for the first time, remains undecided. "I think I'm more likely to vote Red-Green," he says.

Gerd Brinzig, a middle-aged man, has no doubts: "It was a good, professional speech; polemical but positive." There are other reasons for Mr Brinzig's enthusiasm: "He comes from my home town, and I have known him for a long time. He is a very likeable man."

In his speech, Mr Kohl had apologised for neglecting his constituency - "because of my other duties" - but there really was no need. Everybody knows the "Ludwigshafen mafia" keeps the Chancellor in touch with the common concerns of ordinary folk, and advise him even on important matters of state. In the kitchen of his home the fate of East Germany was sealed.

Now his local constituency is a marginal, though, thanks to the German electoral system, there is no danger of Mr Kohl being bounced out of the Bundestag. But nationwide, his Christian Democrats still lag between 3 and 6 per cent behind the Social Democrats, with only two weeks of campaigning left.

VW offers £7m to war-time slaves

VOLKSWAGEN HAS become the first German company to agree compensation to war-time slaves. Facing lawsuits, the company unveiled a 20m German mark (£7m) fund yesterday to be run by an independent accounting firm. The car-maker, set up with the help of Adolf Hitler, bought the labour of about 7,000 foreign slaves from the SS between

BY IMRE KARACS
in Bonn

1941 and 1945. Their work included assembling mines, V1 rockets and anti-tank launchers. Although it has paid DM25m to humanitarian causes in the countries of the victims, until now it avoided dealing directly with them.

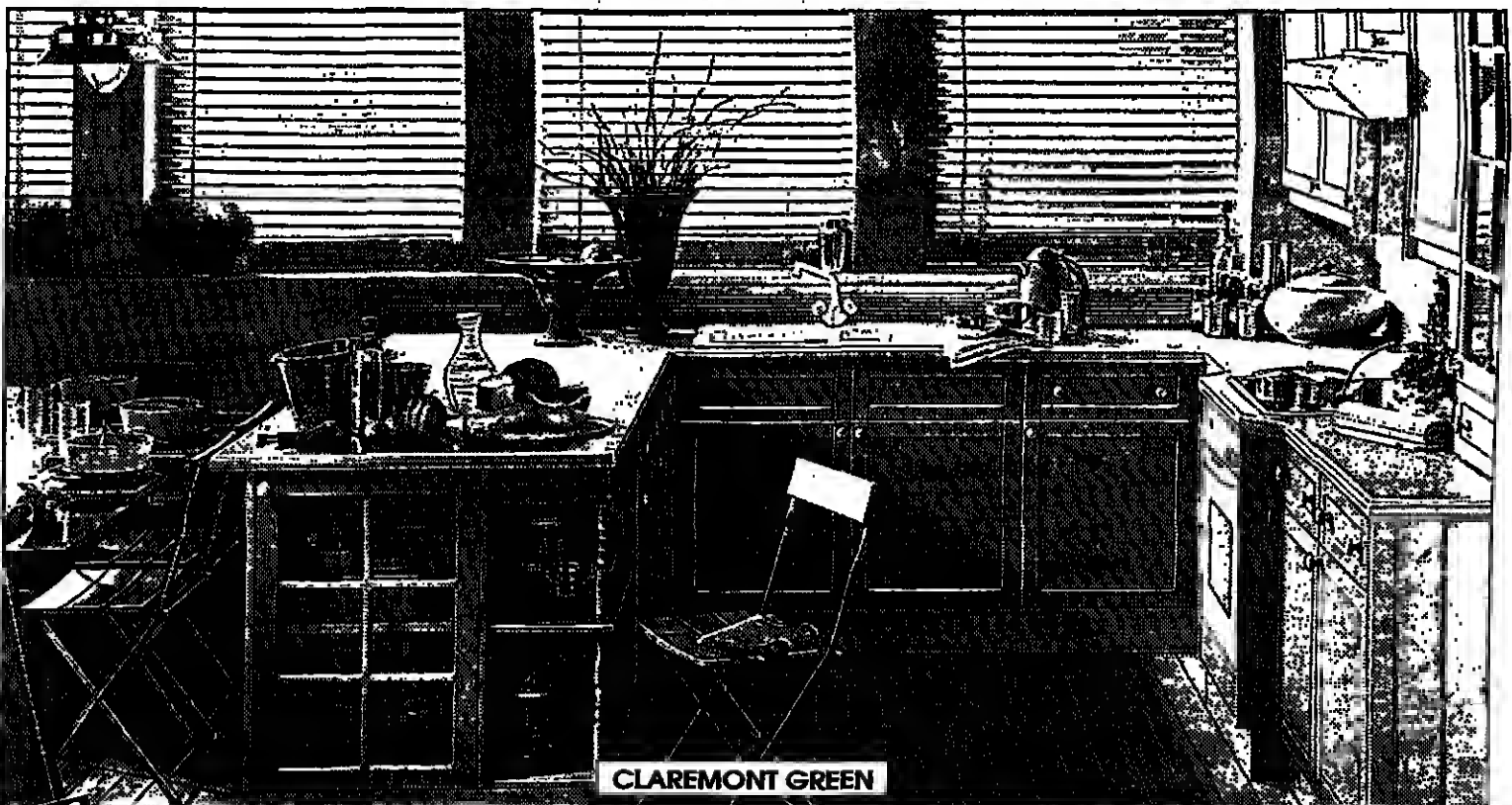
"Although VW is not legally

obliged to do so, we believe that we are morally called upon to continue to make our humanitarian contributions," said the company in a statement. The first payments will be made before the end of this year.

But Ed Fagan, a New York lawyer involved in one lawsuit against VW, said the offer of aid to survivors would not be enough to fend off legal action.

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Orangutans' friend in a hostile land

WILLIE SMITS is made of iron. He must be in order to survive a firebomb attack on his home and numerous death threats suspected of coming from corrupt members of Indonesia's police and military.

And that's just his Jakarta home life. On top of that is his day-to-day work, spending days on end in some of the world's most impenetrable rainforests, which harbour flying snakes, drug-resistant strains of malaria and several potentially hostile tribes who only gave up headhunting a few years ago - all in the name of the orangutan or "man of the woods", one of the world's most endangered animals.

Dr Smits - botanist, biologist and speaker of 13 languages - is the director of the Wanariset Orangutan Rehabilitation Centre in East Kalimantan in Indonesian Borneo and also an adviser to the Indonesian Minister of Forestry.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF WILLIE SMITS, CONSERVATIONIST

He is the orangutan's last hope in this part of Borneo as their numbers decline still further. More each year are being captured for the illegal pet trade - some by corrupt officials - or slaughtered for food by villagers as they flee forest fires. Sunday morning at dawn, the only cool part of the equatorial day, finds Dr Smits doing his rounds of the cages at the Wanariset centre.

"Some baby orangutans have woken up even though they could not have heard me approaching," he said. "They must have smelled me or felt my presence."

The centre was filled to capacity with 171 orangutans, and there was still more than a month until the next lot were big and healthy enough to be released back into the wild.

By 8am he was on the road with his team, two forestry policemen and a week's worth of equipment - everything from microscopes to maps and cages to confiscation papers. He is heading for the remote interior, first along rough rainforest roads and thereafter by speed boat.

In the village of Muara Bengkuang the team found an orangutan barely alive in a cramped cage and coated in layers of its own excrement. Willie confiscated the animal and chastised the Dayak tribesman responsible.

"He was no trader, but to keep such a gentle animal for two years in such a dark, dirty place is mean, and I cannot help but feel uneasy that he will get away with just a confiscation charge," he said. "On the

other hand their culture is so different - to them orangutans are food."

Dr Smits sleeps less than Margaret Thatcher's fabled four hours a night. He woke before dawn again on Monday, although this time in a logging camp deep in the rainforest, and he immediately embarked on more confiscation raids in nearby villages.

"It's always the same story," he said. "The fires destroy the orangutans' habitat so they come into villages looking for food. The villagers are also hungry, so they kill the adult orangs for food and keep the babies as pets. But what is the point of having a pet that you don't look after?"

"I'm afraid this is the tip of the iceberg. For every baby we find, there are two or three we don't; and for every baby, a mother has almost certainly been killed. Start adding it up and you can see why this is a

disaster. I am pessimistic for the future of the orangutan in East Kalimantan."

Tuesday was evacuation day for the injured orangutans. A helicopter swept in low over the tree tops to airlift the little ones back to Wanariset for urgent medical treatment. Then Dr Smits and his team were off again, heading deeper into the rainforest on the scent of a key orangutan trader. His scouts had turned up useful leads.

At lunchtime the next day Dr Smits moved in for the kill, but the man he caught by pretending to be an interested orangutan buyer turned out to be only a small trader, not the big one we were after. He was disappointed, but at least now had some bargaining power. The small trader faced a prison term which could only be reduced in return for informing on the big trader.

It is rare for Dr Smits - a Dutchman who has lived here

for 19 years - to be in unfamiliar territory, but Thursday found him heading up a tributary of the "Cut-Off-Head" river to Benhes, the last Dayak village before the wild uninhabited interior. From the air some weeks before Dr Smits had spotted its great forest, and knew at once it was perfect for releasing orangutans. The Dayaks were happy to protect orangutans as best they can for they believe they were once human beings. Now all he has to do is persuade the Indonesian government it is a good idea.

On Friday he was back at Wanariset for a sensitive operation to remove a spearhead from a female orangutan's groin. She made it.

Saturday was a rare day off and he flew to Jakarta to see his family, living virtually in hiding since the firebomb attack, for fear of reprisal attacks.



Smits and a baby orangutan in Borneo Matthew Bruce

Flooding threatens Bangladesh capital

THOUSANDS OF Bangladeshi troops and volunteers were working yesterday in Dhaka, the capital, to shore up a vital embankment which is threatening to collapse under the pressure of surging flood waters.

Many families have already evacuated to safer places and the rest are preparing to move at short notice in case the dike fails through.

"If the embankment gives in the entire area would turn into a massive pool within minutes with huge waters rolling," one resident said.

Bangladesh's Prime Minister Sheikh Hasina visited the embankment yesterday and called for a vigil. "Allah often

BY PETER POPHAM
in Delhi

tests our faith by putting us in danger," she said. "So be patient and confident as you struggle to save the dike."

The 10-mile embankment also serves as a highway linking Dhaka to the towns of Demra and Narayanganj.

The emergency operation was stepped up as monitors reported that the flooding, which has already killed at least 823 people across the country, showed no sign of letting up.

All the country's major rivers, including the Padma, Brahmaputra and Meghna, rose at different points yesterday, inundating fresh areas and aggravating conditions elsewhere.

The floods, triggered by rain and fed by water rolling down from India, have ravaged the country for more than two months, leaving some 25 million people homeless or stranded.

Bangladesh is a country of disasters. The only popular reference to Bangladesh that springs to most people's minds is probably the George Harrison album, prompted by a famine. If it is not demonic cyclones or overturning ferries, it is floods or arsenic in the wells.

In Dhaka, the transnational disaster managers - the United Nations, the World Bank, Oxfam, Care and the rest - are a permanent presence, their four-wheel drives towering above the autorickshaws.

But with its present floods, Bangladesh has outdone itself. Yesterday, Michael Elmqvist, head of a United Nations disaster assessment and co-ordination team, said: "The unfolding situation is the most serious the country has ever faced."

After a slow start, relief has begun to arrive: the UN's World Food Programme expects to deliver food worth \$76m (\$46m in what it describes as "the biggest emergency in the Food Programme's history").

California serial-killing trial to begin after 13-year delay

THIRTEEN YEARS after a pile of body parts was found in the garden of a two-bedroom house in California's Gold Rush country, the state's most notorious serial killings are due to come to trial on Monday after a marathon series of legal obstacles and delays.

Charlie Ng, a British-educated former Marine, faces the death penalty if convicted of torturing and killing 12 people, then burning, dismembering and burying the bodies.

Though the evidence against him appears overwhelming - including a videotape said to capture the rape and murder of two of the victims - Ng has kept himself out of court since his arrest in 1985. Just in the past few months, he has insisted his new glasses were hurting his eyes so much he was unable to concentrate on preparing his defence. His insistence on playing origami in his cell led to a long legal tussle resolved by a

BY ANDREW GUMBEL
in Los Angeles

judge who finally ruled that the Japanese folding paper could be used to conceal messages from the outside.

Most recently, Ng has fought to defend himself, instead of relying on two court-appointed attorneys. That application has been thrown out, removing, apparently, the last obstacle to a trial that has provoked deep anger and thoughts of revenge in Wilseyville, the town where the murders took place.

According to the prosecution, Ng and his friend Leonard Lake lured victims to their house by placing trade adverts in the local paper.

Although only 12 killings have been linked to Ng, at least 19 people are believed to have been tortured to death.

Lake was arrested for the routine theft of a piece of construction equipment at a San

Francisco lumberyard in 1985, only to astonish his police captors by fatally swallowing cyanide in custody. Ng had been at the lumber yard as well, but fled before he could be captured.

When police followed the trail back to the house in Wilseyville, they began a series of gruesome discoveries - a charred bone here, a shoe there. By the time they were through, they had turned up 45lb of charred bone fragments and teeth, jewellery, torn clothing, Lake's diary, a body in a sleeping bag and a videotape showing the torture of two women, one of them a neighbour.

Ng was arrested a month later in Calgary, Canada, after he was caught trying to steal a soft drink from a store. It was then that the police hunt ended and legal odyssey began - starting with a six-year struggle to have him extradited; a further three years' futile attempt to put a trial together locally in

Cavaleras County; the case's transfer to Orange County, south of Los Angeles; then the series of objections and delays that were largely the doing of Ng himself.

The case has generated six tons of paperwork and forced locals in and around Wilseyville to sit through more than 70 pre-trial hearings. When the case was transferred in 1994, it was partly due to fears that Ng would receive a lynching on his home turf. At one point San Francisco police destroyed a raft of evidence in the belief that the case was closed. Three witnesses have died in the past 13 years, one of them earlier this year in a car crash.

Now, however, it appears that the Santa Ana authorities are determined to go ahead. Ng's latest application to defend himself was dismissed as an attempt to play "games within games" with the legal system.

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BRIEFING

Mandelson on SA mission

PETER MANDELSON, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, will begin his first overseas trade mission to South Africa tomorrow, intent on grabbing a share of the country's \$20bn privatisation programme for British firms.

On the eve of his visit, Mr Mandelson said there was a huge amount the City had to offer Nelson Mandela's government, based on its wealth of experience over the last 20 years of privatisation in the UK. Among the industries that South Africa is looking to privatise or open up to private capital are telecommunications, housing, water, energy and transport. "I will be saying very clearly that Britain stands ready to assist South Africa with its privatisation initiative," Mr Mandelson said ahead of his three-day visit. Britain is South Africa's biggest single trading partner with two-way trade worth \$5bn a year and exports in the first half of this year.

Ford succession brought forward



WILLIAM CLAY FORD (left), the 41-year-old great grandson of Henry Ford, is to succeed Alex Trotman as Chairman of Ford Motor Company, on 1 January next year, several months earlier than expected. Mr Trotman was originally due to retire by the end of 1999 but he said yesterday that he had advised the board that Ford should move its succession plans forward.

Following the "tremendous progress" that had been achieved in the performance of the company, Ford family members account for 40 per cent of the voting stock of Ford Motor. Jacques Nasser, head of worldwide automotive operations, will become president and chief executive also on 1 January.

'Hiccup' in rate convergence

WIM DUISENBERG, president of the European Central Bank, yesterday admitted there had been "a hiccup" in convergence of European interest rates in recent weeks, but insisted the process would continue. He said his main message on interest rates was "don't panic".

At a press conference following a meeting of the ECB's governing council, Mr Duisenberg failed to announce details of the bank's proposed monetary policy strategy, saying the issue was "rather more difficult" than first anticipated.

BUSINESS

Lehman denies Chapter 11 filing as credit crunch bites

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

LEHMAN BROTHERS was last night forced to reassure markets of its financial position after rumours swept London and New York that the Wall Street investment bank was in difficulties and might be forced to file for bankruptcy.

Bankers said that several top notch Wall Street banks had suspended lines of credit to the firm because of the speculation. There were also reports that traders from other banks were refusing to deal with Lehman.

Senior executives were immediately on the phones to clients and creditors seeking to dispel reports that the bank was about to file for protection from creditors because of huge emerging market losses.

The calls were made as what one banker called "a serious credit crunch" began to develop in the London and US banking system. Credit spreads widened dramatically on growing fears of counter party risk. Lehman spokesman Bill Akern said: "Everything that has been said about us is categorically untrue, baseless and irresponsible. The fact is that a week ago we put out a statement saying we made \$150m in the quarter just ended."

Market sources said it was likely that the US Federal Reserve would provide emergency liquidity rather than running the risk of a high-profile investment bank collapsing with the markets in their current fragile state.

Rumours that a major US investment house was about to go under because of big trading losses have gathered strength over the last few days. There was also wild talk of a rogue Nick Leeson-style trader badly caught out by playing the US Treasury Bill futures market, and of a number of banks suf-



Staff leaving Lehman Brothers in London's Broadgate Centre last night after management were called to calm nerves. National Pictures

faring big derivatives related losses.

Trading floors were alive with rumours of several other banks being in trouble because of the recent financial market turbulence. "It is indicative of the kind of panic out there," said one investment banker yesterday. Some \$250m has been wiped off the value of the top tier Wall Street banks over the last month. On top of their direct exposure to

emerging markets, many banks have been hit indirectly because of client difficulties, particularly among some of the big hedge funds.

Lehman shares have fallen 60 per cent in recent weeks. Other investment banks have also seen their shares fall, but Lehman shares have been hit much harder than most. The stock fell \$5 and seven-eighths to \$32 and three-quarters yesterday.

Dealers said that for a major investment bank to go under at this point would turn the current bear market into a full scale crash.

Lehman has grown rapidly in recent years since being hived off from American Express and floating on the New York stock market as an independent investment bank. However, the firm has never quite broken into the charmed circle of so-called bulge bracket

firms like Morgan Stanley and Goldman Sachs and is generally regarded on Wall Street as a "second-tier" bank.

As one of the few independent Wall Street brokerages left, Lehman has been seen as frequent takeover target for foreign banks seeking to expand in New York.

Bankers said that since the Russian default and with the Latin American currencies under pressure, firms have

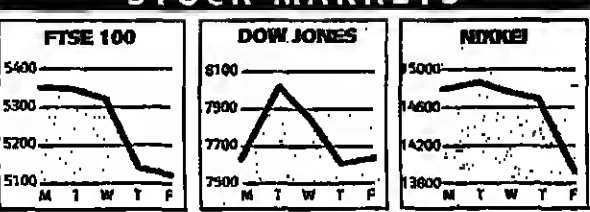
found it steadily harder to get access to capital.

Spreads, the risk margin banks charge for lending, have been widening particularly for sophisticated hedging instruments like swaps which are widely used by investments banks and hedge funds to finance short-term trades.

"Banks have been calling in loans all over," said one banker last night.

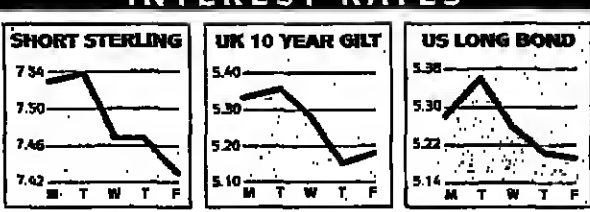
Jeremy Warner, page 21

STOCK MARKETS



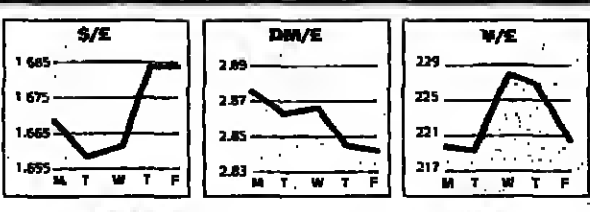
Index	Close	Change	52 wk high	52 wk low	Vol
FTSE 100	5118.60	-18.00	5183.70	4382.80	3.79
FTSE 250	4697.30	-54.50	5970.90	4428.30	4.37
FTSE 350	2455.40	-12.20	2968.10	2141.80	3.90
FTSE All Share	2383.63	-12.04	2886.52	2106.59	3.90
FTSE SmallCap	2088.00	-13.40	2793.80	2044.80	3.94
FTSE Fledgling	1166.20	-7.70	1517.10	1140.20	4.32
FTSE AIM	888.40	0.40	1146.90	862.80	1.42
FTSE EBRAC 100	867.07	-5.53	936.70	821.32	1.95
Dow Jones	7654.93	-37.64	9367.84	6971.32	1.95
Nikkei	13916.98	-249.05	18625.56	13664.74	1.10
Hang Seng	7578.48	-271.48	15242.65	6544.79	5.41
Dax	4737.15	-10.18	6217.83	3487.24	3.39

INTEREST RATES



Index	2 month	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	3 year	5 year	10 year	15 year	30 year
UK	7.44	0.13	7.12	-0.45	5.19	-1.76	4.92	-1.97		
US	5.50	-0.22	5.24	-0.85	4.76	-1.63	5.18	-1.31		
Japan	0.44	-0.14	0.49	-0.15	1.01	-1.25	1.53	-1.38		
Germany	3.48	0.19	3.53	-0.07	4.00	-1.67	4.93	-1.41		

CURRENCIES



Index	2 month	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	3 year	5 year	10 year	15 year	30 year
Dollar	1.6844	+0.19c	1.5965							
D-Mark	2.8426	-0.23p	2.8460							
Yen	220.62	-5.11	191.33							
Euro	102.50	0.00	99.70							

OTHER INDICATORS

Index	2 month	3 month	6 month	1 year	2 year	3 year	5 year	10 year	15 year	30 year
Brent Oil (\$)	12.72	0.03	18.16							
Gold (\$)	293.15	2.50	324.25							
Silver (\$)	5.05	0.07	4.74							

www.bloomberg.com/uk SOURCE: BLOOMBERG

TOURIST RATES

Country	Rate	Country	Rate
Australia (\$)	2.6998	Mexico (nuevo peso)	15.62
Austria (schillings)	19.39	Netherlands (guilders)	3.1119
Belgium (francs)	57.03	New Zealand (\$)	3.1098
Canada (\$)	2.4800	Norway (krone)	12.39
Cyprus (pounds)	0.8138	Portugal (escudos)	281.49
Denmark (krone)	10.56	Saudi Arabia (rials)	6.1554
Finland (markka)	8.4995	Singapore (\$)	2.7687
France (francs)	9.2429	Spain (pesetas)	232.51
Germany (marks)	2.7547	South Africa (rand)	10.19
Greece (drachma)	477.94	Sweden (krone)	12.89
Hong Kong (\$)	12.62	Switzerland (francs)	2.2788
Ireland (pounds)	1.0945	Thailand (bahts)	63.17
India (rupees)	65.88	Turkey (liras)	442921
Israel (shekels)	5.9989	USA (\$)	1.6413
Italy (lira)	2740		
Japan (yen)	216.01		
Malaysia (ringgits)	6.1540		
Malta (lira)	0.6128		

Rates for indication purposes only
Source: Thomas Cook

Nikkei below 14,000 in year's worst fall

THE JAPANESE stock market yesterday suffered its largest single-day point fall this year, with the Nikkei 225 index tumbling below the critical 14,000 level as new figures showed weaker than expected economic growth.

Between April and June, Japanese output fell by 0.8 per cent, the first time the economy has contracted for three successive quarters since 1955. On an annualised basis gross domestic product (GDP) was down 3.3 per cent. The figures were released after the country's embattled stock market closed for business. Thursday's 250-point fall on Wall Street helped drag the benchmark Nikkei index down by 749.05

BY LEA PATERSON

points to 13,916.98. Taichi Sakaiya, Economic Planning Agency Minister, admitted the growth figure was worse than expected, and added that the government's forecast of 1.9 per cent GDP growth this fiscal year was clearly impossible.

David Coleman at CIBC Markets commented: "It's becoming difficult to find words to do justice to the dire state of

the Japanese economy". The sharp fall in the Nikkei hit sentiment in the European markets in morning trade yesterday. The FTSE 100 briefly dipped below 5,000, hitting a low point of 4988.8, before a stronger-than-expected showing on Wall Street helped propel the index to a close of 5118.6, down just 18 points on the day.

A rare flurry of good news on

the corporate front - Intel, Oracle and American Express all released upbeat forecasts - pushed the Dow Jones Industrial Average higher in early trade, despite concerns about the impending publication of the Starr report.

At lunchtime in New York, the Dow was trading up 39.13 at 7654.97, helping stem losses on most major European bourses.

In Frankfurt, the Dax closed up 10.6 points at 4754.65 while the Paris CAC 40 finished the day down 11.01 points at 3578.34.

Worries about Clinton hit the dollar, which continued its slide against the yen. The dollar touched a five-month low of 129.15 yen, before regaining some ground in later trade. It also hit a four-month low of 1.67 marks.

BSkyB raises bid stakes

BRITISH SKY Broadcasting, Rupert Murdoch's satellite broadcaster, yesterday raised the stakes in its bid for Manchester United, revealing that it had taken a 9 per cent stake in the football club, writes Peter Thal Larsen.

BSkyB, which has offered \$623.4m for Manchester United, bought the shares on Thursday to bolster its defences against a possible counter-bid. Martin Edwards, Manchester United's chief executive, has irrevocably committed his 14 per cent stake to BSkyB.

The company was able to buy the shares because Manchester United's share price is at a discount to the value of the

offer. BSkyB's cash and shares bid values each Manchester United share at 423p. Yesterday, Manchester United shares closed down 0.5p at 221.5p.

Aston Villa was yesterday forced to deny that it was in takeover talks. In a statement to the Stock Exchange, the Birmingham club said that "discussions with Media companies are part of the club's normal business and continue on a regular basis". However, it ruled out a buyer taking a strategic stake or making an offer for the club.

Meanwhile David Moores, the chairman and majority shareholder of Liverpool, ruled out a takeover of the club.

Slough Estates offers £264m for Bilton as family rift opens

SLOUGH ESTATES fired the opening shot in a potential bid to buy Bilton yesterday when it made a £264m unsolicited approach for Bilton, a sleepy, family-run property group where former England cricket captain Lord Cowdrey is a non-executive director.

Bilton immediately rejected the approach but Slough Estates is hoping to exploit a rift between the Bilton family members who control the company. Bilton has been regarded as bid-proof because of a 39 per cent holding by Glenhazel, a family trust. But the family has become divided over the trust's direction.

The feud became public last

year when one of the Glenhazel trustees started legal action against three other trustees. The action pitches three family members against a group led by Ron Groom, Bilton's managing director. It seeks the removal of three of the trustees, including Mr Groom, due to an alleged conflict of interest.

Mr Groom took over the company in 1983 following the death of its founder, Percy Bilton. He courted controversy when he retired in 1992 with a £1m pay-off, only to return as managing director three years later. In 1996 his pay was

doubled to £500,000. Mr Groom is chairman of the remuneration committee.

Slough Estates is believed to be courting Percy Bilton's children, Derek and Hazel, who, insiders say, may be willing to sell their shares.

Bilton is an industrial property company with a portfolio based predominantly in London and the South-east. Its main asset is an industrial estate in the South-east though it also controls the salmon fishing rights on the banks of the River Dee.

The group's shares have underperformed the market by 42 per cent in the past five years and Slough believes it can improve value to shareholders.

It is offering 300p per share, a 41 per cent premium to Bilton's closing price on Thursday. The offer is 210p cash and 90p in new Slough shares. There is a 290p cash alternative. Bilton shares closed 81p higher at 293.5p.

Derek Wilson, chief executive of Slough Estates, said: "We haven't approached the board because we know they have been reluctant to talk in the past. But we believe that some of the family members will be interested in our offer."

Slough Estates is Britain's fifth largest property company. Its interests are mainly in the industrial sector in the South-east, making Bilton a good fit.

AROUND THE WORLD'S MARKETS

LONDON

BLUE CHIPS, after plunging nearly 150 points, ended just 18 down at 5,118.6, with nerves soothed by early strength in New York. Supporting shares also gave ground.

Bank shares, largely responsible for driving Footsie higher earlier this year, were battered and bruised on growing worries, underlined by Schroders' Asian provision, about the extent of any international fallout from the current turmoil. Barclays slumped 57p to 1,117p. In July the shares hit a 1,949p peak.

Derek Pain, page 21

NEW YORK

WALL STREET ignored Tokyo's panic and firmed up - but trade was volatile. By the end of the morning, the Dow Jones was up more than 30 points to 7654.97.

Stocks were at first lifted by a categorical denial of rumours that Lehman Brothers was about to go bust because of market turmoil. Wall Street was also buoyed by a recovery in Brazilian markets.

"This is typical volatility. We are seeing a change from the sentiment of buy the dips to sell the rallies," said one director of trading.

TOKYO

TOKYO SHARE prices plunged by more than 5 per cent as the government said the domestic economy had shrunk for the third consecutive quarter, the longest contraction since 1955.

Fears of global financial meltdown were unabated as the Nikkei crashed 749 points - or 5.11 per cent - to 13,916.98.

Andrew Shipley, chief economist at Schroders Japan, said: "The Japanese economy is imploding and Japanese policy-makers are not responding to the crisis."

MADRID

SPANISH STOCKS took a beating on fears of further mammoth losses among Spanish companies exposed to problems in Latin America.

The Ibrx-35 index closed down 196 points, or 2.48 per cent, as international blue chips such as Telefonica, Banco Bilbao Vizcaya and Santander fell by more than 5 per cent. Utilities buoyed the index as investors rushed to find safe havens for their money.

Fear of devaluations in Latin America eased off slightly as trading closed.

SAO PAULO

BRAZIL'S MARKETS snapped out of a headlong plunge yesterday as a drastic hike in interest rates allayed fears of rampant dollar flight. Shares on the Sao Paulo stock exchange rebounded 6 per cent in morning trading after crashing 18 per cent on Thursday. An emergency government measure raised interest rates to nearly 80 per cent. At one point the Bovespa index was up more than 250 points from a start of 4989.21.

Interest rates in Brazil have now risen from 19 per cent to 49.75 per cent in one week.

12/9/98

SHARES/19

[illegible]

source: Bloomberg
www.bloomberg.com/uk

PRICE DATA

Saturday 12 September 1998

Man

Football
amid

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STANDARD & POOR'S **Bloomberg**

Market crisis demands urgent action

IN BRAZIL things got so bad that they were forced to suspend share trading. In Tokyo the Nikkei collapsed more than 5 per cent yesterday to close below 14,000, its worst level since the start of the great bear market in Japan nine years ago. On Wall Street, the record one-day rally achieved on Monday had all gone up in smoke by the end of the week, and with political concerns piling in on existing economic ones, US share prices are again heading south.

By last night there was a massive credit squeeze under way throughout the Western banking system. Wild rumours swept the City and Wall Street of loans being called in, of huge losses across a raft of top-drawer names, and Lehman Brothers was forced publicly to deny it was filing for Chapter 11.

Meanwhile, here in the UK, the equity market looks cheap set against the US, the Continent and bonds, but with sentiment as bombed out as it is, that counts for nothing. Just as in a bull market all sensible valuation analysis goes out the door in the scramble for stock, in a bear market the same is true but in reverse. It doesn't matter that a stock is inexpensive; nobody wants it anyway.

What's happening to world equity



JEREMY WARNER

For the first time since the Asian crisis broke, there seems a real risk of a world-wide credit crunch

markets can no longer be described as an overdue and healthy correction. Over the last month, the mood has moved decisively away from the "buy on the dips" approach which has served investors so well over the years, into a "sell into the rallies" one. If you want to see what a real bear market looks like, as opposed to the little blips we have seen in the West over the past 30 years, just look at the graphic charting the Nikkei's nine

years of misery. Few are yet suggesting that this is the outlook for Wall Street and Europe as we move into the new millennium, but certainly we seem to be living through one of the great defining moments in financial markets, and the end game is far from clear.

To see the extent of the damage, look no further than Barclays and Siebe - two top-drawers but very different FTSE 100 companies. Both share prices have nearly halved from their peaks this year, a quite sickening plunge for anyone who bought at the top and one that will send dismay into the hearts of long-term holders. Both are highly exposed to the traumas now afflicting the British and world economies - the one as a bank joined at the hip to the business cycle and with some exposure, albeit limited, to emerging markets, the other as a diversified international engineer.

Were it not for the utilities, which behave more like bonds in a downturn than ordinary shares, and telecoms, a sector investors have yet to lose faith in, the FTSE 100 index would be heavily down on the year. As it is, it is already into negative territory. The vast bulk of the rest of the market reached that ground some time ago. In the US and on the

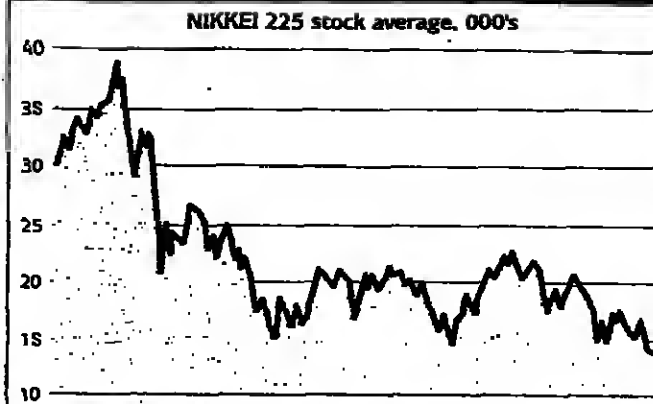
Continent, the picture looks very similar.

In the absence of a significant, coordinated cut in western interest rates, it's hard to see anything on the horizon that might rescue stock markets. Many brokers are now forecasting nil growth in UK corporate earnings this year and not much better for next. The picture is a little brighter in the rest of Europe, where there's still huge scope for corporate cost cutting, but with the dollar now weakening fast against core euro currencies, not significantly so. Meanwhile, forecasts for earnings growth in the US are being slashed daily.

For the first time since the Asian crisis broke, there seems to be a real risk of a world-wide credit crunch. Already no one will lend to emerging markets; that's taken as read. Now there is growing concern about the reliability of counter-parties, spreads are widening dramatically, credit lines are being recalled, and banks throughout the West are announcing big provisions.

Seemingly, there's another big loss announced in the banking system every day with much worse to come widely rumoured. This cannot help but have a real effect on the supply and availability of credit, not just to

WHAT A REAL BEAR MARKET LOOKS LIKE



Source: DataStream

hedge fund operators and other high-risk speculators, but to all parts of the economy. Money lost in one market means less to lend in another. There could be a quite severe liquidity drought building.

Events seem to be conforming to an alarming stereotype. This is what happens when a speculative bubble goes pop. Everyone loses a lot of money, liquidity dries up, and the situation becomes even worse.

There is an obvious policy response to such circumstances - to cut interest rates. Unfortunately,

central bankers have so far proved very reluctant to do so. There was a cut in Tokyo this week, but rates are already so low in Japan that its effect on demand cannot be any more than marginal.

In the US, Alan Greenspan, chairman of the Federal Reserve, continues to worry about inflationary pressures in the economy, though there appeared to be a slight easing of his position in a recent speech where he acknowledged that the US economy could not remain immune to the turmoil in world markets.

In Continental Europe, interest rates are already as low as they safely can be without stoking up an inflationary boom, while here in the UK, the Bank of England this week again resisted pressure for a cut in rates in an effort to force inflation back to the target level.

In summary, there appears no great appetite among policy-makers for the one thing that might put a floor under falling stock markets - a convincing and concerted easing of rates. Whether Monday's meeting of G7 deputy finance ministers in London can convince them otherwise remains to be seen. The politicians can yell and scream all they want about the need for such action, but they don't call the shots.

Things could, none the less, be on the move at last. The Bank of England's Monetary Policy Committee took the unusual step on Thursday of commenting on its decision to leave rates unchanged, and in so doing it recognised that a further deterioration in the international economy might require a rate cut. This is progress indeed. The Bank has at least left the door open for movement should anything concrete come out of the G7. The danger for markets is that whatever action central bankers do eventually take will be too little too late.

Football winners amid the turmoil

FOOTBALL SHARES, happily oblivious to the turmoil afflicting the rest of the stock market, were again in form as takeover speculation continued to swirl around them.

Before Rupert Murdoch descended on Manchester United, most of the football clubs which had rushed to tap the market looked as sick as the proverbial parrot.

After early euphoria they were relegated to market also-rans and even after the Murdoch-inspired revival they are still a long way below their giddy peaks.

ManU, the only club to have enjoyed consistent market adulation, is now, in share terms, resigned to its fate and was little changed at 221.5p.

But the rest of the pack, as so often happens on the pitch, was striving to make up lost ground.

Leeds Sporting, the holding company for Leeds United, which has been linked with Granada, scored a 5p gain to 24.75p; the peak is 46.75p.

Newcastle United surged 18.5p to 89p (against a 140p high) and Chelsea Village 10p to 98.5p (170p). Nottingham

Forest put on 4.5p to 43p and Tottenham Hotspur, thought to interest ENIC, 6p to 72p.

Ashton Villa, which denied reports of takeover talks, rose 20p to 680p and Southampton Leisure, taking in Southampton FC, celebrated results with a 6p gain to 57p.

But after its sharp gain on Carlton Communications' predatory interest, Arsenal, traded on the fringe Ofex market, retreated 2300 to 23,700 with 38 shares traded. Carlton was unchanged at 423p.

As if to underline the yawning gap between the top teams and their poor relations in the lower divisions, Preston North End slumped 80p to 310p.

The rest of the market had another unstable session, with Footsie at one time dipping below 5,000 points after a 18 at 5,118.6. An erratic but - during

MARKET REPORT



DEREK PAIN

London hours - largely positive New York soothed jangled nerves.

Even so Footsie finished a brisk session below the level it started the year. The supporting indices were again weak.

Railtrack, one of the most criticised of the last Government's flotations, nudged its all-time high, hitting 1,563p with a 68p streamline display.

The shares, once described as a "privatisation too far", are enjoying the influence of Paris investment meetings, the group's property portfolio and the Government's declared policy to reduce car traffic. Railtrack, which also benefits from safe haven status, arrived in

May two years ago at around 400p. Other shares favoured for their domestic exposure, such as Asda and National Grid, were among those enjoying a touch of blue.

BTR recovered some of Thursday's fall, leading the Footsie leader board with a 14.5p recovery to 122p. Takeover speculation helped.

A few Footsie casualties staged late rallies with Enterprise Oil up 7p at 339p and Blue Circle Industries 6.5p to 263p. BCI's interim figures are due next week; £130m, down from £142.6m, is on the agenda. Sema, earmarked for Footsie inclusion, fell 65p to 515p as Credit Lyonnais made negative noises.

Allied Domecq (30p at 465p) and Diageo (13p to 550p) suffered on the back of their overseas interests; Allied's latest US reorganisation also failed to impress.

Figures lifted Decca Corporation, the housebuilder and property services group, 1p to 14.5p and Merivale Moore, a property group, 6p to 69.5p.

SEAQ VOLUME: 931.4m
SEAQ TRADES: 66,767
GILTS INDEX: n/a

Shares spotlight

Name	Turnover (£)	Pre-tax (£)	EPS	Dividend	Pay day	X-div
British Regional Airlines	90.7m (28.2m)	-1.48m (1.79m)	-1.10 (1.40)	0.10 (0.10)	26.10.98	21.05.98
British Airways	19.0m (16.1m)	0.84m (0.72m)	1.40 (1.20)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Telecom	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98
British Airways	10.0m (9.0m)	0.21m (0.20m)	0.30 (0.25)	0.10 (0.10)	08.11.98	21.05.98

Banks, which for so long led Footsie's seemingly inexorable charge, were hit, with Barclays off 57p to 1,117p. The shares were 1,949p in July. Lloyds TSB and National Westminster also weakened as the market fretted about the possible banking fall-out from the current crisis. Schroder's Asian provision did not help sentiment.

Marks & Spencer, off 3p at 471p, suffered from another round of profit downgrades. Kingfisher, expected to report interim figures of £175m (against £150m) next week lost 18p to 498p.

British Regional Airlines, floated at 150p in June, dived 56p to just 52.5p as profit estimates were downgraded following interim figures.

Servisair, the support group, was another in a spin, down 47p to 117p after a warning about second-half profits.

Another round of takeover activity provided some action. Amber Industrial jumped 45.5p to 128p as Caledonia Investments bid 130p for the 25 per cent of the capital it does not own. An approach to Gardiner, the security group, prompted a 7p gain to 21p and

VERTICAL HOLDINGS, an indoor sports operator, held at 4p on Ofex. It is planning to open a centre in Birmingham followed by one at Dartford for such activities as in-line skating, skateboarding, hiking and even wall climbing.

The Birmingham venture will include a retail interest and cafeteria. The company slipped on to the fringe Ofex market in July, when shares were placed at the current 4p price. It is valued at £1.3m.

Slough Estates' hostile bid for property group Bilton produced an 81p jump to 383.5p.

Oils firmed as the crude price hardened, with British Petroleum up 12p to 793p. A recovery in the gold price also provided a little cheer, with Lomro up 15p to 232p and RioTinto 24p to 623p.

SEA Multimedia firmed 1p to 6p. Its Mamma Network Technologies offshoot has attracted an investor who is pumping in around £300,000 in exchange for an 18 per cent stake. SEA says Mamma's total value is near its capitalisation.

Figures lifted Decca Corporation, the housebuilder and property services group, 1p to 14.5p and Merivale Moore, a property group, 6p to 69.5p.

SEAQ VOLUME: 931.4m
SEAQ TRADES: 66,767
GILTS INDEX: n/a



Terry Lidiard (left), British Regional Airlines chief executive, and chairman Sir Michael Bishop Trevor Humphries/FT

Airline's shares in dive after warning

SHARES IN British Regional Airlines, which was floated less than three months ago, crashed by more than half yesterday after the group warned of falling passenger yields and its broker slashed its profit forecast for the year by £1m.

The group, which operates 36 routes under the Manx Airlines banner and as a British Airways franchise, blamed the profits warning on the economic climate, poor weather, the World Cup and a fall in the number of passengers travelling business class.

British Regional Airlines was floated for 150p a share in June, valuing the business at 297m. Yesterday the shares fell 53 per cent from 108.5p to 50.5p, valuing the company at £33m.

The chairman, Sir Michael Bishop, who retains a stake of just under 30 per cent in the

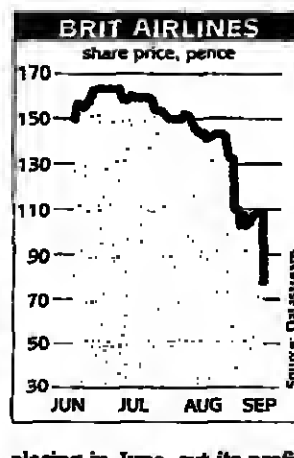
business, said that although passenger numbers had increased in line with expectations, yields had dropped.

In the first six months of the year they were 9 per cent lower than the same period in 1997, and yields in July and August were also lower than expected.

Traffic numbers were also lower than budgeted on a number of key routes, including the Isle of Man-Heathrow service.

Sir Michael said: "In light of the general economic climate and evidence to date within the airline, the company has deemed it prudent to make allowances in its budget for a continuation of this trend for the remainder of the year."

Dresdner Kleinwort Benson, which acts as the group's broker and also handled the



placing in June, cut its profit forecast for the full year from £5.8m to £4.8m.

Part of the problem is that, while traffic numbers have largely held up, more passengers have been taking advantage of cut-price fare offers.

In a bid to raise yields, the group raised prices on some routes by 2 per cent at the beginning of this month and is planning further price rises of 3-4 per cent later in the autumn.

It has also withdrawn from four routes in the Highlands and Islands and retired its fleet of ageing Shorts 360 aircraft.

The group reported a loss of £487,000 for the six months to the end of June, compared with a £511,000 profit in the same period last year. This was due to launch costs of its Inverness-Gatwick service and the introduction of new Embraer 145 regional jets.

Passenger numbers were up by 11 per cent to 1.2 million but capacity increased by 36 per cent over the period. This resulted in a fall in load factors - the percentage of seats filled - from 62.8 per cent to 60.8 per cent.

IN BRIEF

SA group buys Albert E Sharp

OLD MUTUAL, the South African-based retail financial group, confirmed the acquisition of Albert E Sharp, the Birmingham-based stockbroker, for £40.75m, plus an additional performance-related payment of up to £10m, payable in two or three tranches.

Albert E Sharp will be combined with Capel-Cure Myers, Old Mutual's existing private client broking business, to create a network with 27 branches and with almost 1,000 employees and £10m under management.

Albert E Sharp's corporate finance and institutional broking business will continue to trade as Albert E Sharp Securities, based in Birmingham.

Setback for Dale

THE EXPANSION plans of former Littlewoods chief executive Barry Dale received a setback yesterday when merger talks collapsed between Creightons, the toiletries group where he took control in December, and Potter & Moore, a privately owned toiletries company.

Creightons announced in June that it had agreed to acquire Potter & Moore for £9.4m plus the repayment of £7.5m of debts, subject to fund-raising.

Merivale ahead

MERIVALE MOORE, the property investment company, increased profits from £258,000 to £3.6m in the year to 30 July, with the help of a successful £2m negligence claim against a firm of chartered surveyors.

The group invests in office, shop and residential property in the corridor from Holborn to Hammersmith in London. Net asset value rose 35 per cent to 116.2p and the shares rose 6p to 69.5p.

£35m shops sale

DELANCEY STORES has agreed to buy the Darwin Centre, a freehold shopping centre in Shrewsbury, for £35m in cash, to be financed out of internal resources. It produces a net annual rental of £2.2m and an initial net yield of 6.07 per cent. Rent reviews begin from the middle of next year.

Cookson deal

COOKSON GROUP, the materials technology group, has acquired Accel Corporation, a manufacturer of specialised cleaning systems for the packaging of electronic components based in the US, for £14.8m in cash. Accel reported an operating profit of £2.7m on sales of \$5.9m in the year to 30 June.

SCS expands

SCS UPOLSTERY expects profits in the year to September to be in line with forecasts, in spite of the acceleration of its store opening programmes, which added four new stores, bringing the total at the end of the financial year to 16. It plans to open five further stores in the coming 12 months.

Gold price up by \$4 an ounce

THE PRICE of gold rose nearly \$4 an ounce yesterday to \$383.75 as bullion markets at last began to take the possibility of a financial meltdown seriously, writes Clifford German. The price has now recovered \$20 an ounce from the 19-year low point reached last month.

Earlier, however, a report by Gold Fields Mineral Services claimed that sales of scrap gold rose 160 per cent to 700 tons, mainly as a result of "distress sales" of gold jewellery in east Asia, adding almost 30 per cent to the regular supply from the world's gold mines, which rose just 3 per cent to a record 2,523 tons.

Schroders keen on Asia despite losses

WIN BISCHOFF, chairman of Schroders, the blue-chip City merchant bank, is eyeing acquisition opportunities in Asia despite having to raise provisions for Asian bad debt by £36m in the first half.

Unveiling a 24 per cent increase in pre-tax profits to £141m in the six months to the end of June, Mr Bischoff said that the bank was committed to pursue its strategy of cautious expansion despite the shake-out which has inevitably overshadowed these results.

"We think the markets are slowing down but we don't see them collapsing," he said. "We think there are opportunities of interesting transactions. We

BY ANDREW GARFIELD
Financial Editor

would hope given our knowledge of Asia to take advantage of them."

The bank's exposure to Russia and Latin America are negligible, although Mr Bischoff admitted that the market turbulence was bound to have a psychological effect on clients' willingness to do business.

Schroders is ready to raise provisions further in the second half if conditions continue to deteriorate.

Investment banking was the fast-growing area in the first half. Profits increased 45 per cent to £65.3m.

Asset management, where funds under management rose to £117bn from £107bn at the end of last year, fared less well. Profits rose 12 per cent to £81m.

Schroders investment managers had seen performance suffer as a result of having taken a more bearish stance earlier this year.

However, Mr Bischoff said the firm believed that stance would be borne out of time as markets entered a more cautious phase.

SPORT

'Activity was interrupted by a rat on the mat'

THE FLAGS of 70 competing nations stirred gently outside the entrance to the Commonwealth Games athletes' village - after the swarming heat of the morning, Kuala Lumpur was about to receive some steamy rain.

Sri Lanka's netball team arrived en masse, and bustled into the international zone which forms the social hub of the village. Four Canadian swimmers chatted in the doorway, laughing loudly. A couple of Kenyan athletes loped out on their way to the huge Bukit Jalil stadium a bus-ride up the hill. Everybody busy, everybody preparing for the event which gets properly underway today for the 16th time.

In sporting terms, what is about to happen in this economically stult-



MIKE
ROWBOTTOM

tering Asian city is the polar opposite of the activities which have taken place at Old Trafford this week. Manchester United's logical - if dispiriting - embrace with

BSkyB seems likely to nudge other Premiership powers along the same route. There is talk now of a deal between Arsenal and Carlton - who knows, perhaps it will be Wimbledon and the Shopping Channel next, or Leyton Orient and Whips Cross Hospital Radio. But while money is talking - shouting - at the highest level of sports such as football, rugby and cricket, those who have travelled to compete here are doing so for nothing.

Many elite performers have decided not to bother. Colin Jackson's announcement that he is too tired to seek a third Commonwealth high-jump title has disappointed the Welsh team. Ato Boldon, the world champion at 200m, said last month that he would not be repre-

senting Trinidad and Tobago in Kuala Lumpur because, if he went back to his training group in the United States and told them he was Commonwealth champion, they would simply laugh at him.

Boldon eventually relented, but for some, this is a joke event. For others - the Australian cricket team, David Campese and Jonah Lomu, Kenya's world record-holder Daniel Komen, Olympic swimming champion Kieren Perkins, squash's world No 1 Peter Nicol, world bowls champion Tony Allcock, to name a few - it is not.

Beyond the frenetic atmosphere of the Games village a darker reality holds true. Protesters gather nightly outside the house of the recently deposed Malaysian deputy and

finance minister, in the high-rise city centre building projects stand unfinished. But, for the next 10 days, the patent hope here is that this gathering of nations inside the charmed circle of a sporting contest can provide Malaysia with a currency that will not devalue.

Already, the Games have succeeded in providing the incidental comedy which marks the phoney-war stage of all bona fide international competition. Hashim Ali, chairman of the organisers, has conceded that there was a problem with the transport. Some of the drivers, apparently, do not know the town very well and some have got lost. The spirit of Atlanta lives on...

Activity at one of the city's gymnastic venues was briefly inter-

rupted on Thursday by the presence of a rat on the mat. And a press conference held inside the international zone building yesterday by English athletes Kelly Holmes and Diane Modahl came close to being rained off as a downpour found the roof of the conference room wanting.

First two, then five, then seven buckets were placed down on the carpet tiles as the leak progressed steadily up the room to within a few feet of the athletes. At one point, a worried official tried to do something ingenious with a black binliner. Unsuccessfully, as it turned out. As the rain drummed into the buckets, Holmes and Modahl made no mention of the problem - which was odd really given the way the English like to talk about the weather.

Later, in the same room, Chris Sheasby talked about what these Games meant to him. "To be able to say I was in the parade at the Commonwealth Games with 420 other English athletes will be something to hold alongside winning the World Cup Sevens and earning my first England cap," he said. "What ever you think about the way the Commonwealth was formed, there is a sense here of people uniting for all the good reasons."

If sport cannot hold on to the values that imbue these Games, the values so clear to an experienced, professional sportsman such as Sheasby, it will have lost something money cannot buy. We came to KL expecting smog; all we have found is fresh air.

Thomson
the centre
of attention

Saracens have signed another supremely talented South African. But this one is different - this one is qualified to play for England. By Chris Hewett

CLIVE WOODWARD makes such a virtue of his own impeccable John Bull credentials that his players suspect him of using the flag of St George as a duvet cover. As a good patriot who sews his loyalties onto his tracksuit sleeve at the start of every season, the national coach is understandably reluctant to go overboard on the subject of Jeremy Thomson, perhaps the most strikingly gifted English-qualified import to arrive here in a decade.

Thomson's family roots are sunk deep in the soil of Hertfordshire, but Woodward considers him more Pietermaritzburg than Potters Bar. And with good reason. Thomson's rugby education - his entire education, come to that - was an exclusively South African concern; he played for South African Schools and the South African Defence Force, won Under-20 honours with Northern Transvaal, played in the Currie Cup alongside Francois Pienaar in Johannesburg in 1992 and made a near-record 156 senior appearances for Natal.

And anyway, Thomson is 31 and well past the spring chicken stage. Why on earth pick him? How about talent, for starters? On the strength of a single Premiership match for Saracens, albeit one in which he made a befuddled Northampton midfield look like a herd of cart-horses, Thomson is being talked up as a contender for Woodward's autumn squad. Hype is a strictly temporary commodity, of course, but class is entirely permanent.

Besides, England are hardly in a position to throw around rejection slips like so much confetti. The absence of Will Greenwood and Jeremy Guscott from the summer tour of the southern hemisphere underlined the uncomfortable fact

that the midfield cupboard has a definite Mother Hubbardish look to it and any plans the coach may have to play Mike Catt, another product of the Rainbow Nation, at centre depends on either Paul Grayson or Jonny Wilkinson cutting the hot stuff at outside-half. Don't hold your breath, Clive.

"I haven't looked too far into the qualification situation but my mother was born in Watford, I still have relatives living here, and everyone tells me I'm okay," said Thomson. "But I can honestly say that Saracens is my only priority and I'm concentrating on settling in and getting some experience of English conditions. I never won a Springbok cap - I toured with the Boks in '96 without making the Test side - and I wouldn't say

'Francois called me and we reached an agreement. There aren't many South Africans who can resist the Pienaar approach'

no to England if they showed interest in me. It's not really in my hands, though, so I've pushed it to the back of my mind."

All the same, he will find the spotlight far more difficult to sidestep than the midfield defence he spent last Sunday tearing to shreds. To start with, he plays in this afternoon's "rebel" match between Cardiff and Saracens at the Arms Park, a fixture that flies directly in the face of union disapproval and has generated a spectacular amount of interest.

"You simply can't afford to let the distractions affect your preparations. I won't approach the match as a rebel game any

more than I'll approach it as a friendly, even though it has been billed as such. At this level, attitude is everything. Having spent the best part of 10 years playing top-level rugby in South Africa, where rugby politics are not exactly unheard of, I've learned to concentrate purely and simply on playing every game to the best of my ability. Other people can get on with the arguing."

There is no argument whatsoever over the quality of Thomson's curriculum vitae. Pienaar, now head coach at Saracens, considered him South Africa's best Super 12 centre in the 1996 tournament and singled him out as a ready-made replacement for the great Philippe Sella, who retired at the end of last season. "The time was right to look towards the English Premiership as a new challenge and one or two clubs had shown an interest, but Francois called me personally and we reached an agreement very quickly. There aren't many South Africans who can resist the Pienaar approach."

"But, while the presence of Springboks like Francois and Gavin Johnson is a tremendous help to me, I've also been hugely impressed by the whole Saracens set-up. It's a very professional concern and I'm not overstating the case when I say there is a real desire to play fast, attractive, attacking rugby along Super 12 lines. The pace of our game against Northampton surprised me and, while there was a little more space than I'd grown used to back in Natal, legitimate comparisons can be drawn between the two."

"To my mind, the British game as a whole will have a very exciting future once the right competitive structures are put in place. I played some rugby with John Plumtree, who



Jeremy Thomson is quickly into his stride as he faces the new challenge of British rugby

Tommy Hindley

is now coaching Swansea, and he is convinced that the top Welsh clubs can only benefit from regular contact with the leading English sides. I'm sure we'll see evidence of that when

we take on Cardiff. I've toured Wales with South Africa and I'll be astonished if we find ourselves in anything other than a very hard contest."

If Thomson carries on in

Northampton vein, the contest for places in England's midfield will be every bit as intense as this afternoon's rumble on the banks of the River Taff. The thought of two thirtysomething

Jeremys in midfield tandem may not do much for Woodward's youth policy but, when World Cups are there to be won, idealism tends to disappear through the nearest window.

Falcons
forced
to alter
style

THE DEPTH of character shown by Newcastle in winning tight matches on the road to last season's Allied Dunbar Premiership title was matched only by the bottomless levels of unpopularity they achieved in the more myopic heartlands of the English game, so few tears will be shed at the thought of Dean Ryan and company impaled on the horns of a tactical dilemma, writes Chris Hewett. In fact, it was impossible not to hear the chuckles as the Falcons went down heavily at Richmond on the opening day.

Ryan, the Newcastle captain, admitted at Reading that his side's tried and tested confrontational route one approach was now obsolete, thanks to new refereeing interpretations in and around the tackle area. Yesterday, Steve Bates, the coach, said: "We're having to change our style and we're taking a risk, because we could end up losing every game."

Fat chance. Newcastle may have leaked 41 points to Richmond but they still go into today's game with Bath as marginal favourites, especially as the Westcountrymen looked leaden and uninspired for long periods of their own opener against Wasps. In Va'anga Tuigamala and Rob Andrew, the Falcons possess two of the most accomplished midfield playmakers and, once Jonny Wilkinson starts to make the transition from boy wonder to grown up, they will pose a significant threat to any defence. "They'll be on the rebound after Richmond," predicted Richard Webster, whose role as Bath's club captain, as opposed to first team captain, threatens to render him neither fish nor fowl. Webster sits on the bench while Phil de Glanville calls the shots on the field and the visitors should arrive at Gateshead unchanged.

The Rugby Football Union yesterday named Francis Baron, a 52-year-old former director of Yorkshire Television and a pioneering figure in the development of satellite sports coverage, as their first chief executive. Baron played his senior rugby with Rosslyn Park and is now a member of Richmond. Ironically, Richmond's own chief executive is Tony Hallett, the man originally earmarked for the RFU position.

Des's hair may be bright but the future is dark

I THOUGHT I was going mad on Wednesday night - virtually blinded by Des Lynam's hair. Must be hallucinating, I thought. I presumed I must have been overdoing things. Then they showed a clip of him from the weekend - and there was the proof: on Saturday night his hair was silvery grey; on Wednesday, a white so bright that TV screens up and down the country fizzed and exploded with the intensity, cathode ray tubes buckling under the strain. Des dyes his hair! This was the most extraordinary revelation in a fairly extraordinary week, a week in which we witnessed what eggheads call a paradigm shift,



CHRIS
MAUME
SPORT ON TV

the fundamentals of football undergoing a radical revision. For a Manchester United fan of more than 30 years' standing (and for any fan), the prospect

of supporting a club owned by Rupert Murdoch is sickening (though I can hardly complain, having spent Saturday afternoons in his employ for a while in the late 80s).

It's difficult to convey the desolation, the feeling of powerlessness - because it's not as if one can turn it on and off. If things were that simple, I'd defect to my father's side of the family - Clayton Labour Club and Manchester City. But as any real fan knows, you might as well try changing your fingerprints.

Sky's reporting of the saga seemed fairly straight, though their midweek phone-in, surprise surprise, ran 3-1 in favour of the deal (a Manchester

Evening News telephone poll, by comparison, went 96 per cent against). There was more balance, predictably, on the terrestrial. On Monday's *Newsnight* (BBC2), the super-smooth chairman of Southampton, Rupert Lowe, was salivating like a Murdoch lapdog at the very idea - an odd response, given that one of the main effects of the takeover would be to make it even more unlikely that clubs like his could ever win anything again. But, then, he was looking at it as a businessman, not as a fan, and he probably sees a place for himself in this grave new world once he has outgrown the Saints.

He was pitted against Jeremy

Corbyn, one of the Labour MPs on the Parliamentary Football Group. The pair of them couldn't have dressed more appropriately: Lowe in something sharp and expensive, the bearded Corbyn in a crumpled tweedy number that only needed leather elbow patches. The *Newsnight* anchorman was worrying at the conflict-of-interest issue, but Lowe was having none of it. "The world today is fraught with conflicts of interest," he said blithely. "The main issue is to manage this conflict of interest correctly."

Corbyn aired sentiments that were to be echoed many times over the next few days. "This isn't about sport," he said. "It's about Rupert Murdoch making

a lot of money... He's not interested in sport."

The *Newsnight* man asked uncomfortable questions: "Why should Rupert Murdoch be interested in sport?" And in a way he's right - the head of a pharmaceutical company need have no particular passion for aspirins beyond taking them when he has a headache. But that's precisely one of the most unwelcome ways in which football has changed - big clubs aren't run by the town worthies and pork butchers of old, who may have been incompetent and class-bound, but were, as the phrase puts it, "football men". Now a tycoon in front of a screen anywhere in the world can call

up the company figures, like what he sees and make a bid.

Lynam had it about right (*Match of the Day*, BBC1, Wednesday) when he commented, after film of Wimbledon's improbable comeback at West Ham. "We should buy them," he said of the Dons.

On Wednesday, Bill Clinton knocked the story off the top of the charts. With all the footage of fans in the vicinity of Old Trafford, there was confirmation of the cosmopolitan nature of United's support. "Murdoch couldn't name two players on the United team," said an Irishman on *News at Ten*, while on *Match of the Day* an Arabic gentleman was all for the deal. "We want

Batistuta, we want Salas, we want real men at Old Trafford!"

Andy Walsh, of the Independent Supporters' Association, spent the week enjoying his 15 minutes, and proved an impassioned and articulate critic. "He's used the legend of Matt Busby and Alex Ferguson's success to make a big fast buck," he said of Martin Edwards.

But though Walsh tried his best to drum up support for Tuesday's open meeting to discuss ways of standing firm against the evil empire, it was difficult not to think that, though the sentiments were admirable, the prospects of achieving anything are minimal to zero. The future's here, and it stinks.

September 1998

Philippoussis breaks tension

IT USED to be a worry being present when Pat Cash senior was watching his son play matches, his body convulsing every time the former Wimbledon champion hit a serve. Now the stress has transferred to another Australian tennis father, Nick Philippoussis.

"Dad said it nearly gave him a heart attack," the 21-year-old Mark Philippoussis said after squeezing through to his first Grand Slam singles semi-final at the United States Open. "And I think all my team has got some grey hairs."

Pat Cash junior, who helps coach Philippoussis, was on the point of chewing through his plastic credential, and Gavin Hopper, the trainer, looked in need of breathing exercises as their protégé duelled through a fifth set tie-break against Sweden's Thomas Johansson on Thursday night. This was a particular kind of drama that cannot be repeated at Wimbledon, where final sets are played to a finish, without tie-breaks.

Philippoussis had recovered from two sets to one down and 2-4 in the fifth set. Each player had three match points in the tie-break. The Australian erased Johansson's third opportunity at 8-9 with his 30th ace, taking the shoot-out 12-10 to win 4-6, 6-3, 6-7, 6-3, 7-6 after three hours and 26 minutes.

Philippoussis senior, relieved and proud, hugged his son and

TENNIS
BY JOHN ROBERTS
at Flushing Meadow

told him, "You turned into a man tonight."
They then prepared to face a "Super Saturday" semi-final against Carlos Moya, of Spain, the French Open champion. Philippoussis's compatriot, Pat Rafter, the defending champion, meets Pete Sampras, the world No 1, who is trying to equal Roy Emerson's record of 13 Grand Slam titles. It could be quite a weekend for Australia and Greece.

Sweden, though disappointed, will be encouraged by Johansson's performance. The 23-year-old from Linköping, who was little known outside Scandinavia in spite of a world ranking of No 33, played his way into the lexicon of memorable finishes at Flushing Meadow.

It would be misleading to classify Philippoussis v Johansson among the great matches because many spectators were driven away by the errors as the contest meandered towards an exciting climax. Johansson was not thrilled. "I'd rather lose 2, 2 and 2 than this," the Swede said. "This is the worst that can happen almost. I'm not saying losing against Mark when he's playing like this is bad, but I broke him to 4-2, lost my serve

to 4-3, but then I managed to save I don't know how many break points at 4-5. And in the tie-break I was serving at 6-5. I'm really satisfied with the tournament, but it's too bad that it should end like this."

Players with 15 double-faults on the scoresheet seldom win matches. "The biggest reason was that Mark was coming in on my second serve all the time," Johansson said. "You feel kind of stressed when you hit a second serve on him." Philippoussis understood Johansson's dilemma. "I'm six foot four - when a guy sees me coming to the net, I don't think it looks too good on his side."

Although Johansson had power in his serves - he hit 20 aces, one at 138mph - he could not match Philippoussis's boldness on the second serve. The Australian, often urged to play the percentage game, saved himself by going for broke. In the end 60 errors were eclipsed by 82 winners (including serves).

"I go for those serves, that's just the player I am," Philippoussis said. "I'm going to go for my shots. I have the confidence in my second serve to be able to do that."

"This match has taught me a lot about myself. I wanted to show I'd got some guts out there, that I didn't want to let go, that I'm a fighter. In the past, where it's been tough, I haven't come back strong. I was ready

for the challenge out there tonight. I was bouncing on my toes in the fifth-set tie-breaker."

Philippoussis defeated Moya in their only previous match, winning 6-4, 6-3, on a concrete court at Indian Wells last year. "The guy is basically not going to miss from the back," Philippoussis said. "He's going to run everything down. I've got to be ready to play an even tougher match than I did last night."

Moya, the No 10 seed, was asked how he fancied his chances as the odd baseliner out in a quartet of server-volleyers. "Well, I played Philippoussis just once. He beat me. I beat Rafter three times. I beat Sampras once indoors. So, of course, it is not going to be easy. But I beat most of them, so I think I'm able to do it again."

While not underestimating the unseeded Philippoussis, Moya made the point that the Australian does not always deliver on the big occasion. "People are always expecting something great from him, and so far he didn't do that well."

Australia had reason to cheer yesterday: Sandor Stolle, partnering the Czech Republic's Cyril Suk, won the men's doubles title. They defeated Mark Knowles and Daniel Nestor 4-6, 7-6, 6-2. Stolle's father, Fred, won the doubles title three times, twice with Roy Emerson and once with Ken Rosewall.



Mark Philippoussis plays a backhand during his US Open quarter-final against Thomas Johansson. Reuters

Naylor bolsters Bradford rebuilding

BRADFORD HAVE continued their rebuilding for next season by enlisting the Salford centre, Scott Naylor, as a free agent.

Naylor, one of an increasing number of players ending this season with one club while already committed to another for next, is seen as a successor to Graeme Bradley, who is retiring at the end of this campaign.

He will join other new recruits, including his former Salford team-mate, Nathan McAvoy, the ex-Huddersfield prop, Neil Harrison, and the highest-profile signing of them all, Wigan's Henry Paul, as the

RUGBY LEAGUE
BY DAVE HADFIELD

Bulls strive to show that they are not taking their relative decline this season lying down.

Another newcomer, albeit on a temporary loan, makes his full debut tomorrow night in a match against Warrington that Bradford must win if they are to tighten their grip on the fifth and final play-off place. Harvey Howard makes his first start, against his hometown club, in place of Brian McDermott, who has a knee injury.

Despite their poor league

position Matthew Elliott, the Bradford coach, believes Bradford could pose a problem. "They are playing without any pressure on them because their season is just about over," he said. "They are playing a very enterprising, open style of rugby and unless we are prepared to play a similar style of rugby we are going to get burned again."

Elsewhere, clubs who know they will be in the play-offs carry on consolidating. Leaders Wigan have Denis Betts back, for the first time since his knee injury a month ago, as a substitute against Salford.

Alongside him on the bench will be the 20-year-old Wes Davies, the Alliance team full-back and grandson of the Wigan legend, Billy Boston. He gets his first taste of first-team rugby, with another young reserve, Neil Baynes, also among the substitutes.

Another outstanding young player, Kevin Sinfield, is in line to play for second-placed Leeds at Huddersfield, in place of the rested Marc Glanville.

St Helens, currently fourth and at home to Castleford tomorrow, have withdrawn their own contract offers to Karlie Hammond and Ian

Pickavance. "Their futures lie elsewhere," Saints' football manager, Eric Hughes said. Huddersfield have shown interest in both players, while London, Hull and Gateshead have all been linked with Hammond.

Castleford will be without Barrie-Jon Mather, who has joined Sale rugby union club.

The play-offs in the First Division continue, with Featherstone at Dewsbury in the sudden-death match. The winners of the match between Wakefield Trinity and Hull KR go straight into the Grand Final in two weeks' time.

Warnock keeps a cool head in medal chase

THE BRITISH rowing team has put 11 crews into the finals for top six places and may well convert half of these to medals at the World Rowing Championships in Cologne this weekend.

Yesterday, the men's lightweight coxless four gave proof of its threatened arrival in the top group with a well-judged race, lying in the pack in fourth place through the first 1,000 metres before making a decisive move in the third quarter which pulled them into second, a length down on the strong and confident Australian crew which had made its move in the same place. In the last 500m they cleared the Irish, who had stuck to their task longer than predicted, and closed on Australia to record the third fastest time for the event and move to the final with just the right level of confidence.

Jim McInven, the experienced Scot at number two, praised the stroke man John Warnock as "the coolest and most relaxed first-time International I have ever seen. It means James Brown, the bow man, who calls the moves in the

ROWING
BY HUGH MATHESON
in Cologne

race, can stick to the plan and get the best out of us."

The men's double scull of Simon Goodbrand and Colin Greenaway got involved in a real firefight of a sprint finish in their final for places seven to 12 and finished ninth overall but ahead of the Free brothers from Australia, second in the world a year ago, who dropped this year to 10th. This crew, in its first year, has set the scene for a revival of British crew sculling just in time for the run up to Sydney 2000.

The men's and women's lightweight double sculls both missed out on places in the top final in tough competition. Tim Male and Matthew Beechey guessed they were outclassed and made a blistering start in the hope of taking an unassailable lead. The tactic, brief and brave, was not enough to carry them through. For Jane Hall and Tracy Langlands, who have been in the medals in the World Cup this summer, the first 500m

was their worst and they reached half way in last place before putting a strong challenge in the second thousand to finish fourth, but five seconds off a place in the final.

Today's racing will open with a medal chance for the British lightweight women's pair with Jo Nitsch substituting for Caroline Hobson who has a chronic back injury. This non-Olympic event has an entry of only four and may soon be cut from the competition.

Shortly after, Peter Haining will attempt to show that he has come back to the lightweight single scull in style, but a record fourth win might be a step too far even for him. He is followed by Guin Batten going better than ever in the women's single and then by Greg Searle, going for a medal in a field cleaned of three of its six former champions.

The biggest final of all for British interest will be the coxless four where the reigning champions - James Cracknell, Steve Redgrave, Tim Foster and Matthew Pinsent - will be the most likely to demonstrate complete domination.

McGwire expands his record collection

MARK MCGWIRE put his name in the record books yet again when the St Louis Cardinals scored seven times in the fifth inning to edge the Cincinnati Reds 9-7. McGwire drew two walks to match Barry Bonds' 1996 National League record of 151 in a season. But he also struck out twice and popped to first, finishing just 8 for 28 with a homer and two RBIs against Cincinnati pitching during this season.

BASEBALL

"We won the game, didn't we," the St Louis manager, Tony La Russa, said. "He was oo the winning team. He'll probably get the record, don't you think?"

Ray Lankford hit a two-run homer in the fifth inning, which was capped by the rookie J D Drew's pinch two-run single to help St Louis win for the ninth time in 11 games.

In Chicago, McGwire's main rival Sammy Sosa remained stuck on 58 home runs for the season, but the Chicago Cubs kept pace in the wild-card race with a 5-2 victory over the Pittsburgh Pirates.

The high-flying New York Yankees clinched the American League Eastern Division title in just their 143rd game as Derek Jeter and Paul O'Neill each hit two homers in a 7-5 victory over the Boston Red Sox.

Their run made them the second fastest side to clinch the title in the 26-year history of divisional play, coming one day later than the 1975 Cincinnati Reds. "We worked hard all year and we've had a great year," said Jeter. "We hadn't accomplished anything until now. Everybody anticipated us winning the division. You never know what may happen, so we wanted to put it away early." The Yankees improved base-

ball's best record to 102 wins and 41 losses while wrapping up their seventh divisional title since 1975 and second in three years. The Yankees are involved in post-season play for the fourth straight year after securing the American League wild card in 1995 and 1997.

Their pitcher Ramiro Mendoza earned the win, allowing one run and three hits over three innings in relief of Orlando Hernandez.

Chambers closer to 10

DWAIN CHAMBERS moved into second place on the British 100 metres all-time list with the performance of his young career at the World Cup in Johannesburg last night.

Chambers warmed up in his pursuit of a Commonwealth Games medal in Kuala Lumpur october week with a time of 10.05sec as he atoned for his European Championship disappointment by grabbing third place in South Africa.

The time helped the 20-year-old leapfrog his Belgrave club-mate Darren Campbell, who had beaten him to gold in Budapest last month, on the British all-time list.

"It was real Guts of Novorone stuff out there," said Chambers, who had replaced the injured Campbell in the

ATHLETICS

British team. "I had to get all my armoury and come out shooting."

"I was scared when I looked at all the guys I was up against. I was thinking: 'why am I doing this race because they had run under 10 seconds, while my best this season was 10.10?'"

Chambers revelled in the 1600m altitude at the Johannesburg Stadium as he sliced 0.03 off his personal best, the world junior record of 10.06 he set last year.

Only Linford Christie has run faster (9.87sec) than Chambers, who is represented by the management company set-up by Britain's former World and Olympic champion.

The meeting with Christie

coached Campbell, if he recovers from a hamstring problem, could be one of the highlights of the Games in Malaysia.

Obadele Thompson, of Barbados, claimed the World Cup record, previously held by Ben Johnson in 9.87sec, with the second fastest run in the world this year, with Nigeria's Seun Ogunkoya third in 9.93. American Tim Harden was given fourth with the same time of Chambers, whose reaction time of 0.063 is officially illegal though they were not called back.

Marion Jones launched her challenge for a title treble this weekend with a scorching victory in the 200m that took her to second in the world all-time lists. Only fellow American Florence Griffith-Joyner has run quicker.

ATHLETICS

WORLD CUP (Johannesburg): Men's 400m hurdles: 1 S Matar (Africa) 48.08sec; 2 M Al-Nubi (Asia) 48.17; 3 A Morgan (America) 48.40; 4 S B. Borum (Europe) 48.86; 5 J. Goshin (Africa) 49.18; 6 A. Bagchi (Europe) 20.45; 7 O. S. Butler (Africa) 20.42; 8 S. M. Proctor 19.69.

Women's 400m hurdles: 1 N. Bidouane (Africa) 22.08; 2 D. Hammingway (Africa) 22.09; 3 R. Barton (Africa) 22.17; 4 M. Jones (Africa) 22.18; 5 F. Ogunkoya (Africa) 22.25; 6 Z. P. Phiso (Africa) 22.35.

AMERICAN LEAGUE: New York Yankees 5 Toronto 5.

NATIONAL LEAGUE: Colorado 3 Florida 1; San Diego 3 Los Angeles 4; Cincinnati 7 St Louis 4; Montreal 4 Atlanta 7; Philadelphia 5 New York Mets 7; Chicago Cubs 5 Pittsburgh 2; Houston 7 Milwaukee 1.

BOXING

Jason Matthews from London will challenge Paul Jones for his Commonwealth middleweight title in Bristol on 24 October.

THURSDAY'S LATE RESULTS: Professional promotion (Aston): 10-and-Verdun Southern Area Tag-team: Magic (P. Funnell, GB) 35-4; 2 S. Nicholas (G. Molander, US) 43-8; 3 R. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 4 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 5 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 6 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 7 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 8 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 9 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 10 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 11 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 12 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 13 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 14 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 15 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 16 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 17 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 18 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 19 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 20 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 21 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 22 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 23 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 24 S. Rimi (P. G. Molander, US) 43-8; 25 S. 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Lewis' strike sets up title showdown

LEICESTERSHIRE'S CLAIM to the title they won two seasons ago was strengthened yesterday after they completed their expected victory over Essex by an innings and 99 runs, their fifth Championship win in a row. By taking a full complement of points they now head the table going into the final round, a position that surely makes them favourites to take the pennant, despite a final match against close rivals Surrey at The Oval.

But if that is a tough assignment, Essex have barely inconvenienced them over the last few days. In fact, only a last-wicket stand of 103 runs in 71 minutes between Ashley Cowan and Peter Such, an Essex record against Leicestershire, caused them to pause for thought, in an otherwise crushing win.

Coming together after Essex had lost five of their six remaining second innings in the first 40 minutes of play, the pair showed their team-mates just what could be achieved. Cowan played some of the shots of the match, as he alternated the long handle with more acceptable strokes from the coaching manual. At one stage he was on course for the first-class hundred of the season, currently lying with Carl Hooper

CRICKET
BY DEREK PRINGLE
at Leicester

Leicestershire 395
Essex 95 and 201
Leics win by innings and 99 runs

and Graham Lloyd, both of whom reached three figures from 72 balls.

With Such holding up an end, Cowan smashed Chris Lewis and David Mills to all corners of the ground. However Lewis, who had Tim Hodgson caught down the leg-side with his first ball of the morning, had some right to feel aggrieved when he had both Cowan, on 55 and Such on 11, put down in the slips.

In the end it was Mills who claimed his third wicket of the innings by finding the fast bowler's inside edge for 94, a score which, if comfortably higher than Cowan's previous best of 77, was nonetheless pyrrhic in its worth. Essex, in the words of their coach, Keith Fletcher, have been "cowed".

Lewis finished with 4 for 72, while Alan Mullally, the pick of the bowlers since picking up a yard in pace, finished with 2 for 45, a haul that included flattening Barry Hym's middle-stump with a yorker.

The Foxes have not lost a Championship match at Grace Road since Leicestershire beat them there in 1995. It is an enviable record and one that can be almost certainly attributed to teamwork backed by a potent pace attack, a combination later acknowledged by the team coach, Jack Birkenshaw.

"Apart from Alan Mullally, none of us had a fantastic season," said Birkenshaw. "Basically the players have done well, pulling out performances out when we've needed them. They are a confident lot and the whole thing is very satisfying."

Depending on Leicestershire's result against Nottinghamshire that satisfaction could become jubilation, particularly if they only need to draw next week's match at The Oval. "We're looking forward to playing on a good pitch there," said Birkenshaw. "We know they've got two good spinners, so we're not expecting a green seamer."

But, while he is undoubtedly right, Surrey cannot afford to have the pitch spin too soon as it did in the match at Northampton, for fear of getting dented 25 points. In the end that disincentive may prove more of an ally to Leicestershire's hopes of winning the title than their own bowling attack.



Mike Gatting walks back to the Lord's pavilion for the last time as a Middlesex player yesterday

Peter Jay

Gatting is defiant to the end

MIKE GATTING said goodbye to Championship cricket at Lord's, baring emergency recall, and though he could not produce a final defiant innings, he did greet the standing ovation that ushered him off the field, led from the middle by his long-time enemy, Courtney Walsh.

It was a sentimental day on which to say goodbye to the old press box here, but none of the batting will linger long in the memory.

Four-day cricket cannot exist when spirited fast bowling is faced by undisciplined batting. The season's last Championship match at Lord's concluded yesterday afternoon under a mockingly beautiful sky, had moments to cherish, but it means another empty Saturday.

Although Gloucestershire won the season's penultimate match against an abject Middlesex batting order, they cannot yet take their first Championship title. Even if they gain maximum points at Trent

BY JOHN COLLIS
at Lord's

Gloucestershire 238 and 88
Middlesex 158 and 72
Gloucs win by 96 runs

Bridge next week, while The Oval stays under water, Leicestershire's levy for an abandoned game would deny them.

No matter. It has been a warning season for Gloucestershire. Yesterday morning they were vulnerable, four wickets down second time around and just 129 ahead, and even more so when the rest of their order was swept aside for a further 39 runs. Angus Fraser, yet again, proved that he is still the finest line-and-length purveyor on the circuit. He took six wickets for 23.

Mark Ramprakash was

awaiting removal of his troublesome tonsils, while Gatting nursed a sore elbow. As it was, of course, they were both ready to bat. Walsh was bowling with his apparently ageless guile, variation and naked pace, and was chasing Andy Caddick to 100 wickets. While the Middlesex batsmen, a term that can only be loosely applied here, came and went, Walsh reached a tally of 97. Mike Smith, the Little to Walsh's Large, completed a match analysis of 8 for 57 and yesterday there was also a chance for their straight man, Joo Lewis, to get in on the act.

Instead of taking the commanding advantage his play deserved, the Irishman scored a 71 to move to six under but was joined there by Carl Swales. Clarke had not dropped a shot or missed a green until the 15th when he did both, thanks to his ball being plugged in a bunker.

He also dropped a shot at the next. "Another example of how to take as many shots as I possibly could," Clarke said of his round. "I feel a lot better today. Maybe if I had felt as bad as yesterday I might have had some puts." Swales had better luck as he added a second consecutive 60.

Swales, who has problems with a hyperactive thyroid, is a naturalised Spaniard who played his amateur golf in Warwickshire. Two other near locals produced the best scores of the day. Paul Broadhurst, who learnt his golf at Atherstone, with a 85 and Ian Woosnam, raised in Oswestry, a 66.

Bunker slows Clarke down

GOLF
BY ANDY FARRRELL
at the Forest of Arden

ANY DAY when Colin Montgomerie wears a baseball cap makes little sense. A prestigious title and a handsome prize pot could not compensate for a lack of atmosphere created by the venue, the small gallery and the black clouds above. Darren Clarke, much recovered from the flu which accompanied his 67 on Thursday, lost sole possession of the lead in the One Two British Masters.

Instead of taking the commanding advantage his play deserved, the Irishman scored a 71 to move to six under but was joined there by Carl Swales. Clarke had not dropped a shot or missed a green until the 15th when he did both, thanks to his ball being plugged in a bunker.

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Fairbrother salvages pennant prospects

THIS IS NOT the best time of the year for Championship contenders to have an off day and Lancashire looked anything but candidates for the title against the Nottinghamshire seam attack. They were given a reasonable start too, but only Neil Fairbrother made any impression after that.

Nottinghamshire then lost their three wickets for 17 against the moving ball and Paul Johnson followed, to one which Ian Austin bought back into him before bad light inter-

BY HENRY BLOFELD
at Trent Bridge

Lancashire 218
Nottinghamshire 61-4

vened with four overs left. By then, Lancashire will have felt that they had got away with their poor batting.

The chief executioner for Nottinghamshire was Chris Topley, who took 6 for 74 with some admirably sustained left-arm over the wicket bowling at just above medium pace. His control

was excellent after one or two exploratory overs at the start.

The first 21 overs of the day told a different story. Bad balls abounded and John Crawley and Mark Chilton enjoyed themselves. There was a plentiful supply of half-volleys for Crawley to play away of his legs to the mid-wicket boundary to the air of a contented man whistling his favourite tune.

The 50 came in the 17th over and, at 64, Chilton, who had played pleasantly off the front foot, came half forward to Topley and the ballooning catch was held by Graeme Archer to his right at second slip. While Crawley prospered on the leg-side, he was uncomfortable, as he often is, outside the off, and when he reached to drive Kevin Evans, Archer came up with a beauty diving low to his right at second slip.

After one rasping square cut, Graham Lloyd propped forward to a ball Topley swung back into him and was lbw. Andrew Flintoff made us all sit up with a booming straight drive

off Topley before pushing forward to a wide one later in the over and being caught behind.

While all this had been happening, Fairbrother punctuated long periods of defence with a serious off-drive or two. When he was 34 he played forward to Evans and Jason Gallian dropped a simple catch at first slip. This was bad luck on Evans, who bowled 20 good overs straight off either side of lunch. Topley's fourth wicket came when Warren Hegg popped him up on the leg side and pad, and his sixth two balls later when Wasim Akram stretched forward and Archer held his third catch at second slip.

Ian Austin gave him his fourth, another brilliant effort diving for it to his right, pushing forward to Andy Oram, who then bowled Glen Chapple as he came forward to drive. By now, Fairbrother's timing and footwork had come together but immediately after tea he cut Paul Franks onto his off stump when 12 short of his 100, after facing 160 balls and hitting 12 fours.

guarantee them their highest finish in the Championship.

Surrey were lucky to pick up their solitary bowling point which arrived via Mark Butcher when he induced Mike Roseberry, playing with a chipped bone in his right thumb, to edge a delivery on to his leg stump. Earlier night-watchman Mark Saggers' 70-minute stay was ended when Ben Hollis kept the edge and the wicketkeeper Jon Batty took a comfortable catch.

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Maximum penalty for Northants

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE have been docked 25 Championship points for preparing an unfit pitch against Sussex after they won by 136 runs yesterday.

The England and Wales Cricket Board's panel, led by the former England captain Mike Denness, decided that the strip was unfit and have imposed the maximum penalty.

A new inquiry by the Pakistan government into match-fixing accusations may delay action against Wasim Akram, Salim Malik and Ijaz Ahmed. The leaked interim report of a Pakistan Cricket Board committee inquiry appeared to implicate the trio, but may be superseded by a separate commission appointed last month to investigate bribery.

Justice Malik Mohammad Qayoom, of the Lahore High Court, was appointed in August to conduct a new inquiry even as the board's panel was completing their report. Qayoom is expected to submit his findings by 10 October, midway through Australia's tour of Pakistan which begins later this month.

Morris makes sure Surrey keep on suffering

NOT MUCH is going right for Surrey these days. If John Morris was not swatting their lingering title hopes to the boundary in imperious style, then the rain was washing their Championship dreams down the storm drains at the Riverside complex.

Any smile on Dame Fortune's face must have been a cruel one, especially when Surrey heard that their match-winning off-spinner Saqlain Mushtaq will not be available for the potential Championship de-

BY DAVID LLEWELLYN
at Chester-le-Street

Surrey 223
Durham 231-3

older with the leaders Leicestershire at The Oval next week.

Despite two weeks of negotiating, the Pakistan Board has insisted that Saqlain flies out to Toronto at the end of this match to join the rest of the squad for the Sahara Cup.

Saqlain misses the opening

two matches of the limited-overs tournament since the Pakistan Board did grant Surrey the concession of playing him in this game when he was actually wanted by his country.

For all his usefulness to them in this campaign - he has taken 63 wickets this season - Adam Holford, the Surrey captain, appeared reluctant to make much use of the Pakistani, giving him four overs to date, relying on seam to try to stich up Durham.

That suited Morris. He

stuffed them out of sight with as fine an innings as he has played. He bombarded the weather-beaten fielders with an array of shots that deserved a greater stage. The two sixes and 18 fours which studded his 126-ball innings were just so many hard-driven nails deep into the Surrey coffin. It was the 47th first-class hundred of his career and his 12th for Durham.

For Surrey all that remains is the hope that some kind of a finish can be contrived with

the connivance of David Boon to see if they can salvage a few more precious points. Since the former Australian Test batsman has only ever obliged with such declarations twice in two years, even that looks forlorn.

It is different for Durham though. After happenings elsewhere, namely Northamptonshire being docked 25 points, Durham, whose best place in the table in eight seasons since moving up a class, are 16th, now need one more point to

guarantee them their highest finish in the Championship.

Surrey were lucky to pick up their solitary bowling point which arrived via Mark Butcher when he induced Mike Roseberry, playing with a chipped bone in his right thumb, to edge a delivery on to his leg stump. Earlier night-watchman Mark Saggers' 70-minute stay was ended when Ben Hollis kept the edge and the wicketkeeper Jon Batty took a comfortable catch.

guarantee them their highest finish in the Championship.

Surrey were lucky to pick up their solitary bowling point which arrived via Mark Butcher when he induced Mike Roseberry, playing with a chipped bone in his right thumb, to edge a delivery on to his leg stump. Earlier night-watchman Mark Saggers' 70-minute stay was ended when Ben Hollis kept the edge and the wicketkeeper Jon Batty took a comfortable catch.

Britannic Assurance Championship

Nottinghamshire v Lancashire

TRIDENT BRIDGE (Day 1 of 4) Nottinghamshire (Aps) are leading Lancashire (2) by 159 runs with 6 first-innings wickets in hand.

Nottinghamshire won toss.

Lancashire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
J P Crawley c Archer b Seales	44	0	8	90	127
M Chilton c Archer O Topley	26	0	7	81	
M R Fairbrother b Franks	12	0	12	211	
G Lloyd Lloyd b Topley	13	0	2	25	
A Hoggard c Read b Topley	9	0	1	25	
T W R Hegg c Watson b Topley	0	0	0	3	
W A Smith c Archer b Topley	0	0	0	3	
D Austin c Archer O Oram	0	0	0	25	
G Chapple O Oram	0	0	0	10	
P Martin not out	4	0	0	13	
G Keady c Read b Topley	20	0	0	3	
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	2	0	0	0	
Total (71.5 overs)	216				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: P J Franks 13-4-35-1, A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Nottinghamshire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
G E Watson bow b Martin	7	0	1	26	
M R Gallian c Pinnock b Martin	3	0	0	10	
W A Smith c Hegg b Watson	1	0	0	3	
P Johnson bow b Austin	19	0	3	49	
G E Archer not out	17	0	2	41	
C M Topley not out	2	0	0	1	
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	59				
Total (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)	126				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: J P Franks 13-4-35-1, A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Glamorgan v Derbyshire

TRIDENT BRIDGE (Day 3 of 4) Derbyshire (Aps) are leading Glamorgan (2) by 159 runs with 5 first-innings wickets in hand

Derbyshire won toss.

Glamorgan — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
K J Barnett not out	73	0	10	134	194
D G Cook not out	64	0	6	120	160
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (For A, 55.1 overs)	158				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: P J Franks 13-4-35-1, A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Derbyshire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
T P Hodgson c Nelson O Lewis	14	0	0	101	108
M C Joss c Maddy b Mullally	2	0	0	17	22
A P Grayson bow b Lewis	8	0	0	24	34
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0	61	101
J O Grove b Lewis	0	0	0	3	1
P M Smith not out	0	0	0	3	7
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (58.5 overs)	201				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Leicestershire v Essex

TRIDENT BRIDGE (Day 3 of 4) Leicestershire (Aps) are leading Essex (2) by 159 runs with 5 first-innings wickets in hand

Leicestershire won toss.

Leicestershire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
A J Hoggard c Seales b Franks	14	0	0	101	108
M C Joss c Maddy b Mullally	2	0	0	17	22
A P Grayson bow b Lewis	8	0	0	24	34
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0	61	101
J O Grove b Lewis	0	0	0	3	1
P M Smith not out	0	0	0	3	7
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (58.5 overs)	201				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Essex — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
T P Hodgson c Nelson O Lewis	14	0	0	101	108
M C Joss c Maddy b Mullally	2	0	0	17	22
A P Grayson bow b Lewis	8	0	0	24	34
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0	61	101
J O Grove b Lewis	0	0	0	3	1
P M Smith not out	0	0	0	3	7
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (58.5 overs)	201				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

CRICKET SCOREBOARD

Essex — First Innings 95

Gloucestershire — Second Innings 88

Gloucestershire won toss

Gloucestershire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
T P Hodgson c Nelson O Lewis	14	0	0	101	108
M C Joss c Maddy b Mullally	2	0	0	17	22
A P Grayson bow b Lewis	8	0	0	24	34
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0	61	101
J O Grove b Lewis	0	0	0	3	1
P M Smith not out	0	0	0	3	7
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (58.5 overs)	201				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Essex — Second Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
T P Hodgson c Nelson O Lewis	14	0	0	101	108
M C Joss c Maddy b Mullally	2	0	0	17	22
A P Grayson bow b Lewis	8	0	0	24	34
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0	61	101
J O Grove b Lewis	0	0	0	3	1
P M Smith not out	0	0	0	3	7
Extras (lb 2, nb 0)	21				
Total (58.5 overs)	201				
Target (For A, 211, 5-17, 4-57, 1-47, 1-47, 1-75, 7-182, 8-212, 9-213)					
Bowling: A R Oram 16-2-63-2, K P Evans 20-8-40-1, C M Topley 22.5-7-74-6					

Northamptonshire — Second Innings 104-4

Northamptonshire won toss

Northamptonshire — First Innings

Runs	6s	4s	Bs	Mn	
K M Curran bow O Bates	21	0	2	64	71
J D Brown c Seales b Franks	12	0	2	15	
J P Taylor c Hoggard b Franks	22	1	0	40	42
G P Smith c Maddy b Mullally	0	0	0	1	1
A C Green c Maddy O Mills	11	0	0		

Arsenal move for £3m Swede

ARSENAL WERE poised yesterday to complete the signing of the Swedish international, Fredrik Ljungberg, for a £3m fee.

The Halmstad striker was one of the principal architects of Sweden's victory over England last Saturday, and the Gunners have beaten off competition from Chelsea to sign the 21-year-old Ljungberg, who will be paid £400,000 a year, will not be eligible for the first six matches in Arsenal's European Champions' League campaign, which begins on Wednesday in France against Lens.

The Portuguese international, Rui Costa, will not be joining Newcastle United after all. The Fiorentina midfielder was thought to be involved in a £6.5m move, but the club's manager, Rudi Gutierrez, said: "There's been no bid for Costa. I have not contacted Fiorentina - maybe they want to sell their player."

The Everton chairman, Peter Johnson, has blocked Walter

BY ALAN NIXON

Smith's £4.5m move for the African striker Ibrahim Bakayoko. Johnson is unhappy with the method of payment for the Ivory Coast international, who had agreed to leave the French side Montpellier.

He is haggling over the first instalment to be paid to the French side, who want a large proportion of the money up front. Johnson is wary that Bakayoko could be worthless if he fails to make the grade and loses his work permit.

Johnson, who has already given the new manager more than £11m to spend, also wants to be sure there is a buyer for Duncan Ferguson at the right price. Middlesbrough had a "final" offer of £8m rejected for the Scot last week.

The Premier League chief executive, Peter Leaver, and Liverpool's chief executive Rick Parry will attend Uefa talks in

Geneva on Monday aimed at revamping European club competitions and heading off a breakaway European super league.

Senior figures from the Italian and German leagues will also be at the first meeting of the task force in Geneva. Liverpool are one of six clubs invited to join the task force, entitled European Club Football 2000, along with Juventus, Bayern Munich, Ajax, Porto and Lyons.

Ron Atkinson is set to be confirmed as the coach of South Africa. Atkinson parted company with Sheffield Wednesday in the summer. South Africa's former coach, the Frenchman Philippe Troussier, has been appointed the new coach of Japan.

Doncaster Rovers have signed the former Scotland, Liverpool and Sheffield Wednesday midfielder, Steve Nicol. The 36-year-old joins Neville Southall and John Sheridan at Belle Vue.



Fredrik Ljungberg (right), the Gunners' £3m transfer target, outpaces England's Darren Anderton during the recent Euro 2000 qualifier with Sweden. *Empics*

Williamson's just reward

THE KILMARNOCK manager, Bobby Williamson, will not let a new five-year contract go to his head today as he sends his players out to face Celtic at Parkhead. He will be preaching the same work ethic that has characterised his 21-month reign.

The Ayrshire club face the Scottish champions knowing that, after a League Cup exit to Airdrie, a second defeat in a week would take the shine off their manager's reward for making them a Premier League force. Not that Williamson intends to dwell on his achievements in guiding Killie to a Scottish Cup win, fourth place in the league and two successive European campaigns - he is currently overseeing plans for a £5m youth development complex at Rugby Park.

"I want to make sure this club is up there challenging," he said. "But nobody has got the right to be there and we know we have got to continue to work hard if we are going to build on what we have done."

SCOTTISH FOOTBALL

"We showed a level of consistency last year, and got the bit of luck that you need, and I am confident we can do the same again this time."

A win over the champions would be another worthy addition to the Williamson CV, but the pre-match preparations of the Celtic coach, Jozsef Venglos, have not been helped by the news that the midfielder Morten Wieghorst could be out for the rest of the season. At least the strikers Henrik Larsson and Darren Jackson appear to have returned home unscathed from international duty.

The Hearts defender Paul Ritchie has been given the all clear to play against Dundee today after his red card against Ross County in midweek was rescinded by the Scottish Football Association. Ritchie was sent off in error following an off-the-ball incident involving Derek Adams. Hearts' Steve Fulton later admitted he was the other player concerned.

McGhee convinced he has 'best team'

WOLVERHAMPTON Wanderers may have lost their unbeaten record against Port Vale on Tuesday but Mark McGhee, their manager, refuses to give up on the side which has emerged as early promotion contenders.

Wolves entertain their fellow pace-setters Sunderland at Molineux with many options available but McGhee is banking on his present selection. "I am still convinced that this is my best team and that there is no-one I can bring in at the moment to improve things," he said.

Sunderland's leading scorer, Kevin Phillips, has recovered from a calf injury to hold his place in an unchanged side.

Steve Bruce is enduring an unfortunate start to his managerial career at Sheffield United

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE

ed with a crippling injury list ahead of the derby at Bradford City. Bruce himself is doubtful with a hamstring strain, but the player-manager is upbeat. "I'm delighted with the way the players have rolled up their sleeves and dug in during a difficult period," he said.

Bradford's £2.5m strike force of Lee Mills and Istah Rankin are doubtful but Gordon Watson, out since suffering a leg fracture 18 months ago, is in the squad.

Crystal Palace may field their Chinese internationals, Fan Zhiyi and Sun Jihai, against Port Vale as the Eagles try to build on the midweek win at Crewe.

WEEKEND FOOTBALL FIXTURES	
TODAY	
FA CUP FIRST ROUND	
1 Aston Villa v Walsley	2 Charlton v Derby
3 Chelsea v Nottingham Forest	4 Everton v Leeds
5 Leicester v Arsenal	6 Manchester United v Coventry
7 Newcastle v Southampton	8 Sheffield Wednesday v Blackburn
9 West Ham v Liverpool	
NATIONWIDE FOOTBALL LEAGUE	
FIRST DIVISION	
10 Bolton v Birmingham	11 Bradford City v Sheffield Utd
12 Portsmouth v Bristol City	13 Crystal Palace v Port Vale
14 Grimsby v Barnsley	15 Oxford Utd v Ipswich
16 Portsmouth v Swindon	17 Stockport v Crewe
18 Watford v QPR	19 Wolves v Sunderland
20 Bournemouth v Wigan	21 Burnley v Wycombe
22 Chesterfield v Millwall	23 Colchester v Gillingham
24 Lincoln City v Blackpool	25 Luton v Bristol Rovers
26 Macclesfield v Manchester City	27 Northampton v Oldham
28 Notts County v Fulham	29 Peterborough v Reading
30 Stoke v Millwall	31 York v Wrexham
SECOND DIVISION	
32 Barnet v Hull	33 Brentford v Rotherham
34 Brighton v Southend	35 Cambridge Utd v Leyton Orient
36 Chester v Torquay	37 Hartlepool v Luton
38 Mansfield v Carlisle	39 Plymouth v Darlington
40 Rochdale v Southport	41 Shrewsbury v Peterborough
42 Swans v Scarborough	
SCOTTISH PREMIER LEAGUE	
43 Aberdeen v Motherwell	44 Celtic v Kilmarnock
45 Dundee Utd v Rangers	46 Hearts v Dundee
47 Hibernian v Dunfermline	48 St Johnstone v Dumbarton
SCOTTISH LEAGUE FIRST DIVISION	
49 Airdrie v Morton	50 Clydebank v Arbroath
51 Falkirk v Forth Wanderers	52 St Mirren v Hibernian
53 Stranraer v Hamilton	
SECOND DIVISION	
54 Alloa v Clyde	55 Forth v East Fife
56 Inverness CT v Queen of the South	57 Livingston v Arbroath
58 Partick v Stirling	59 Brechin v Dumbarton
60 Cowdenbeath v Berwick Rangers	61 Queen of the South v Forth Wanderers
62 Stirling Albion v Montrose	
FOOTBALL CONFERENCE	
63 Barnet v Hartlepool	64 Forest Green v Kidderminster
65 Hayes v Doncaster	66 Hednesford Town v Dover
67 Kidderminster v Farnborough	68 King's Lynn v Cheltenham
69 Leek v Woking	70 Scarbrough v Truro
71 Torquay v Yeovil	72 Woking v Welling
73 Yeovil v Welling	
IRISH LEAGUE PREMIER DIVISION	
74 Bohemians v Drogheda	75 Derry City v Sligo Rovers
76 Dundalk v Shamrock Rovers	77 Shelbourne v Drogheda
78 Shelbourne v Drogheda	79 Sligo Rovers v Derry City
80 Sligo Rovers v Derry City	81 Drogheda v Shelbourne
82 Drogheda v Shelbourne	83 Shelbourne v Drogheda
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Premiership: Poor early League form is putting pressure on Viali's expensive Chelsea collection of foreigners



Gianluca Viali (left), the Chelsea player-manager, joins some of his squad in a training routine in west London yesterday in preparation for today's Premiership match against Nottingham Forest

David Ashdown

Multinational seeks Blue-chip status

CHANNEL CHELSEA, the in-house television station, began its post-match coverage following Wednesday's draw against Arsenal with a run-through of the club's goals this season. It did not take long, even with the three of them replayed from every angle.

Like a malevolent storm cloud the appellation "crisis club" drifted across London that night from N17 towards SW6. After successive wins Tottenham were basking in rare contentment while the spotlight was turned on Chelsea.

This seems harsh given that Gianluca Viali has just steered the club to their third honour in six months, but the UEFA Super Cup is one of the few trophies valued more highly by silver-spoons than footballers. The Premiership is the target and Chelsea are second from bottom with two goals from three matches.

It is a record that was not anticipated when Brian Laudrup, Pierluigi Casiraghi, Marcel Desailly and Albert Ferrer were added to a multi-talented, multi-national squad in the summer. But, to some, the indications were there: in 16 League games since Gianluca Viali took over as player-manager the side have won six and lost eight, lower mid-table form which Viali has so far excused by saying: "we were concentrating on the cups last season."

They did so with great success, winning the Coca-Cola Cup and European Cup Winners' Cup, but the

BY GLENN MOORE

scale of the investment now demands a serious challenge for Premiership honours. On the eve of the season Ken Bates, the chairman, admitted in the club magazine: "Winning cups is all very well and I hope we win one every year—maybe two for luck—but the true measure of greatness is the championship."

Viali, a champion as a player but still on trial as a manager, agrees. He also feels the poor start—his team are already eight points behind Liverpool—is no bar to progress.

Yesterday he spoke with his customary quiet charm as he sat, his expensive elegant suit contrasting with the functional clubhouse furniture, at the university sports ground near Heathrow that Chelsea

use as their training base. "It is an important game (against Nottingham Forest today) but I am quite confident," he said. "I see the team improving, the results can be better but I know the team can play well."

"For some reason we are not able to score goals at the moment but that is not something to worry about. In football sometimes you can score, sometimes you can't, but things turn around."

"It is difficult because teams come to Stamford Bridge to defend—they want a point. It means we have lots of possession but it is hard for us to play the killer balls, there is no space for the strikers."

Although a dispute with the club's own Chubb line meant several players were refusing to talk the press there was no sign of tension during training. Rather than concentrate on shooting practice, and perhaps make the problem appear greater, the main feature was an eight-a-side match without any goals

at all, the object of the exercise being to keep possession.

Just as important was a lengthy warm-up. Viali has further developed the emphasis on preparation begun by Glenn Hoddle and Bernd Schuster by bringing in Antonio Pintos, his former fitness trainer at Juventus. Viali, who has reduced days off to one a week, not two, has also overseen a £100,000 extension to the gym. A new chef preparing better meals means players do not snack on junk food on the way home from training.

"We are physically stronger," Viali said. "When I took over I thought we could improve a lot physically. We have great players with great skills so if we can run faster and for longer than the opposition and organise them tactically we should win all the games."

Simple really, and the defender Michael Duberry admitted players did feel stronger. Mental fatigue, a product of physical weariness, had led, he said, "to too many personal

errors as we let our concentration slip, sometimes in the last 15 minutes."

All very good but, as Viali said, the team needs to be organised tactically—which is his job. At present he still seems to be searching for the right balance. One problem is the lack of genuine wide players. Michael Laudrup is the nearest thing but personal experience of last season's fiercely contested Chelsea-Arsenal games should have shown Viali that Wednesday night was not the right occasion for his first start.

"One problem," Ed de Goeij, the goalkeeper, said, "is that we have new players and they have to settle in. It was the same last year (when Chelsea also lost their opening game at Coventry). Against Arsenal we showed we could be solid in defence and that is important for us as defenders and the team."

"We also have a lot of players who were involved in the World Cup (10) but that also applies to other clubs,

like Arsenal and Manchester United."

With 30 players of first-team experience, including 16 internationals (see panel), selecting the right eleven is clearly tricky. "There is more stress as manager but I enjoy it," Viali said. "As a person I am more thoughtful, I feel more responsible."

Of course there are crises and crises. A decade ago, when Chelsea were forever battling bankruptcy, relegation and hooliganism, Bridge News, the club paper, followed one particularly harrowing week with the headline "Crisis, what Crisis?". It was inspired by Bates and when he twice bumped into Viali during his summer holidays, once on their yachts in Portofino, and once in Monte Carlo, he must have reflected how far the club has come.

So far Bates has strongly backed Viali but his fifth manager in six seasons knows how great expectations have become. Chelsea have not won the title since 1955 but rarely have they been so well equipped. The current investment in premium players is a high-risk strategy: though several were signed on free transfers, few have significant resale values and the wage bill is huge.

It is a lot to put on the shoulders of an inexperienced manager and the pressure is on Viali to pick the right team today. With confidence this Chelsea side will hammer some clubs—but confidence is one quality that cannot be bought.

TEAM VIALI	
CHELSEA'S INTERNATIONALS	
Colin Bell	Nigeria
Michael Desailly	France
Roberto Di Matteo	Italy
Albert Ferrer	Spain
Tore André Flo	Norway
Michael Grant	Scotland
Brian Laudrup	Denmark
Frank Leboeuf	France
Graeme Le Saut	England
Dan Petrescu	Romania
Guus Til	Netherlands
Gianluca Viali	Italy
Daniels Wilton	England
Gianfranco Zola	Italy
VIALI'S RECORD	
League matches	
1997-98	
21 Feb Leicester (A)	0-2
28 Feb Aston Villa (H)	0-1
5 Mar West Ham (A)	1-2
11 Mar West Ham (A)	1-2
15 Apr Derby (A)	0-0
8 Apr Leeds (A)	0-3
11 Apr Tottenham (H)	0-0
15 Apr Sheffield Wed (H)	0-0
22 Apr Liverpool (H)	0-1
29 Apr Blackburn (H)	0-1
2 May Newcastle (A)	0-1
10 May Bolton (H)	0-0
1998-99	
15 Aug Coventry (A)	1-2
22 Aug Newcastle (H)	1-1
9 Sept Arsenal (H)	0-0
Cup matches	
1997-98	
18 Feb Arsenal	3-1
2 Apr Wimbledon	0-0
5 Mar Real Betis	2-1
ECWC 2nd leg (A)	2-1
19 Mar ECWC 2nd leg (H)	3-1
29 Mar Wimbledon	2-0
CC Cup final (at Wembley)	2-0
1998-99	
ECWC 1st leg (A)	0-1
16 Apr ECWC 2nd leg (H)	3-1
13 May WTV Scousers	0-0
ECWC final (Stockholm)	1-0
1999-00	
28 Aug Real Madrid	0-0
European Super Cup (Monaco)	0-0

Duberry determined to bridge gap

HE IS the survivor, the one player of the 17 Chelsea have used this season to have come through the ranks, writes Glenn Moore. Michael Duberry has been involved with the club since he was 13, nine years ago, and is the only remaining graduate of the 1992 youth intake.

"It is hard to get in the team," he admitted yesterday. "The young players have a positive attitude but we are competing with internationals. It is a matter of being ready if the chance comes."

"But just because I have two World Cup winners (Marcel Desailly

and Frank Leboeuf) against me I'm not going to sit back and bide my time. I have to work for my place but I want Luca (Viali) to be in the position of having to choose which one plays alongside me."

"I have really seen some changes here and it is a buzz for me to know

I am part of one of Chelsea's most successful teams in their history."

"I now want to be part of a League-winning Chelsea team. I don't want to run away and think 'they won this, they won that'. I want to be part of it, be a leader in it. There's no point in me just lying down."

Lazio take stock for share of spoils

Manchester United can learn some lessons from the fall of one of Italy's most successful teams. By Andrew Warshaw

DOES BIGGEST necessarily mean best? The answer, if the Italian equivalent of Manchester United is anything to go by, is yes for a few years, then emphatically no.

When the Italian league gets under way with five matches today and another four tomorrow, Silvio Berlusconi's Milan will have a job on their hands trying to rekindle past glories. For the second season running, Milan have failed to qualify for any European competition, a statistic of almost scandalous proportions given the club's recent history.

The transformation of a team who were feared only a couple of years ago by every opponent in Europe should make interesting reading for those who both worship and detest Manchester United. When Berlusconi bought Milan 12 years ago, they were practically bankrupt. With billions of lira from his MediaSet television holding company, Berlusconi bought the best players, paid them the highest salaries and sat back smugly as Milan won five Serie A championships in nine seasons and the European Cup three times.

Then (Manchester United, take note) came the crash. As Berlusconi

put more of his energies into politics and less into football, Milan's star faded. The club still bought expensive players but the blend was no longer there. Nor was the commitment. "The Old Lady", otherwise known as Juventus, made a stunning comeback. Today it is Juve, not Milan, who the others are trying to emulate.

Top among the pretenders are Lazio, the only floated club in the country, and Parma, who were in Serie C not so long ago. After going public in May, Lazio, where Paul Gascoigne played with mixed success for three years, have been the summer's big spenders splashing out on no less than 13 players.

The Italian striker Christian Vieri cost £19m from Atletico Madrid and lines up in a potentially awesome strike force alongside £12m Marcello Sals (eat your heart out, Alex Ferguson), the Croatian Alen Boksic and Roberto Mancini. Already in Italy's equivalent of the Charity Shield, Lazio have beaten Juventus 2-1.

The decision by the Lazio owner, Sergio Cragnotti, to go public broke a long trend in Italy of rich, private family ownership and was only permitted after a change in Italian law.

While Cragnotti's fortune has been made by selling tomatoes, Parma's cash comes from the world's biggest dairy producer. Parmalat's money has already financed the arrival of the Argentine, Juan Veron, from Sampdoria, while Faustino Asprilla will continue his second spell at the club after leaving on Newcastle.

By contrast, the spending of Italy's big three has been positively conservative even though Juve have bought nine players, Inter 14 and Milan 10, including the German striker Oliver Bierhoff. Juve's midfield, led by the World Cup-winning duo of Zinedine Zidane and Didier Deschamps, will again take some stopping, while Inter rely once more on the Brazilian who flattered to deceive in France. Yes, Ronaldo is back, although not too fit judging by Inter's pre-season Italian Cup tie against Cesena last Wednesday. Burned out at 21? Perish the thought.

Some will no doubt also perish the latest move in Italian football's marketing boom. The 100th Scudetto, as the championship is known, will carry, for the first time, a sponsor's name. That of Telecom Italia Mobile, a mobile phone operator.



Vieri: Back in Italy with Lazio

Sponsorship of the league is not the only innovative development in a country which continues to lead the way in marketing football as a business. Pay-per-view, still to be launched in this country, goes into its second season, with fans of every major club able to sit back with a glass of Chianti and tune in.

Not everything is quite so rosy, however. Italian football is still recovering from a drugs scandal prompted by comments from the Roma coach, Zdenek Zeman, who publicly questioned the muscular capacity of certain high-profile players, including the Chelsea manager, Gianluca Viali.

Viali has violently repudiated the allegations. He has enough on his plate, not least the fact that his multi-talented team have not yet won a league game in this country. ITALIAN LEAGUE (today): Fiorentina v Empoli, Milan v Bologna, Parma v Vicenza, Roma v Sampdoria, Udinese v Sampdoria, (tomorrow): Cagliari v Internazionale, Bari v Venezia, Fiorentina v Juventus, Piacenza v Lazio.

'Fans have memories, customers buy brands'

ON TUESDAY night I ceased to be a Manchester United fan. The decision was not mine. I was not singled out. All of us whose lives have been tethered to Old Trafford were offloaded in that same instant.

BSkyB does not have fans; it has customers and shareholders. Of course, the football side of the business won't change. In fact, we've been assured it will get better. Murdoch has no time for losers. Big-name players will be wheeled in, on contract to deliver. Rejoice. We did. As the goals went in against Charlton, the chants against the deal faded. The crowd of more than 55,000 revelled in a £12m clypeo from Dwight Yorke and Jaap Stam's £10m failings from a Friesland farmyard.

Brand loyalty will be nurtured, though some re-branding of the product may be necessary to increase penetration in under-exploited markets. Look out for a couple of Chinese triallists arriving when the time is right and products of Manchester United's famous football academy in Peking. The marketing will be superb, and the business will go from strength to strength. It's just that there are no fans anymore.

Canon's "farewell" game a month ago was the end of an era in a more profound way than any of us realised at the time. It allowed

the fans to celebrate the continuity of United. The testimonial beneficiaries were there, the survivors and families of that audacious young team of the 1950s. Their ghosts strutted the turf as Eric wore his own magic one last time. Then, suddenly, flitting under the lights in those same red shirts, were new skinny teenagers showing the skill and character that

evening like that. They pick and choose; they are sensitive to price and quality, but, otherwise, they are passive. Companies like it that way. Mark Booth, BSkyB's man on the deal, is puzzled why it matters that Rupert Murdoch has never been to Old Trafford. Questions on such topics are irrational and irrelevant. The only way that global corporations can engage with the profundity of memory is as an ersatz ingredient used to flavour a blend. Fans have memories, customers buy the blend. For those of us whose roots grew in its terraces, Old Trafford feels like our rightful place on this earth. To News International it is a dot in corporate space, while Martin Edwards pockets a cool £87m.

FAN'S EYE
VIEW
MANCHESTER
UNITED
BY CLIFF HAGUE

Busty had defined as the essence of a United player. For all the stars, without the fans this would have been a soulless, empty occasion. The crowd were the alchemy that made it a spectacle. Emotion, adulation, the booming of "Ooh, aah, Cantona", the banner of "City sign him on" as an eccentric goalie wandered once too often—Murdoch's man probably construed this as a plea to the banking community. Customers couldn't recreate an

09/11/2015

Weekend guide to the Premiership

MATCH OF THE DAY

West Ham v Liverpool

Last season: 2-1

BY NICK HARRIS

UNDER NORMAL circumstances, Harry Redknapp might possibly look forward to Liverpool visiting the East End. A chance to see his son, Jamie (right), would be one reason, and a chance to demonstrate how effective a side the Hammers have become at home would be another.

This week things are slightly different. Redknapp Jr is coming to visit as part of a rapidly maturing team that might finally, after years of waiting, be starting to live up to its potential. Not only are they capable of swarming opponents and scoring goals, as they did against Coventry in midweek - winning 2-0 but always threatening to make it more - they have Michael Owen in attack,

Robbie Fowler due to come back in the near future, and Redknapp returning to the kind of fitness and form that will make him a regular international in the coming years. Even Gérard Houllier, Liverpool's French co-manager, is starting to be mesmerised.

"For the first time since the beginning of the season, I forgot for four or five minutes that I was involved in the team as a manager," he said of the Coventry game. "I was just watching and enjoying what was going on out on the pitch as a spectator."

Redknapp Sr has talent of his own, not least with the goal potential of John Hartson and Ian Wright backed up by playmaking of Eyal Berkovic (left), the industry and motivation of Steve Lomas and the defensive skills of Rio Ferdinand.

Unfortunately for the Hammer's manager, Lomas and Ferdinand are both unavailable through injury, Ferdinand with a groin strain and Lomas with an ankle problem. Both should be fit in time for next week's trip to Nottingham Forest.

Javier Margas is also doubtful, and team morale can hardly be high after taking a 3-0 lead over Wimbledon in midweek only to see it eroded and then overturned in a 4-3 loss.

"We do miss Rio. He is different class. If you take him out of the back it makes it very difficult for us," said Redknapp. "He's an incredible player, just like Michael Owen. If you take him out of the Liverpool team they will miss him. They are special players."

Steve McMahon is doubtful for Liverpool, still troubled with the Achilles injury

that kept him out of contention for an England place last week. The midfielder played the full 90 minutes of the 2-0 victory over Coventry on Tuesday, but has been unable to train since.

There are slight injury doubts over Paul Ince, Jamie Carragher and Vegard Heggem, but all are expected to play. Robbie Fowler is travelling with the party, but not expected to take any part. Liverpool's last win at Upton Park came in September two years ago, when they won 2-1.

WEST HAM (from): Heslop, Mihalicko, Lazardis, Margas, Ruddock, Pearce, Potts, Impy, Morlan, Lampard, Sinclair, Seric, Harrison, Wright, Abbott.
LIVERPOOL (from): Friedel, Heggem, Carragher, Babb, Staunton, McMahon, Ince, Redknapp, Berger, Owen, Riedle, James, Thompson, Mutton, Walker, Harvers, Dundee.
INJURED: West Ham: Ferdinand, Lomas. Liverpool: Fowler.
SUSPENDED: West Ham: None. Liverpool: None.

Aston Villa v Wimbledon

Last season: 1-2

PAUL MERSON will make his Aston Villa debut today, knowing his manager, John Gregory, expects him to make a huge impact on the team. "I want Paul to be an Eric Cantona type figure," said Gregory, presumably meaning he hopes Merson scores goals and inspires his side, rather than karate kick opposition supporters and ramble about cardfines and trawlers. Merson will start in attack alongside Julian Joachim, while Stan Collymore, should he recover from a thigh strain, will get a place on the bench at best in Gregory's form side. Goals could be plentiful today. Since the Dons' first visit to Villa Park in 1987, only one fixture, the first, has finished 0-0.

Transfer-listed Efan Ekoku is likely to start on the bench for the Dons, despite scoring in Wednesday's 4-3 comeback against West Ham. "We had talks with Efan's representatives but his demands are miles apart to what we are prepared to offer," Joe Kinnear said. Kinnear will give a late fitness test to defender Dean Blackwell (hamstring) who will have a late fitness test while Ben Thatcher returns following a four-match suspension.

A VILLA (from): Bonetti, Ekegh, Southgate, Barry, Charles, Draper, Taylor, Hendrie, Thompson, Wright, Herton, Joachim, Grayson, Wessell, Schreder, Collins, Collymore, WILMINGTON (from): Sullivan, Cunningham, Kinnear, Perry, App, Eadie, Eadie, Roberts, Gayle, M. Hughes, Leatham, Euel, McAlister, Kennedy, Fear, Blackwell, Thatcher, Hoold.
INJURED: Aston Villa: None confirmed. Wimbledon: None confirmed.
SUSPENDED: Aston Villa: None. Wimbledon: None.

Charlton v Derby County

Last season: No fixture

DESPITE THE Wednesday night mauling by Manchester United, Charlton's manager Alan Curtis is likely to keep faith with the same side for the visit of Derby to The Valley. "I don't see getting beat at Old Trafford as cause for a major panic," Curtis said. "The benchmark for us is after 10 games. Let's see how we're doing then."

Former Rams defender Chris Powell, who moved during the summer, will be keen to impress against his old team-mates, while Curtis comes up against a manager who once bought him as a player for Birmingham, Jim Smith.

Smith believes Derby's new-found defensive strength will serve them well. Goalkeeper Russell Hoult has been beaten just once in four Premiership matches so far and some of the credit must go to the return of Igor Stimac in defence.

Pride Park's latest recruit, Kevin Harper, has been named in the squad against Charlton. The 22-year-old winger completed a £200,000 move from Hibernian in midweek. CHARLTON (from): Hoult, Powell, Redfern, Youds, Newton, Kinnear, Hunt, Henderson, Robinson, Mortimer, Brown, Jones, Kinnear, Peterson, Blair, Bright, Allen, Parker, Barnes, Balmer.
DERBY COUNTY (from): Hoult, Prior, Stimac, Lauren, Delap, Carley, Bohinen, Schor, Bano, Sarridge, Wanchop, Barton, Kozak, Powell, Eranio, Harper, Poom.
INJURED: Charlton: Bowen, Salmons, Poole, Holmes, Derry, Caronist.
SUSPENDED: Charlton: Rufus. Derby: None.

Chelsea v Nottingham Forest

Last season: No fixture

GIANLUCA VIALLI, Chelsea's player-manager, is adamant that an upturn in fortunes is just around the corner for his team, despite a return of just two goals, two points and no wins in the first three matches of the Premiership season.

"I can see clear signs of an improvement from game to game," Vialli said. "It was there when we beat Real Madrid in the Super Cup and it was even a little better against Arsenal."

But the extensively acquired strike force of Italian Pierluigi Casiraghi and Denmark's Brian Laudrup, both 29, has so far failed to excite. With a home Cup-Winner's Cup tie against Helsingborg to follow on Thursday, time is running out.

Dave Bassett will look for his Nottingham Forest side to bounce back from Tuesday night's defeat by Everton, but his team selection is being hampered by a calf injury to England Under-21 international Alan Rogers. If Rogers fails a late fitness test, Thierry Bonalair is likely to switch flanks to left-back with Des Lytle taking over on the right.

CHelsea (from): Vialli, Petracci, Di Marco, Zola, De Gea, Babayaro, Desailly, Royce, Filan, Casiraghi, Le Saux, Kanchel, Dussan, Gray, Dierckx, Newton, Potts, Derry, Lamoureaux.
NOTTINGHAM FOREST (from): Bassett, Bonalair, Rogers, Lytle, Christie, Armstrong, Stone, Thomas, Johnson, Dussan, Gray, Dierckx, Newton, Potts, Derry, Lamoureaux, Harewood, Dawson, Crossley.
INJURED: Chelsea: None confirmed. Forest: Hodges, Gemmill.
SUSPENDED: Chelsea: Vialli. Forest: None.

Everton v Leeds United

Last season: 2-0

THE SCOTTISH connection appears to be working at Everton, with the imposing Duncan Ferguson coming to life with two goals against Nottingham Forest in midweek under new manager Walter Smith's Dr Frankenstein-like influence.

At the other end on Tuesday night was veteran defender Dave Watson, making his first appearance of the season, and his performance looks likely to secure his place against Leeds despite Carl Tiler having recovered from flu.

Double Dutch is the language of the day for George Graham, as Leeds search for their first league win at Goodison Park since the opening day of the 1990-91 season. Striker Jimmy Floyd Hasselbaink has recovered from a slight back injury and continues his developing partnership with compatriot Clyde Wijnand.

Left-back Ian Harte has as much to do with Leeds' unbeaten start as the Dutch pair. The Irishman scored from a free-kick against Southampton on Tuesday night and his form is keeping £1.6m signing Danny Granville on the sidelines.

Norwegian Gunnar Halle is doubtful with a hip injury, but Robert Molenar has recovered from a stomach bug.

EVERTON (from): Myers, Watson, Molenar, Unsworth, O'Leary, Hinchin, Collins, Roberts, Ball, Ferguson, Colman, Thomas, Gerard, Tiler, Farrelly, Jones, Deacon, Stone, Thomas, Johnson, Dussan, Gray, Dierckx, Newton, Potts, Derry, Lamoureaux.
LEEDS (from): Martin, Hiden, Molenar, Redebe, Harte, Hinchin, Bonyer, Harewood, Newton, Hasselbaink, Wijnand, Roberts, Halle, Granville, Sharp, Liley, Robinson.
INJURED: Everton: Ellis, Short, Leeds: Robertson.
SUSPENDED: Everton: None. Leeds: None.

And statistics...

Managing the Premiership

Since John Gregory took over as the manager at Aston Villa last season, he has guided the side to 12 wins in 15 games and amassed a huge average of 2.47 points per game.

Time will tell whether his success is down to beginner's luck or whether his (at times abrasive) management style will lead to long-term consolidation, but his start at the highest level puts him ahead of even Alex Ferguson, the most successful manager in the Premiership's history (2.07 points per game), Arsene Wenger (1.88) and Roy Evans (1.73).

Ferguson has not only won more honours than the other managers, he is also the longest incumbent manager at a Premiership club. His 11 year and 10 month tenure at Old Trafford has given him the long-term scope to build not just one good team, but a succession of winning sides with strength in depth and reserve squads most managers can only dream of.

Roy Evans, at Liverpool for nearly five years, may this season also become illustrative of how managers, given

time, can assemble a team and allow them to cement as a unit and flourish. Joe Kinnear's six years and eight months at Wimbledon, Alan Curtis's seven years and two months at Charlton and Harry Redknapp's four years at Wimbledon would all suggest that stability at the top will produce results - the three may not have been vying for honours, but with scant resources their achievements have been considerable. Only Bryan Robson at Middlesbrough (four years, four months) has failed to produce substantial returns when given time and money.

Three current Premiership clubs (Chelsea, Southampton, Everton) have had five managers since August 1992, and their current men in charge (Gianluca Vialli, Dave Jones, Walter Smith) are all in the bottom six in the points-per-Premiership match table. Four clubs have had four managers in the same period and of those, only Christian Gross (now sacked), with 1.31 points, scraped into the top ten. Time, it seems, is the essence of success. No wonder John Gregory is a man in a hurry.

The current men in charge and their Premiership records

Manager	Club	P	W	D	Pts	PPG	Tenure	Managers at club since August 92
John Gregory	Aston Villa	15	12	3	37	2.47	7 months	3
Alex Ferguson	Man Utd	243	147	62	347	2.07	15 years 10 months	1
Arsene Wenger	Arsenal	72	38	21	135	1.88	5 years 10 months	3
Roy Evans	Liverpool	176	86	47	263	1.73	11 years 8 months	2
Alan Curtis	Charlton	15	10	5	30	2.00	7 months	3
Roy Hodgson	Blackburn	42	17	11	58	1.38	1 year 10 months	3
Christian Gross	Leicester	10	6	4	18	1.80	1 year 10 months	2
Jim Smith	Derby	80	28	23	107	1.34	3 years 3 months	1
Joe Kinnear	Wimbledon	244	84	72	324	1.33	6 years 8 months	1
Christian Gross	Tottenham	26	9	7	35	1.35	1 year 10 months	4
Martin O'Neill	Leicester	30	26	26	28	0.93	4 years 10 months	3
Gordon Strachan	Coventry	70	21	27	72	1.03	1 year 10 months	4
Harry Redknapp	West Ham	160	56	42	164	1.02	4 years 10 months	2
Alan Curtis	Charlton	4	1	2	5	1.25	2 years 2 months	1
Gianluca Vialli	Chelsea	16	6	12	20	1.25	7 months	5
Dave Jones	Southampton	42	14	16	50	1.19	1 year 10 months	5
Dave Bassett	Nottingham Forest	88	24	28	76	1.10	1 year 4 months	2
Bryan Robson	Middlesbrough	80	22	24	66	1.03	4 years 4 months	2
Walter Smith	Everton	4	1	2	4	1.00	2 months	5
Danny Wilson	S.Wed/Barns	42	11	11	33	0.79	2 months	2

How Daiglish and Gross compared with previous P45 records at their clubs

Tottenham	Tenure	Pts	PPG
Livermore/Clement	8/92-5/93	59	1.18
Ardiles	8/93-10/94	62	1.25
Palazzo	11/94-11/97	165	1.65
Gross	11/97-9/98	34	1.35

Newcastle	Tenure	Pts	PPG
Keegan	8/93-1/97	143	1.43
Daiglish	7/97-9/98	34	1.35

Kenny Daiglish's record at Newcastle paled next to Walter Smith's and his departure, in statistical terms, can be understood. At least he can take consolation from the fact that at Blackburn, during which he gathered 1.94 points per game, more even than Keegan at Newcastle (1.85).

At Spurs, Christian Gross's record was not as good as

Top five in all-time in Premiership

Manager	Club	P	W	D	Pts	PPG
Gregory	Villa	15	12	3	37	2.47
Ferguson	Man Utd	243	147	62	347	2.07
Daiglish	Blackburn	42	17	11	58	1.38
Wenger	Arsenal	72	38	21	135	1.88
Keegan	Newcastle	88	24	28	76	1.85

(Managers in charge for at least 10 games)

Statistics: Brian Sears / Nick Harris

Tottenham v Middlesbrough

Last season: No fixture

TWO WINS in a row, the second achieved without the services of England defender Sol Campbell, who returns to the squad for tomorrow's game with Middlesbrough after recovering from a leg injury, and White Hart Lane is suddenly a brighter place.

What are the odds that Spurs could make it three on the trot? No doubt the Boro dressing room could say - if the departed Paul Merson speaks the truth - but injury doubts over Les Ferdinand (calf) and David Ginola (hamstring), injured in Wednesday's win over Blackburn, would lengthen them.

Paul Gascoigne, fresh from scoring the only goal in Middlesbrough's first win of the season at Leicester on Wednesday night, makes his first competitive return to White Hart Lane since he left Spurs seven years ago.

According to Boro's manager Bryan Robson, Gascoigne is relishing the trip to one of his former bunting grounds. "Gazza is the same as any other player. If you go back to a former club it gives you an extra buzz. Paul will be in a confident frame of mind after scoring his first goal since he joined us last season."

Further good news for Robson is the return of Andy Townsend and Colin Cooper to his squad, while Marco Branca, out since a knee operation last May, is close to a comeback and is also included. TOTTENHAM (from): Bardsley, Carr, Traversetti, Bero, Calderwood, Nielsen, Fox, Sali, Ferdinand, Armstrong, Edinburgh, Ginola, Vago, Allen, Sinton, Campbell, Dierckx, Walker, Segers, Gower, Young.
MIDDLESBROUGH (from): Schwarzer, Benschaff, Stoddard, Gordon, Blackmore, Hinde, Foca, Vickers, Pollard, Townsend, Gascoigne, Maddison, Moore, Beck, Branca, Campbell, Ricard, Mustoe, Cooper.
INJURED: Tottenham: None confirmed. Middlesbrough: None confirmed.
SUSPENDED: Tottenham: None. Middlesbrough: None.

Leicester City v Arsenal

Last season: 3-3

DENNIS BERGMAN has yet to find the net this season, but scored a hat trick in this fixture last season, which ended 3-3, and might hope to recover his touch today. A deluge of goals would not be unprecedented - in 1930 the sides shared a 6-6 draw, one of only two football league matches ever to finish 6-6 - but recent form suggests otherwise. Leicester have lost their last two games 1-0, while Arsenal's last three games have finished 0-0. It would not be too surprising if they added another 90 minutes to the drought today.

Leicester will wait on the fitness of Steve Walsh (pulled muscle) before naming a team. Martin O'Neill is likely to stick with the side that lost at home to Middlesbrough on Wednesday night. Arsenal's Arsene Wenger will give Tony Adams a rest today, with Steve Bould taking over at centre-back and captain Emmanuel Petit serves a one-match ban after being sent off against Charlton two weeks ago, so Stephen Hughes stands by to deputise, although Remi Garde is also in contention. Nigel Winterburn has passed a test on an ankle injury collected against Chelsea in midweek.

LEICESTER CITY (from): Keller, Savage, Sinclair, Elliott, Kinnear, Walsh, Gurney, Agnew, Lennon, Toot, Cotter, Heskely, Egerton, Campbell, Wilson, Parker, Apantaku, ARSENAL (from): Seaman, Dyer, Kinnear, Bould, Winterburn, Favour, Hughes, Vieira, Garde, Overmars, Bergkamp, Anelka, Wreh, Vukas, Gelvin, Manning.
INJURED: Leicester: None confirmed. Arsenal: Boud, Morie.
SUSPENDED: Leicester: None. Arsenal: Petit.

Manchester United v Coventry City

Last season: 3-0

SO HERE it is, the Sky Blues against the BSKYB Reds, and although Manchester United manager Alex Ferguson may have distanced himself from the boardroom money wrangles, he still commands a wealth of riches on the pitch.

Gary Neville has recovered from his hamstring strain, Ryan Giggs is reported to be over "an illness", Denis Irwin and Dwight Yorke have shrugged off minor knocks, while Nicky Butt is available after having his wisdom teeth removed.

Yorke and Ole Gunnar Solskjaer are the current incumbents in attack after their two goals apiece against Charlton, but Ferguson claims he may want to try out different pairings: "I've got up to six options and I've not made my mind up yet."

The cupboard of Coventry manager Gordon Strachan, by comparison, seems rather bare. But at least the arrival of Marek Lech, signed from Crystal Palace two weeks ago, offers experienced cover for Roland Nilsson, should the Swedish international defender fall a fitness test on his rib injury.

MANCHESTER UNITED (from): Schuster, P. Neville, Seaman, Brown, Beckham, Keane, Scholes, Giggs, Yorke, Solskjaer, Cole, Blomqvist, Shearman, Butt, Berg, May, Van der Grinten, G. Neville, Wilson.
COVENTRY (from): Hedman, Nilsson, Edworthy, Brown, Williams, Burnard, Tette, Boscaw, Subotic, P. Hall, Doolan, Hackett, Shaw, Boland, Fowler, Williams, O'Connell.
INJURED: Man Utd: None confirmed. Coventry: Whelan.
SUSPENDED: Man Utd: None. Coventry: None.

Newcastle v Southampton

Last season: 2-1

ALAN SHEARER has only managed one goal from open play in 19 Premiership starts since his return from long term injury in January. With Ruud Gullit looking for a dramatic change in fortunes - having seen his new charges lose 4-1 to Liverpool and 1-0 to Aston Villa - there could be no better time than now for Shearer start scoring again. Struggling Southampton, who nurtured him from ugly duckling to swan, will hope today is not his day to find form. No points from four games is where bad patch turns towards crisis.

Newcastle's Nikos Dabizas is still struggling with a groin strain but winger Keith Gillespie is included in the squad. Stéphane Guivarch could make the starting line-up. Francis Benali is available for the first time this season for the Saints after four matches suspended. Paul Jones replaces Neil Moss in goal after returning from a one-match ban, while Matthew Le Tissier and Egil Ostenstad may be recalled to the starting line-up. Ken Monkou and David Howells are hopeful of recovering from back and knee problems respectively.

NEWCASTLE (from): Green, Barton, Pearce, Pearce, Lee, Goss, S. Shearer, Speed, Keshava, Georgiadis, Chavet, Glass, Gillespie, Wilson, Serrant, Pever, Daiglish, Albert, Anderson, Griffin.
SOUTHAMPTON (from): Jones, Doolan, Benali, Marshall, Morlan, Palmer, Howells, Ripley, Bridge, Boscaw, Hughes, Le Tissier, Oostenstad, Warner, Hogg, Dryden, Lundmark, Moss.
INJURED: Newcastle: Hamann, Dabizas. Southampton: Hirst.
SUSPENDED: Newcastle: Batty. Southampton: None.

Sheffield Wednesday v Blackburn Rovers

Last season: 0-0

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY's new manager, Danny Wilson, can feel a little aggrieved that his charges came away with nothing from Pride Park in midweek, but he will feel very aggrieved if Guy Whittingham and Andy Booth - without a goal in 15 games - do not start to deliver in front of goal.

Paolo Di Canio, the Italian striker-cum-winger-cum-midfielder, still looks to be the Owls' most dangerous player, and Wilson is waiting to see if he has recovered from the virus that ruled him out against Derby. The defender Emerson Thome, who took a blow on the thigh against the Rams, also faces a late fitness test.

Blackburn manager Roy Hodgson, who revealed he had received "a polite inquiry" about becoming the new Germany coach, had more pressing matters to attend to trying to decide if any of Stéphane Henchoz, Kevin Gallacher, Chris Sutton or Billy McKelvey will be fit to play, or whether to recall Tim Sherwood - sent to his room midweek for showing an interest in jolting Tottenham.

SHEFFIELD WEDNESDAY (from): Prestman, Cobain, Hinchcliffe, Walker, Emerson, Jock, Atherton, Rudi, Carbone, Booth, Di Canio, Clarke, Hyde, Whittingham, Dabizas, Barrett, Briscoe, Samet.
BLACKBURN (from): Flowers, Hanna, Henchoz, Pearce, Davidson, McKelvey, Fitt, Duff, Wilson, Sutton, Gallagher, Flann, Cliff, Thompson, Davies, Perez, Grant, Doherty, Sherwood.
INJURED: Sheffield Wednesday: None confirmed. Blackburn: None confirmed.
SUSPENDED: Sheffield Wednesday: None. Blackburn: None.

SPORT

GODOLPHIN FRONTMAN RIDES OUT P24 • SARACENS' IMPORT WITH IMPACT P22

Upstarts tackle Stock Market set

AT THE end of a week which may have heralded the end of football as we know it, the Premiership schedule is full of those splendid quirks of the fixture computer that no Murdoch minion spouting about "product" and "markets" or their aspirations for "Manchester" could begin to appreciate.

Three of the clubs linked with communications conglomerates are confronted by upstarts who, in the new-fangled world of corporate takeovers, epitomise the old-fashioned values of team spirit and hard graft. Manchester United, to use one of the names by which those whose "love" of the game dates back longer than the past week, receive Coventry, while Aston Villa and Arsenal tackle Wimbledon and Leicester respectively.

How sweet the irony if Wimbledon, the homeless, hard-up an-

FOOTBALL
BY PHIL SHAW

tithesis of the Stock Exchange set, were to lead the table tonight. Yet it could happen. If Joe Kinnear's side repeat last season's success at Villa - by no means beyond them after the way they came from 3-0 down to beat West Ham - and Liverpool and Leeds lose awkward away matches, the perennial relegation favourites' stock will be higher than ever. Ripe, indeed, for a buy-out by East Cheam TV Repairs & Rentals.

With only six hours of football played, it is too soon to talk of championship challenges and pushing for Europe. Another big Villa Park crowd can nevertheless be forgiven a buzz of anticipation as they assemble for the debut of Paul Merson, the £6.75m catalyst already

dubbed "My Cantona" by the Villa manager, John Gregory.

Three weeks ago, when Dwight Yorke decamped to Old Trafford and Merson lined up against them for Middlesbrough, Villa's prospects seemed scarcely brighter than when they lost the first four games a year earlier. That was the worst start in their history. Three wins and a draw, taking Gregory's record to a staggering 37 points out of 45, is one of their best.

Despite reports bracketing them with United and Arsenal as takeover targets, Villa are more like Wimbledon on the pitch. There are few obvious stars but a strong sense of camaraderie. The impromptu middle after this week's victory over Newcastle exemplified as much, Gregory poking his head in to tell his players he loved them and that they could win the title. What is more, of



INSIDE
Tottenham Hotspur yesterday became the latest Premier League club to be linked with takeover talks involving the football investment company, Enic, and United News & Media. Page 8

the 14 on duty, Mark Bosnich was the only non-Englishman.

Merson, at a mere 30, will be their oldest player. By coincidence, he made his Arsenal bow against today's opponents 13 years ago, scoring in a 2-1 win. This fixture has delivered 7-1 and 5-0 home routs in recent seasons, though anyone tempted to gamble the mortgage on Villa (if Mr Merson will pardon the reference) should be aware that defeats by the Doos did for both Brian Little and Ron Atkinson.

Liverpool, leading Villa on goal difference, represent a vastly different challenge to a West Ham defence found wanting by Wimbledon's aerial barrage. The danger will come from pace - Michael Owen is likely to be partnered at some stage by Robbie Fowler after the latter's six-goal comeback in the reserves - and from the precision of the service to the front.

Jamie Redknapp, son of the Hamsters' manager, Harry, and Paul Ince, whose parentage is more

dubious in the eyes of an unforgiving Upton Park, have not been on the losing side in 20 League matches together for Liverpool. But just as Neil Reddock may labour against Owen and Fowler, so Ian Wright and John Harrison could subject the makeshift duo of Jamie Carragher and Phil Babb to its sternest test.

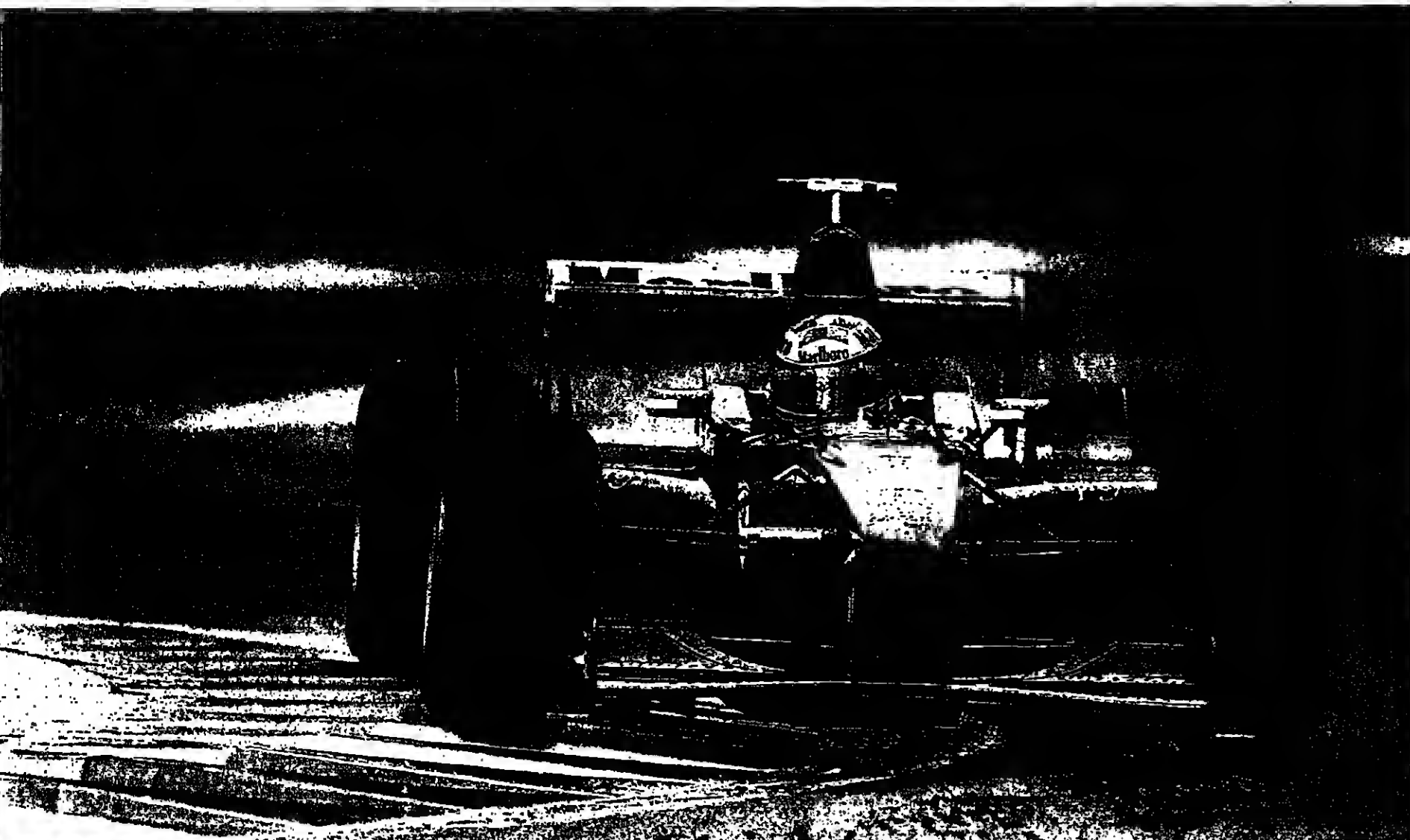
Liverpool's midweek victims, Coventry, undermined Manchester United's title charge last Christmas when the bookies had all but stopped taking bets on them. That, however, was at Highfield Road; today's meeting is at Old Trafford, as one commentator has christened it, where the Sky Blues (a nickname to alert the new owner's copyright lawyers) have won once in 13 visits and scored one in the last nine.

Leicester have not managed a goal in eight minutes under four hours; Arsenal's barren run extends

for nearly 50 minutes longer. Which probably means that Filbert Street can expect a glut along the lines of last season's 3-3 draw, which featured a Dennis Bergkamp hat-trick for the champions - or, if not a repeat of the clubs' 6-6 "stalemate" in 1993.

Leeds' match at Everton is one where where the portents promise less for the visitors than current form. The Yorkshire club's most recent victory at Goodison Park was in their first game after promotion in 1990, and they have found the net just once on the last six occasions.

Seven and a half years have passed since Paul Gascoigne played a competitive match at White Hart Lane. It is typical of these times that his return, with Middlesbrough, tomorrow, has been overtaken as a talking point among Spurs fans by the possibility of Alan Sugar selling out to a yet another media consortium.



Michael Schumacher directs his Ferrari through a chicane during yesterday's practice session for the Italian Grand Prix at Monza

Clive Mason/Allsport

Hakkinen steers clear of controversy

MIKA HAKKINEN was a discreet fifth - lost to the Ferrari's wake - when rain washed away the remnants of practice ahead of an Italian Grand Prix tomorrow that could reopen or effectively close the World Championship.

He then hurried from the McLaren-Mercedes pit to the team motor home and declined to be engaged in any lengthy discussion about the traumas of the past fortnight and any fall-

MOTOR RACING
BY DERICK ALLSOP
in Monza

out that may have come his way. The distraction created by the collision and subsequent off-track confrontation of his teammate, David Coulthard, and his championship rival, Ferrari's Michael Schumacher, in Belgium has provided the Fian with a convenient shield and be-

patently has no intention of casting it aside.

"What has happened between David and Michael has nothing to do with me," he said on the hoof. "It's not something I want to get involved in in any way."

Hakkinen will have all the stage he wants when he lines up on the grid leading Schumacher by seven points. Only two more races follow this one. Hakkinen's elusive strategy

doubtless had the approval - and perhaps the guidance - of his boss, Ron Dennis, who insisted the smouldering controversy had not been allowed to penetrate his team's working operation. "I don't think it gets to the team," Dennis said. "We are resilient to most things. We build a psychological wall around the team and concentrate on doing the job."

"You have to be cool and calm and not get caught up in the

hype between ourselves and Ferrari. It will be a cool head that wins the championship. We have very experienced people concentrating on doing their job and if they do it well we should achieve our goal. Mika knows he cannot allow himself to get into the mental arithmetic of what can and cannot be done. You have to be cool."

Dennis has been involved in a crossfire of allegations over the legality of the Ferrari this season and is adamant he will not shrink from demanding his rights if he suspects any foul play in the campaign's closing stages. "We are desperately keen to finish the championship in the right atmosphere but I won't sit and say nothing if we feel we are being steamrollered. I'll stand up and never run from a fight. But if everything is equal and balanced the championship will have a good ending."

The accord reached by Schumacher and Coulthard has clearly diffused a potentially uncomfortable situation for the Scott and his team. Only a couple of banners declared Ferrari fans' hostility here yesterday. Coulthard said: "Any Ferrari fan who has come up to me here has just asked for my autograph."

Eddie Irvine was ahead of Schumacher at the end of the session, with Coulthard third. That may mean little when they qualify this afternoon and still less when they race but it probably indicates Ferrari have

made progress on a high-speed circuit that inherently suits the McLaren.

"I know it's only Friday but it is better than going through your preparations and being third, fourth or fifth," Irvine said. "And I am ahead of Michael. I don't know how Michael has been affected by what happened between him and Coulthard but I don't think it has made the team any more determined to win here, because we are at it all the time. We are all flat out."

"But he will have learned from it. He is not Mr Perfect, but then who is? Everyone will have learned from it."

"Even if Michael doesn't win here there are two races left and he could win both of those, so it's not going to be decisive. I'd say it is now 50-50 between Michael and Hakkinen. It can go either way."

Schumacher was given a suitably rapturous reception and will not have been dismayed by the rain, an eerie reminder of recent conflict yet still encouraging for a man who remains the acknowledged master of the wet. Essentially, however, yesterday was just another day at the office for the German.

Damon Hill, who gave Jordan their maiden grand prix win at Spa and has confirmed a new one-year deal with the team, was a low-key eighth. Johnny Herbert, who leaves Sauber for Stewart-Ford at the end of the season, was 12th.

YESTERDAY'S PRACTICE TIMES

ITALIAN GRAND PRIX 1st Irvine (GB) 1:26.886; 2nd Schumacher (GER) 1:27.075; 3rd Coulthard (GB) 1:27.516; 4th Hill (GB) 1:27.516; 5th Herbert (GB) 1:27.516; 6th Damon Hill (GB) 1:27.516; 7th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 8th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 9th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 10th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 11th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 12th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 13th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 14th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 15th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 16th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 17th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 18th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 19th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 20th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 21st Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 22nd Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 23rd Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 24th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516; 25th Irvine (GB) 1:27.516.

Hodgson's plea for peace talks

GLENN HODDLE, the England coach, was asked yesterday to give Chris Sutton a personal hearing - and an international recall - by the Blackburn Rovers manager, Roy Hodgson. He is encouraging Sutton and Hoddle to settle differences caused by the striker's refusal to play in a B team fixture and has been heartened by Hoddle's hint this week that an apology would bring forgiveness.

"I'm pretty sure that if Chris Sutton sat down for half an hour in the company of Glenn Hoddle, that they would be able to sort out any differences," he said. "Chris is anxious to get an England spot if one became available. I would regard Hoddle's statements as a positive gesture on his part. I will encourage Chris to meet him."

"If Glenn is opening the door for Chris then that is extremely good news and I would be happy if my player took that opportunity. Chris has real quality. In international football you could do with as many of those players as you get."

BY ALAN NIXON

Hodgson appointed Sutton captain after leaving out Tim Sherwood, wanted by Spurs, and feels his striker is playing better than ever as he matures both on and off the park. He said: "Chris Sutton has been outstanding in every respect, both as a professional and a performer."

Sutton will consider a reconciliation with Hoddle over the weekend but is expected to agree to a meeting as he has always maintained that he wants to play for his country. Hoddle said Sutton would never be in his team again, but to settle talks following his latest remarks would make the matter appear petty.

Hodgson confirmed that he was contacted by the German FA president, Egonus Braun, on Tuesday regarding their coaching vacancy.

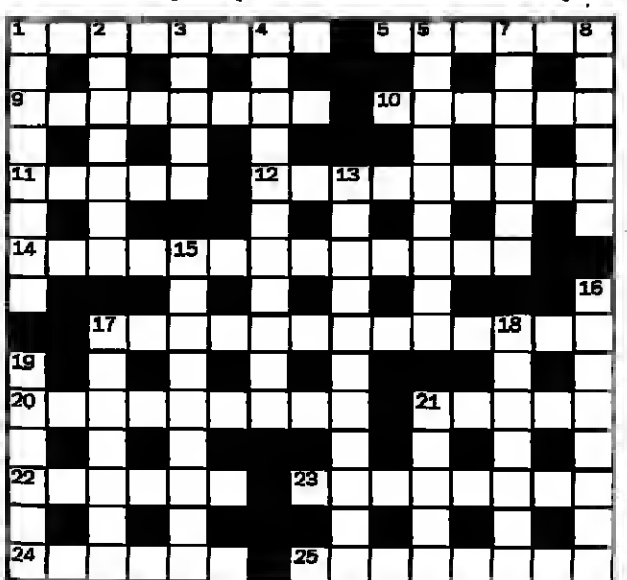
"I think offered the job is too strong a word," he said, "but I was very flattered by an enquiry I received."

Arsenal close in on £3m Ljungberg, page 29

THE INDEPENDENT CROSSWORD

No. 3714, Saturday 12 September

By Mass



Friday's solution

Last Saturday's solution

1. Insect, fly, in second helpings of soup (8)
2. Lady with style turned up in smooth coat (7)
3. Jumble of worsted (5)
4. Solid red earth piled up in heap (11)
5. Like mail's early appearance (9)
6. Depression, with longing for spirit (7)
7. Weather is in the balance (6)
8. Herb in USA minced and suitable, we hear, in food (7, 4)
9. State (and its location) having Western breed of cattle (3, 6)
10. One way rank is conveyed? (8)
11. Article, lunar shaped, like a ring (7)
12. Audible volley following a charge (7)
13. Checks time in States? (6)
14. Boat carrying Cape goods (5)
15. Treats stomachs (6)
16. Deal from a stack, one's told (5)
17. Surveys made by one at sea approaching Southern expanses (9)
18. Lack of a following, naturally (1, 3)
19. A great many, when having a drink, like sitting in snug (2, 4, 2, 5)
20. Settling accounts? (9)
21. Find copper on port (5)
22. Some kestrel is heard in season (6)
23. Needing apprentice for Northern race-horse (8)
24. Drifts South on vessels (6)
25. Lawyer's a sober little man, we hear (8)

ACROSS

DOWN

1. Insect, fly, in second helpings of soup (8)
2. Lady with style turned up in smooth coat (7)
3. Jumble of worsted (5)
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5. Like mail's early appearance (9)
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The first five correct solutions to this week's puzzle opted next Thursday receive hardbacked copies of the Oxford Dictionary of Quotations. Answers and winners' names will be published next Saturday. Send solutions to Saturday Crossword, P.O. Box 4918, The Independent, 1 Canada Square, Canary Wharf, London E14 5SB. Please use the box number and postcode and give your own postcode. Last week's winners: P. Mares, London; F. Hennings, Norwich; G. Handley, Chesham; M. Clark, East Ham; J. Nash, Chester.

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WEEKEND REVIEW

COMMENT • ARTS & BOOKS • COUNTRY & GARDEN • TRAVEL



The death of a dream? A fan writes

PAGE 8

Spielberg: the world's entertainer

PAGE 5



Truth game: Ian McEwan interviewed

PAGE 14



The eternal city? Rome under wraps

PAGE 24



Ronald Broom, mobile home resident of Clifton Park, Luton: "It's full of people just like me."

Keith Dobney

Who are you calling trailer trash?

As John Higgins lovingly tends the flowerbeds outside his Gretna home, there is nothing in his demeanour to suggest he sleeps with his close relations or slips into Klansman's robes for weekend relaxation. Nor, for that matter, does his wife Irene resemble a big-haired waitress who takes in serpents at her local church. Yet if the couple lived in the United States, rather than the Scottish borders, they would be suspected of all these things.

To use American parlance, the Higginses are trailer-trash. Their crime? They live in a mobile home. Despite its origins among the Dust Bowl migrants of the Great Depression, the trailer park isn't a uniquely American phenomenon. The Castles' home, Cherry Tree Park, overlooking the Solway Firth, is among hundreds of residential sites across the UK providing low-cost housing for some 200,000 people.

Apart from the absence of plastic pink flamingoes cluttering their yards, the British trailer parks are largely identical to their Deep South counterparts. They are found at the end of quiet country lanes or on the outskirts of towns, lurking like outcasts from decent society, and populated by an uneasy mix of permanent home-owners and transients who rent by the week.

"There is a huge difference between the owners and renters," complains Irene, who moved to the park six years ago after selling her old-age residential home in Barrow. "We keep things spick and span and spend money on our homes, but the renters' places are absolutely horrendous. We don't mind them if they're decent people but most are just riff-raff. Drugs and fighting are the worst problems. We've had more drugs raids in the past month than ever before. But the owner doesn't care as long as his rent money keeps coming in."

Of the 40 trailers pitched at Cherry Tree Park,

Mobile homes have an image problem in the US (Paula Jones, dumb rednecks with guns). Here 200,000 are proud that an Englishman's home is his caravan

BY RICHARD MCCLURE

half are rented and half are owned. Wandering around, it's easy to distinguish between the two. The rented trailers, mostly used as DSS accommodation, stand unadorned, as homely as a row of Portaloos. Only a few have hot running water and their unkempt yards are littered with empty gas bottles.

The private properties, by contrast, display all their owners' middle-class pretensions. Some have added garages and conservatories. At Irene's stone lions stand guard on her gateposts and gnomes jostle for space by a wooden wishing-well.

"We call our part Park Lane and the other part the Gorbals," says Geoffrey Salter, the Higgins' neighbour. "Look at that scrapheap over there. It's a damned disgrace. It devalues my property and there's nothing I can do about it. It would cost me £4,000 to up sticks and move to another park - but what's the point? It would only be out of the frying pan and into the fire."

Geoffrey has been living at Cherry Tree Park for 11 years - and trying to get out for eight. But with

the timber-and-plywood structures so cheap to manufacture, there's little re-sale value for second-hand trailers, even Geoffrey's "des res", decked out with a mock-pine facade "to give it the feel of a real Finnish log cabin".

Geoffrey's Nordic motif is just one example of the trailer's chameleon-like qualities. For all the aesthetic deficiencies of its ugly, design-free frame, there is a variety of optional extras to mask its bland uniformity, including bay windows and gables, as well as the standard brick "skirt" to hide its wheels.

At Cheshire's Haydock Park racecourse, the full range of mobile home accessories is on display at the industry's annual northern sales exhibition, where rival manufacturers have turned out in force to unveil their latest products.

With prices starting at just £20,000 for the most basic, two-bedroom model, business is brisk. During the day, a stream of curious punters traipse through 30 "show centre" trailers erected around the site, each bearing optimistic names such as The

Continued on Page 2

INSIDE		Letters	2	Obituaries	10-11	Travel	21-27	SEVEN PAGES OF	
		Leaders and Comment	3-7	Arts & Books	12-17	Listings & Games	28-29		
		Features	8	Gardening & Countryside	18-20	Today's TV	32		

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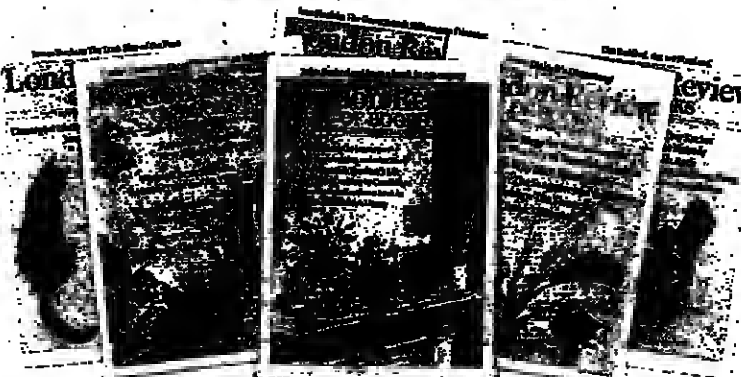
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ON SUNDAY

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Wendy Wasserstein and
Julia Reed on the inside
story of Bill ClintonTHE STARR
REPORTPlus a 12-page supplement
bringing you the abridged
Kenneth Starr report

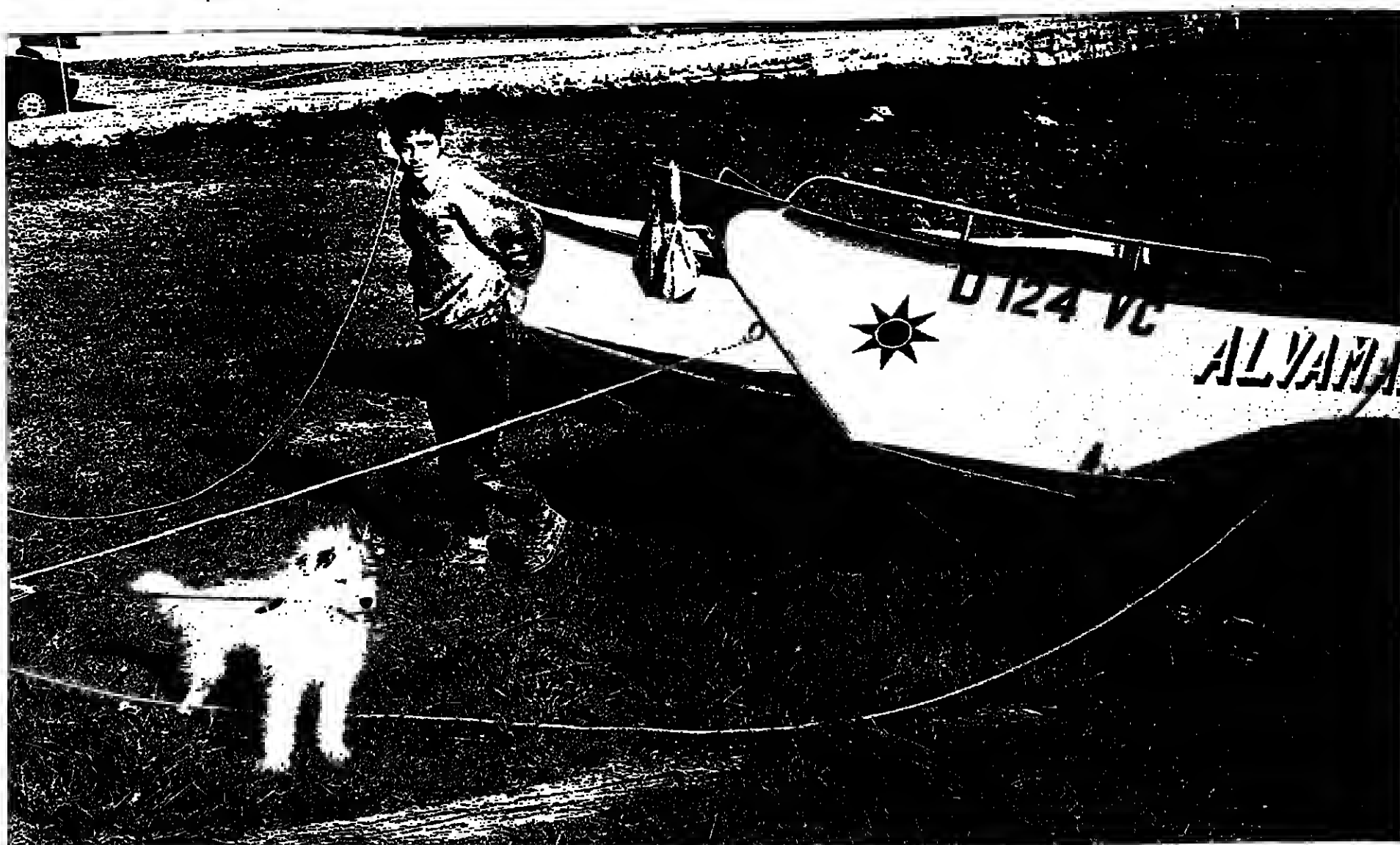
REAL LIFE

She used to be a topless
model. Then she became
a clubland star. DJ Rap tells
her of her rise
through jungle music

SUNDAY REVIEW

'Her huge round face
crumples into tears.'
Jeremy Clarke advances
Fat Acceptance

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token in tomorrow's
Independent on Sunday

Concluding our series on the fishermen of Portugal, the repair shipyard for their boats doubles as a playground for the local kids

Rui Xavier

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Post letters to Letters to the Editor and include a daytime telephone number, fax to 0171 293 2056 or e-mail to letters@independent.co.uk
E-mail correspondents are asked to give a postal address. Letters may be edited for length and clarity

Fate of the opera

Sir: The Royal Opera House
may be one of the last bastions
of 1970s amateurish and
incompetent management
("Opera to shut for year and
fire staff", 10 September).It would be very surprising
if the Government chose to
waste the resource of a
splendid new house by
running it well below capacity
for the want of a sensible
subsidy. The comparison for
the Royal Opera House must
be the German opera houses
and other leading European
houses, which have
traditionally received much
higher public subsidies than
Covent Garden.It really is time that
commentators stopped going
on about Glyndebourne and
the Metropolitan Opera in
New York. Glyndebourne is a
wonderful institution, but it is
a small company that gives a
handful of small-scale
operas for a few weeks in the
summer, with a borrowed
orchestra and singers on
short contracts.The new Covent Garden,
even if sensibly restaffed, will
be a huge operation, handling
multiple productions by two
large companies. It uses
international star conductors
and singers.The Metropolitan opera
does get large amounts of
corporate and private
sponsorship, but by all
accounts still has to be fairly
conservative with its
repertoire to keep the
audiences coming. New York
is a vastly richer city than
London, with many mega-
corporations and far more
opera-fancying millionaires
and, indeed, billionaires. Let
us be realistic, Covent Garden
will never attract that level of
giving.What we will have soon is a
wonderful new facility, and
two companies with great
traditions to build on. It
should be properly and
economically managed, and
should receive appropriate
levels of both public and
private subsidy to justify the
huge capital investment in the
rebuilding.
GAVIN TURNER
Hansworth, NorfolkSir: I share Geoffrey
Wheatcroft's dismay at the
continuing saga of the Royal
Opera House's finances
("Privatise the Royal Opera
House, or nationalise it", 10
September). Is it beyond us to
continue to subsidise opera
while focusing that subsidy
more strongly to reflect public
priorities?Supposing we were to let
the ROH be privatised, with
all the advantages that might
bring of improved access to
corporate funding.
Presumably, if the market
works at all, an efficient opera
house would emerge, finding
its own level of financial
stability, and high-quality
(albeit highly priced) opera
performances would continue to
be produced.Government might then
switch from funding the
institution (and its supposed
inefficiencies) towards
subsidising direct access to
performances.
IAN HILL
Glasgow

Pay in the NHS

Sir: The new grade of highly-
paid nurses ("Super-nurses",
8 September) will not solve the
inherent problem in the
recruitment and retention of
nurses within the NHS. The
new consultant nurse grade
will benefit a small but
deserving few.Like all government policy
compromises driven by
financial constraints rather
than principle, the underlying
problem has not been solved.
Nurses have always been
underpaid as all governments
have been able to exploit the
vocational dedication of the
profession.It is a cruel compromise to
create the impression that all
nurses will be rewarded in
time with promotion to a
reasonable consultant nurse
salary. By not recognising
openly that the whole
profession is underpaid, the
Government has decided that
it cannot face the issue. A fair
approach would be a
meaningful pay increase
across all grades.
RICHARD QUINLAN (RGN)
London SW9Sir: I hope you are not about to
start presenting the doctors'
bid for a 10 per cent rise in
salary (report, 10 September)
as greedy, because I think you
would do better to help
readers, some of whom may
be considering medicine as a
profession, to consider the
facts.If someone is able to gain
the qualifications required to
become a Doctor of Medicine
they could probably be good at
just about anything. If we
need doctors then the reward
must be worth the effort and
risk, and currently it is not.
Should any well qualified
student consider medicine as
an option?Would anyone willingly
study for six years rather than
three and end up with double
the debt of other graduates?Would anyone be happy
with half-pay for compulsory
overtime which, although it is
called being "on call", actually
means working most of a
night as well as the day before
and the day after?Would anyone be happy
embarking on a lengthy, paid
apprenticeship during which
they will frequently be making
life-and-death decisions on
their own?Recent statistics indicate
that 25 per cent of doctors who
make it to registration leave
by the end of the second year
as registered practitioners.MPs voted themselves a 26
per cent pay rise before the
last election. These MPs
sustain the government that,
whether Conservative or
Labour, penalises those
groups who are too
conscientious to strike. What
young person, judging which
profession to take up, could
possibly put their future
security in the Government as
an employer?
J HOADLEY
Eastbourne, East Sussex

EMU tax shock

Sir: Douglas Elliman suggests
that if the UK joined EMU this
would lead to higher taxation
here (letter, 10 September). It
is worth examining the
background to his statement.
Most economists believe
that, in the long run, taxes will
be harmonised throughout"Euroland". In reality it is
hard to see how a single
currency zone can work in the
long term without broad fiscal
harmony throughout the zone.
This in turn would mean that
each Euroland country would
be raising roughly the same
proportion of GDP in tax.The average tax/GDP ratio
in the Euroland countries is
currently around 45 per cent,
and it is reasonable to assume
that harmonisation would
result in an overall Euroland
tax/GDP ratio of around 45
per cent. Currently, the UK's
tax/GDP ratio is just under 38
per cent. Were the UK, as a
future member of EMU, to
move its tax/GDP ratio up to
45 per cent, this would be the
equivalent of increasing the
basic rate of income tax by 30p
in the pound to 53p in the
pound. The actual tax
changes as a result of
harmonising the UK tax
system with the rest of
Euroland would of course be
myriad.Some would no doubt argue
against such a tax hike, whilst
others would point out that it
would enable our run-down
public services to be
transformed. What is
surprising is that the issue has
not featured much in the
debate on whether or not the
UK should join EMU.
M C FITZPATRICK
London WC1

Girls empowered

Sir: We find the assumption
that the pregnancies of two
young, wealthy women in
their twenties, in stable
relationships and intending to
marry, will provoke a rise in
teenage pregnancies to be
unrealistic, and the criticism
more than a little
discriminatory ("Spice babes
forecast for falling girls", 8
September). We do not hear
the same claims about David
Beckham, football hero for
thousands of young boys, who
is one of the fathers.Perhaps this is a good
moment for secondary school
heads to take some time to
evaluate the effectiveness of
their sex education
programme. We know that
many young people think this
was too little, too late and toobiological. Is it not, therefore,
a good opportunity for
teachers to stand back and
ask, "Are we doing enough to
help our students to make
informed choices about their
lives?"
CLODAGH CORCORAN
Family Planning Association
London N1

Viagra values

Sir: I find the tone of the
debate over Viagra very
disturbing. In most NHS
regions there is no funding of
IVF treatment for infertile
couples because the drugs
and treatment are deemed to
be too expensive.We are told firmly that hip
replacements and the like
must come first since no one
has ever died of infertility. So
infertile couples must fund
their own treatment and the
costs run into thousands of
pounds. The lack of funding
for infertility treatment is
almost a stamp of disapproval
from society on the care and
help that infertile couples
need.Just as no one has ever
died of infertility, no one has
ever died of impotence. So
why is the debate focused on
the potential cost of Viagra to
the NHS, rather than
questioning whether this drug
should be funded at all?Is it because infertility is
(mistakenly) seen as a
"women's issue" whereas
impotence is most definitely a
male issue and a very
sensitive one which is worth
addressing?Or does it reflect the values
of a society where more
importance is placed on the
need to "get it up" rather than
the need to nurture a child?
CHRISTINE HARDISTY
Swindon
Wiltshire

United we stand

Sir: Football fans - I'm one -
are overreacting to the
takeover of Manchester
United. They say that football
will cease to be a sport that it
will be all business. Good job!At the highest level, the
World Cup, shirt-pulling,
diving, bad offside decisions,
wrongful dismissals, goodgoals disallowed, "blind"
linesmen and daft or soft or
draconian referees.Soon, those who throw in
their millions to buy Arsenal
and the rest are not going to
put up with seeing their
investment lose the
championship on a bad
decision or get relegated on an
even worse one.They have the money and
the technology to make sure
that the game is played in a
sportsmanlike manner - and
tell the FA to stop abusing
their feudal powers.
TONY LOIZOU
Cambridge

IN BRIEF

Sir: The prospect of ace
noodle is the engine driving
most successful men. What
kind of repressed weirdos will
they be seeking for future
presidents of the United
States?
GRAHAM ROUNCE
London E2Sir: Carolyn Badham's
Christmas decorations on
sale in September (letter, 9
September) seem positively
seasonal when compared with
the well-known chain of steak-
house restaurants which has
been urging me to book my
festive dinner since mid-July.
GERRY HANSON
Iwer Heath, BuckinghamshireSir: The current issue of the
journal *The Structural
Engineer* lists 21 vacant posts
with salaries averaging
£22,600. There is a maximum
of £35,000 and a minimum of
£15,000, with 14 posts below
the mean.The research referred to by
Malcolm Shirley (letter, 10
September) which claims that
the average earnings of
chartered engineers are more
than £40,000 is disputed by
engineers.Much of the ambience
surrounding engineering is
far removed from the derring-
do of history and current
media spectacles.
Engineers are highly
functional but status rules.
BRET ASKEW
New Mills, Derbyshire

Who are you calling trailer park trash?

Continued from page 1
Devon Cottage (fake beams and loaded
UPVC windows) or The Chatsworth ("gold-
finish curtain poles, brass TV-aerial point")."Last year was awful," confides sales-
man Keith Griffiths, standing outside The
Canford, its front door flanked by soaring
pillars. "Princess Diana died on the day of
the show. It really killed the figures."As chief sales manager with Wessex
Park Homes, Keith's job is difficult enough
without the burden of untimely royal
deaths. "Trailer park is a phrase we don't
mention in this profession," he admonishes.
"We prefer to call them residential park-
home estates."Such brazen re-branding appears to be
working. Eighty per cent of trailer-dwellers
are now retired or semi-retired, drawn to
the mobile home as a cut-price alternative
to buying a bungalow."We're looking to free up some capital
by selling our house and buying something
much cheaper," explains Roy Deegan from
Wakefield, as he inspects The Alpine Lodge
with his wife, Bonita. "Being retired, we just
want a place with minimal up keep where
we can get some peace and quiet. We're both
very keen birdwatchers."Once built, the Deegans' trailer will be
towed to the park of their choice, hooked
up to utilities and charged a weekly groundrent of between £15 and £25, with around
£10,000 of the trailer's price passed on to
the park owners as a sitting cost. Cherry
Tree Park is one of many sites owned and
run by gypsies - though Romany plots are
increasingly being bought out by special-
ist management companies, which re-
develop them for pensioners by landscaping
the grounds and banning children. "The
parks used to be a place where disreputable
types could lie low," says Keith. "They're
gradually changing, but there are still a lot
of nomads in the business."British prejudice may never rival Amer-
ican trash-bashing, where jokes about
Jerry Springer red-necks have reached gov-ernment level ("Drag a dollar bill through
a trailer park and there's no telling what
you'll come up with," sneered Clinton aide
James Carville about Paula Jones).The stigma of the trailer park is all-pervasive.
While the mobile-home population in the
US has swollen to more than 18 million, the
figure here has remained static for more
than a decade, mainly due to restrictive
planning policies passed by local councils.
Effectively, the trailer's British advance has
been stopped in its tracks. "There are a lot
of old-fashioned attitudes towards the sector
which has limited its growth," laments
John Boston of the British Home Parks As-
sociation. "Councils won't grant us the samerights as ordinary builders to buy land, be-
cause they associate us with the old days."At Clifton Park, near Luton, the prej-
udice lingers despite new ownership. "This
place used to be a right old knocking-shop
by all accounts," says Kenneth Baseley, a
74-year-old living at number 10. "Reputa-
tions are hard to get rid of. There's a gypsy
living at the top end of the field who's al-
ways outside fixing his motor. The locals
can be a bit sniffy, and unfortunately we all
get tarred with the same brush."At Clifton, gentrification is nearly com-
plete. The few remaining rented trailers
have been banished to a remote corner,
while every few days brand-new trailers aredelivered to furnish the growing takeover
by the Saga set. On a sunny day, as the
Clifton residents prepare for the park's best-
kept garden competition, the scene seems
a long way from the truly menacing trailer
parks of the Alabama badlands with their
barbed-wire barricades. "My children were
horrified when I told them I was moving
here, but now they've seen the place they
love it," chips in Ronald Broom, another re-
sident, pausing briefly from watering his
geraniums. He is as neat and tidy as his
house, his white socks as spotless as the
carpet. Only his wiry hair makes a des-
perate bid for untidiness. "It's full of peo-
ple just like myself," he says.

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Flawed, fired by danger, but still a symbol of hope

IT MUST be suspected that we are a long way from the endgame of the Clinton presidency yet. For one thing, William Jefferson C does not come across as the resigning type. Insofar as quick psychology offers any insights, it is that Mr Clinton displays in full measure a character type quite common in men who achieve high office. An early biography of him by Elizabeth Drew, *On The Edge*, described a man who - like Jack Kennedy - was fired up by a sense of danger. More than that, though, Mr Clinton likes to make things difficult for himself. Whenever things seem to be going too well or too easily for him, he loses interest and resorts to risky and self-destructive behaviour. His life story has been a wild career (an apt word) from success to recovery from self-inflicted failure.

The descent of the leader of the Free World into bathos is unlikely, then, to come to a swift or clean end. The executive arm of the United States government is likely to be paralysed for several months, before Mr Clinton either struggles through to regain some tatters of credibility or hands over to Vice-President Al Gore. Does this matter?

Yes, although not perhaps as much as might be expected. After all, Mr Clinton has been unable to get any legislation through Congress for the last four years of his six-year incumbency, except that which the Republican leadership has allowed. As a system of checks and balances, it has to be said that the American constitution, for all its nonsenses, works extremely well. For all the grand rhetoric of "ending welfare as we know it", "reinventing government" and introducing health care for all, the presidency has turned out to be little more than a secular pulpit - and now it has been deprived not just of executive power but of its moral authority too.

Mr Clinton's domestic approval ratings did not reflect what he had done but what he had failed to do, namely screw up the US economy. To the average American, Mr Clinton's affable front was all that they asked of him at a time of prosperity and stability, and the President was quite happy to take the credit for the skillful economic management of Alan Greenspan. Much of Mr Greenspan's skill, too, lies in calmness while doing little, but he has shown a sure touch, for example in nudging Wall Street back up from its Russian panic with just a few words.

But the paralysis of the presidency does matter beyond US borders. One of Mr Clinton's few historic achievements was to assist the cause of peace in Northern Ireland. With Russia in crisis, Nato crying out for leadership in Kosovo, nuclear tensions high in the Indian subcontinent and economic difficulties threatening to destabilise large regions of the world, now is not the time for the leader of the world's remaining superpower to be tripping over his own trousers.

For this reason, and as dispassionate but sympathetic observers from abroad, we are tempted to say: Bring on Al Gore, a man almost unique in American politics not just because he has no middle name but because he has a Blairishly lameless private life.

As the vice of impeachment begins to close, Mr Clinton is bound to consider how and when to hand over the reins. If he does go early, he will want to hang on



until next January, the halfway point of his second term, because then Mr Gore would be entitled to stand twice for re-election. Either way, the case for Mr Gore is strong. He would be able to act abroad, but also offers the prospect of a more activist presidency at home. His attention to the issues of the environment and devolution of federal power has been rather more sustained than any of Mr Clinton's brilliant but short-lived policy interests.

As Mr Clinton considers his position, and as he inevitably thinks about his place in history, he should take pride in his remarkable personal achievement. It is not hyperbole to say that he personifies the American dream. That he should have raised himself from the poverty of an Arkansas backwater, from a broken family with an alcoholic stepfather, to the highest office in the land is a tribute to his intelligence, drive and - at some level at least - the ideal of public service.

Football's leaving home. It mustn't forget its roots

FOOTBALL LEFT home last week. Although its physical presence may remain among the narrow streets and corner shops where it grew up, its spiritual departure from the communities in which it was nourished was signalled by Manchester United's eager rush to be taken over by Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB. Other big clubs will inevitably surrender to the men in grey suits over the next few weeks, including Arsenal and Aston Villa, also founder members of the Football League, and Tottenham Hotspur.

The reaction, from those to whom a walk to their local ground was a regular act of pilgrimage, has been both fearful and emotional. In many towns and cities, particularly in the North and Midlands, a football club is the last distinctive feature in landscapes marked by identikit shopping malls, home improvement warehouses and multiplex cinemas.

The clubs also represent a link back through the generations within families, who have passed on their supporting habits to their children like a genetic code. No wonder, then, that there were tears and anger around Old Trafford as the club was metaphorically beamed into Earth orbit, ready to serve its fans in Malaysia as much as those in Manchester. No wonder there was such a sense of loss.

The sense of belonging to a local football club was as much a part of the social fabric as the milkman, or the bakery at the end of the street. Kick-off times were decided by when the shifts in the mine or factory ended to suit the convenience of the fans, not television scheduling. The players would belong in the town too, even if they had been imported from Scotland to ply their trade. They would be given a club house to live in, they would walk to training, or catch a tram. The limitations of their wage structure meant that suburban isolation was not possible. Football was on the doorstep.

Even the ending of the maximum wage in the early Sixties, and the exotic diversions of European competitions, seemed no threat. By the mid-Seventies, it was possible to find top teams still made up mainly of local players who were familiar with the area, with the clubs paternally run by worthies from the towns' better districts, whose qualifications were reflected by initials like JP and FCA after their names. These men did not care much for the fans - only stadium disasters, financial slumps or relegation would create a bond - but they had a patrician sense of community, and they knew football's place in it.

Now the MBAs have it. It is pointless to accuse the present generation of corporate directors of greed: the truth is that football has been saying a long goodbye to its core community for a decade. The creation of a European Super League now has an air of inevitability about it. Politically, there is a good side to it. When the drafters of the Treaty of Rome declared the objective of the "ever closer union of the peoples of Europe", it was always more likely to be fulfilled through sport than through multilingual bureaucrats in Brussels.

But we must retain what is valuable about English football, which includes the strong sense of local community, however much we accept that it is time, like a youth who has been living at home with his mum and dad for too long, for football to get out and see the wider horizons of the European market.

Western leaders stand aside as evil rises in the heart of Europe

THE LANGUAGE was robust and the promise unambiguous. "Modern Europe will not tolerate the full might of an army being used against civilian centres," declared Robin Cook. No ifs or buts, no diplomatic fudging and dodging.

"Will not tolerate," said the Foreign Secretary. It was a message that could be understood with equal clarity by Slobodan Milosevic in Belgrade and any Albanian peasant in the hills of Kosovo. If you continue your war against the towns and villages of Kosovo we will stop you, the Serbian leader was told.

That was the promise. That was months ago. Now let us consider the reality. In the months since Mr Cook's bold declaration tens of thousands of people have fled in the face of Serb attacks. According to UN estimates, there are now upwards of 300,000 people living in the open, after being driven from their homes by Serbian forces. This week we hear that another 25,000 people have joined the flight following the Serbs' renewed offensive, shelling civilian centres with the declared aim of destroying the Albanian separatist movement in Kosovo.

Not that the news of this monstrosity attracted much attention in the world beyond Kosovo's grim borders. We have been preoccupied with sexual shenanigans in the White House and the chaotic gavotte in the Kremlin. The most powerful countries in the world are, as I write, led by a lying philanderer and an erratic drunk. It is not a good time to be searching for moral leadership. Besides, we are tired, are we not, of the Balkans and their relentless savagery.

We have had six years now of Serbs, Croats and Muslims, with their

burning villages and refugee trails, their weeping women and murderous men, their demands for intervention, their rejection of intervention, their appeals to our conscience and their contempt for our weakness. We are tired and we wish heartily that the whole lot of them would vanish from our screens.

And so, when news leaks out of the thousands newly driven on to the roads, of a 10-month-old baby killed by shelling in the village of Senic, of men and boys being separated from the women by Serb forces, we hear barely a whimper from the leadership of the Free World.

Not that the media have been all that vocal either. The stories about the expulsion of 25,000 people from their homes, in the latest bout of Serbian ethnic cleansing, was tucked inside most of our newspapers. The reported comments of a US official, John Shattuck, that "horrendous human rights violations, violations of humanitarian law and acts of punitive destruction" were taking place on a massive scale, were not considered front page or top-of-the-bulletin news. As I say, we are tired.

Not, mind you, half as tired as a peasant woman trudging down the road from Suva Reka or Blace or any other of Kosovo's doomed villages. Not as tired as the men who are, at this moment, sitting in some Serb detention camp and wondering whether they will survive the next 24 hours. When thousands of frightened people are on the move, human dignity is the first casualty. Hungry and homeless, with the sound of shelling close behind them, the Albanian peasantry are being herded like animals in their own country. And, like animals, they must sleep,



FERGAL KEANE
In Bosnia, we knew of the horrors, but acted too late. In Kosovo, we know, but refuse to act at all

eat, shit and die in the open. Not a pretty image and not pretty language. But these are times and events which demand clarity of expression.

As it happens, I have spent the week reading a remarkable book on the massacre by Serb forces at Srebrenica during the Bosnian war. You remember Srebrenica? That was where we made another promise to protect frightened civilians - and then watched as the Serbs slaughtered them in their thousands.

Srebrenica was a "safe haven". The international community assigned Dutch UN troops to protect the people. Again, the promise was unambiguous. We will protect you. But we did not. The Dutch troops, frightened and outnumbered, stood by as the massacres and ethnic cleansing began. Even as the US special envoy, Richard Holbrooke, sensed that something "terrible" was going on, nothing was done.

The Graves, by the forensic scientist Eric Stover and war photographer

Gilles Peress takes us to the mass graves uncovered in the aftermath of the war. But its greatest value is in reminding us of how the absence of a collective will and moral force undermined the international response to the unfolding horrors.

There is a particularly chilling episode in which a woman describes how a refugee bus was stopped in the middle of the night. A bearded Serb soldier stepped on and walked down to where a mother was sitting with a sleeping infant in her arms. The soldier unsheathed his knife, leaned over and slit the child's throat. Can you imagine what it is to experience - in the flash of a knife - the destruction of a life, the flow of your own child's blood across your lap. I have tried to imagine it, but cannot. I wonder how many more mothers, in the long columns of refugees that are now trailing out of Kosovo's villages, will suffer a similar nightmare.

In Bosnia, we knew of the horrors and acted too late. In Kosovo, we know but we refuse to act at all. This is not so much a question of indifference, it seems more like a tragic combination of political and moral exhaustion.

Mr Milosevic is in breach of almost every moral law, yet again, but here in Britain, we refuse to ban flights by his country's airline - one of the pitifully weak sanctions imposed by the rest of our EU partners. Our reason: it would breach a bi-lateral agreement with Belgrade. Breaching agreements! With Milosevic! If it weren't such a tragedy, I would laugh. Tell the abandoned thousands roaming the hills of Kosovo about the legal niceties of our arrangements with Milosevic.

The West fears that the triumph of the Albanian independence movement

would trigger a bloody war in neighbouring Macedonia with the potential to bring in other states like Bulgaria, Greece and Turkey. There is deep concern too that military intervention in Kosovo would provoke the Russians, who have already made it clear that Kosovo is a key foreign policy issue for the Kremlin. These are not unreasonable fears. The Russian leadership might feel tempted to distract attention from domestic problems by riding to the rescue of Milosevic.

I am not a Balkan expert, and so I defer to the views of the writer and historian, Noel Malcolm, whose understanding of these matters is both profound and widely respected. By failing to intervene, he argues, we are simply guaranteeing further long-term instability. The terror now being visited on the Albanians - who, after all, represent 90 per cent of the population - will create further bitterness, further bloodshed. Blood will follow blood, and a wider conflict may become inevitable.

But will we do anything? Will we live up to the promises made by Mr Cook and the Prime Minister, when they promised months ago to stop Mr Milosevic in his tracks? I don't doubt that Mr Cook wishes he could take action. I believe he is as horrified as anybody else by the relentless onslaught of the Serbs. But with America preoccupied by the politics of the pecker, and Europe divided, he may feel that there is nothing that can be done.

But there remains the problem of his promise. He told the Albanians that they would be protected. Hopes were raised, but the good men have done nothing. And doing nothing, as Burke told us, is the prerequisite for the triumph of evil.

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MONITOR

ALL THE NEWS OF THE WORLD

Bill Clinton on trial • Sale of Manchester United • Russia's new prime minister • Royal Opera House • Akira Kurosawa

SALE OF MANCHESTER UNITED

British views on the takeover of Manchester United by Rupert Murdoch's BSkyB satellite television company

THE NEW STATESMAN

MR MURDOCH has too much power over too many things, but the damage has been done, and all we can do is await the day his empire crumbles (probably after his death), as such empires eventually always do. In the meantime, those who fear for the fate of Manchester United should ponder an old lesson: never think you can ignore excessive, unaccountable power because it only affects other people; sooner or later, it will affect you.

THE MIRROR

SOMEONE IS not telling the whole truth about Rupert Murdoch and Manchester United. Either his spokesman has got it wrong or his mouthpiece, *The Sun*, is playing with the truth. His spokesman says Mr Murdoch was not involved in the deal, which sees the takeover of United by BSkyB. But *The Sun* reported that his boss was so involved that he threatened to pull out of the deal if it was not signed quickly. But the villainy is not all on one side. United's current boss, Martin Edwards, has proved to be no champion of the fans who backed his team with their loyalty and hard-earned money. The bosses on both sides of the deal showed yesterday why it should not be allowed to go through. It is up to Peter Mandelson, the Trade Secretary, to stop it.

THE SUN

PEOPLE WHO really know sport acknowledge that Murdoch's companies have revolutionised TV coverage all over the world. Sports teams with worldwide reach like Man Utd, the New York Knicks and Los Angeles Dodgers are becoming so valuable because of the sports professionals who work with Murdoch – not despite them. There is a big world out there. It's a pity our rivals prefer not to look at it. Anyone who thinks *The Sun* will now be biased in favour of Manchester United is either brain dead... or the jealous editor of a rival paper. Or both.

YORKSHIRE POST

FOR THE passion and the spectacle to survive, the fans still need to be able to believe, however distantly, in the possibility of promotion, giant-killing glory, cup triumph or Euro-qualification. Mr Murdoch, however, seeks a no-lose guarantee for his investments, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that his arrival at England's biggest club would trample upon far more dreams than it could create. The Red Devils, then, may be about to gain the world, but in the process they might just have sold what is left of football's soul. (Andrew Norfolk)

THE SCOTSMAN

MR MURDOCH'S move for Manchester United poses inescapable problems for Mr Blair and Mr Mandelson. The bid, because of its size, automatically falls first under the remit of the Office of Fair Trading, and, because of Britain's competition laws, thereafter it falls effectively under the remit of Mr Mandelson. If the bid is allowed to proceed, he will be accused, however unfairly, of bowing to the wishes of Mr Murdoch. If it is blocked, he will be accused of allowing anti-Murdoch hysteria to get in the way of what is a perfectly sensible (if expensive) commercial proposition.

THE BIRMINGHAM POST

NOBODY OUTSIDE News Corp has a good word for the Digger, mainly because he's their commercial rival. It could be said that the newspaper price cuts are the workings of the free market, and the success of BSkyB is just reward for entrepreneurial risk-taking. But don't forget, his company somehow manages to pay next to no tax in this country, while making and breaking Governments, undermining the Royal Family and turning sport into big business. The Murdoch effect on Britain is pernicious and will do lasting damage. One day, a strong government will have to say he's gone far enough. It might even win them votes. (Nigel Hasloun)

Can anything save him now?

LOS ANGELES TIMES
United States

THOSE WHO will sit in judgement on Clinton and who believe that his conduct has disgraced the presidency must take care that their own anger or zeal for political gain does not disgrace Congress. Impeachment is an ill-defined process. This messy and dispiriting matter seems destined to remain unresolved for months. Meanwhile, the insistent day-to-day demands of governance – and of global leadership – will continue to face a preoccupied president and his demoralised administration.

SYDNEY MORNING HERALD
Australia

THE SORDID details in the report – said to include Mr Clinton's alleged attempt to help Ms Monica Lewinsky find jobs, and his appreciation for sexual tricks with cigars – will be like rubbing shards of glass into people's faces. No one will be able to ignore that, and Congress will want to take action. The only question is what action to take. Censure, impeachment proceedings and increasing pressure to resign are all possible. Mr Clinton is in for the fight of his life just to remain in a much-diminished Oval Office.

WASHINGTON POST
United States

IN A sense, it is the public, not Congress, that now needs to reach a judgment as to the President's conduct – not just what he did, but what then to do about it. Mr Clinton will have to address more fully the substance of the allegations against him. If he continues to refuse to say more about allegations that he lied and obstructed justice, as well as the rest of his behaviour, he will cede the factual discussion of these issues to what Mr Starr's office has described as its "substantial and credible" evidence of potentially impeachable conduct. The handling of and response to Mr Starr's report will test the responsibility of all parties involved in this matter. But at least they can now begin.



BILL CLINTON ON TRIAL

Opinions about whether Bill Clinton should be removed from office following the ever-widening scandal enveloping his presidency

NEW YORK TIMES
United States

CLINTON MUST produce a mammoth political effort to secure the forgiveness that he could have had with ease, if he had told the truth on the day last January when he wagged his finger at the American people

and denied having sex "with that woman, Miss Lewinsky". At this portentous moment, this president, who has had so much trouble with the truth, did produce one sentence of indisputable veracity: "I have no one to blame but myself for my self-inflicted wounds."

LE FIGARO
France

BILL CLINTON is only just beginning to appreciate the scale of the catastrophe opening up before him. And as for his newest strategy of continually asking forgiveness – could this really save him? In any case, realisation has dawned a little too late in the day. The Americans were ready to forgive him almost anything, but will not accept that the price to be paid would be the prestige of their institutions. We are willing to bet that American democracy will emerge strengthened by the test. Only a miracle would permit Clinton to be praised as the architect of the strengthening.

THE DENVER POST
United States

THE WEEKS ahead are sure to be unpleasant for Clinton – and the nation he has so poorly served. He has already earned the dubious distinction of being only the third US president in history to face a serious possibility of impeachment. President Clinton should spare himself, his family and the nation this ordeal by resigning from an office he can no longer effectively discharge. Failing such a merciful deliverance, we can only echo the words spoken on Wednesday by the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, which will weigh Starr's report: "This is an exercise in individual conscience, and we ask for God's help and blessing."

WASHINGTON TIMES
United States

THE PROCESS of even considering impeachment is grave and consequential, so much so that it is unwise to add to the trauma by fueling cynicism and suspicion. The antidote to cynicism and suspicion is fresh air and sunlight, which can only get in if the boxes are cracked open. The public needs to have the evidence before them so that they can hold lawmakers accountable. Making the Starr report available in toto is the only way to ensure that the battles that are to come are fought fairly.

RUSSIA'S NEW PRIME MINISTER

Opinion about how Yevgeny Primakov's appointment as the new prime minister of Russia will affect the country's economic crisis

HONG KONG STANDARD

CAN MR Primakov save the day, for both Mr Yeltsin and Russia? He is internationally known and respected, he has restored some of Russia's former influence on the world stage, and kept generally clear of domestic political manipulations. But Mr Primakov's expertise does not lie in the area that Russia immediately needs to rebuild the country. What Moscow needs urgently is a tough economic tsar who

is ready to do the unpopular. That might be too late now. The general public mood in Russia might not allow such hard-headed economic decisions, without which Western financial help might not be forthcoming.

NEZAVISIMAYA GAZETA
Russia

PRIMAKOV BECAME the symbol of consensus, which both the President, the Duma and

regional leaders sought to achieve during the past three weeks. Nothing is known, however, about what the would-be prime minister thinks about economic problems. Previously, the president was a cover for the man who managed the economy. Now, however, Primakov becomes a political mediator between the head of state and the man who will manage the economy. Obviously, the purpose of this complex structure is to prevent early presidential elections.

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE

Comment on the decision of the Royal Opera to suspend performances for several months

THE EVENING STANDARD

THE ROYAL Opera House has yet again taken money and failed to account for its expenditure. This is continuing gross financial ineptitude which makes it harder to justify substantial state subsidy of opera and plays straight into the hands of the philistines and "Cool Britannia" enthusiasts who call for the privatisation of the House because of its snobbery and elitism.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

IN RETURN for bailing out the Royal Opera House again, the Government must insist on a firm five-year commitment to replace an increasing proportion of its subsidy with private sponsorship and commercial receipts. If the ROH subsequently fails to live within its means, then it will be high time to call in the receivers. They could hardly make a bigger hash of running it.

THE TIMES

SIR COLIN's determination that this chaotic but artistically brilliant company should start life in its new theatre with a clean sheet, managerial as well as financial, is reason enough for the staff to meet his challenge. But it is not the only one; the long overdue changes he demands are essential if the ROH is to fulfil its potential to enrich the nation's cultural life.

THE GUARDIAN

IF YESTERDAY'S umpteenth rescue package for the ROH leads to the denouement of this embarrassing saga, then everyone will rejoice. But such is the managerial incompetence there in the last few years that few people will believe in a happy ending until they see it for themselves. The ROH is the architect of its own misfortune. Its future is now in its hands.

THE DEATH OF AKIRA KUROSAWA

Tributes to the life and work of the great and influential Japanese film maker, who died last Sunday

LE MONDE
France

TOWARDS THE end of his life, his peers started calling him "The Emperor". It was a mark of respect not entirely without irony, as he was a director who, for a long time in Japan, was not well loved and was most certainly misunderstood. The rest of the world, however, recognised his genius and, thanks to him, discovered the existence of Japanese cinema. It was the expressive strength of his images which offered a synthesis

between traditional Japanese forms of representation and those of the Western world. This imbued his work with a powerful lyricism. Where this magic of form and a hope for humanity meet, there lies the genius of Akira Kurosawa.

ASAHI SHIMBUN
Japan

WE CAN compare his desperation to get to the studio each morning with the inability a child might have to sleep the evening before a long-awaited

THE JAPAN TIMES

THE DEATH of film director Akira Kurosawa last Sunday inspired a wave of paenegyric, both in his native country and abroad. This is only fitting, since Kurosawa was one of the brightest stars in Japan's, indeed the world's, artistic firmament. The convention of speaking well of the dead is worth honouring – across the board. For the darker, crueler, sadder side of life, we can look not to the obituary pages, but to the towering works of some of those, like Kurosawa, memorialized there.

MISCELLANEOUS

Stories from around the world

ST PETERSBURG TIMES
Florida, US

NOW COME the higher minds at Carnegie Mellon University with the news that people on the Internet are lonely and depressed. That is no revelation. Sad and lonely people are why the Internet exists. These are the same people, after all, who held an online chat with Koko the gorilla. Millions use the Net as TV on-demand, or as a talking ground for simulated sex. It is axiomatic that cruising the Net leaves people less time to socialize or coach youth sports. People have only so many hours a day to be distracted and depressed. Is it any wonder, what with Internet gambling and Baywatch on the Web, that Americans are

church? Researchers now will examine whether watching TV has the same effect.

OKINAWA TIMES
Japan

THERE IS now a new system available for selling beer through vending machines on Okinawa. The system will verify the age of a potential buyer by checking one's driving licence, so that alcohol can be sold during the night time, but it will prohibit sales to those who are under age. The buyer inserts their driving licence for the machine to read the date of birth. If you're old enough, money can be inserted to get a cool beer. Of course, if teenagers use their fathers' li-

THE TIMES OF INDIA

WHEN WOMEN are fertile, they find that ugly men smell better than handsome ones. Without consciously thinking about it, they know that an ugly partner is unlikely to run away with another woman. He will almost certainly help to bring up the offspring. Their theory must be going wrong where people wash too often or are too quick to take showers. Hygiene could well be the cause of many divorces. Women's pheromones are much more personal and have a greater effect than the most exotic perfumes. Someone, somewhere has the right pheromones for you. You only have to smell your way to them.

QUOTES OF THE WEEK

"There was a madman in our local supermarket a few days ago, screaming and lashing out and throwing things. I don't know if it's given me any ideas, though. You never really know until later."
Ruth Rendell, novelist

"If we lose this ballot, we could be out of office for a generation."
William Hague, on the Tory Party euro referendum

"I don't subscribe to the theory that people are affected by screen violence. This is said by politicians to throw their responsibility on to another section of the community."
Mel Gibson, actor

"It appeared to be a case of gross injustice that while regular government employees were entitled to such benefits, the same were being denied to elephants."
Raghuvir Singh, announcing that the working elephants in Uttar Pradesh were allowed to mate

"I'm quite happy in the background. We can't all be superstars."

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Some bad sex can make for a really good read

NOW IS the time of the year when bookish wags and scholars are thinking even more than usual about sex. They are leaping through recently published works in search of choice extracts to Auberon Waugh at *The Literary Review*. Descriptions deemed to be particularly cack-handed, clammy, over-eager, or simply confused, will be read out to an audience of chortling sophisticates at the annual Bad Sex Prize.

This odd, and peculiarly English, occasion once had a semi-serious purpose to it. The permissiveness of the Sixties and Seventies had encouraged a rash of literary erotica, it was argued. First, popular fiction succumbed, with ever more outlandish scenes of excess and kinkiness. Who could forget the

goldfish scene in Shirley Conran's *Lace*, or the place where one woman kept a diamond in Sally Beauman's *Destiny*? Soon afterwards, serious fiction became infected, making voyeurs of us all. The Bad Sex Prize was introduced to discourage the trend by naming and shaming authors who had rashly taken on erotic explicitness and had ended up - sometimes literally - arse over tit.

As it happens, this was something of a hobby of mine at the time. It had occurred to me that a useful antidote to the ever-growing list of inspirational volumes about orgasms and g-spots would be *The Bad Sex Guide*, a collection of anaphoristic quotations. Opening with the classics, I would include from *Monty Python*: "I'm going to make my little Faunty feel as she's



TERENCE BLACKER

A useful antidote to the volumes about orgasms and g-spots would be 'The Bad Sex Guide'

never felt before." Or from *Martin Chuzzlewit*: "She touched his organ, and from that bright epoch,

even it, the old companion of his happiest hours, incapable as he had thought of elevation, began a new and defied existence."

There would be a section on first moves, from Alice Walker's "Something hot and passionate was opening in him, and it wasn't in his trousers: it was in his chest", to Leslie Thomas's less poetic "I lay beside her. She was like a warm lounge. Her hands went to my thing." A chapter might be devoted to the breast, an area of particular difficulty to such English writers as Douglas Hurd and Andrew Osmond, whose line "Her breasts were so big she kept them strapped in a brassiere, otherwise they got in the way of her gun" demanded inclusion.

The guide's main thrust would deal with the act itself, taking in the

peremptory, as expressed by John Cheever's journal, "I mount my wife, eat my eggs, walk my dog", to Stewart Home's more politically engaged, "As he came, he imagined his orgasm to be an all-out nuclear attack on what brain-dead patriots insisted was his country". There would certainly have been room for such journalistic efforts as the news from the *Evening Standard* in 1986 that "a painting of a nude Mick Jagger, taken from the rear by Cecil Beaton, was sold by London auctioneers Bonham's yesterday for £1,050".

Cheap? Undignified? Of course, but there was a market in those days for the cheap and undignified, and I had a family to feed. Fortunately perhaps, my agent took a dim view of the enterprise and told me to go away and write a novel.

A few months later, *The Literary Review* announced its prize.

It has been disastrously successful. Appealing, with its combination of giggly voyeurism and an abiding fear of pretentiousness, to the public school faction, it has become an event in the literary calendar. New novelists, aware as never before of the importance of public image, have frequently cited their terror of being humiliated at The Bad Sex Prize to explain why they are so hounded out.

Less frequently pointed out is the fact that, for the serious novelist writing about attraction and relationships, sexuality is important. To shut the bedroom door in the reader's face, claiming, in the face of all evidence and experience, that we all make love in the same way, is a cowardly evasion. In bed is pre-

cisely where it all starts getting interesting. Imagine how impoverished the best works of Roth or Updike would be without their daring, and sometimes embarrassing, erotic candour.

Far from discouraging writers with its annual dirty-minded snigger, *The Literary Review* should mark its abiding interest in this subject by instituting a Good Sex Prize to reward particularly adventurous, perceptive, stimulating and unusual descriptions. Alternatively, if sneering is the order of the day, it might look to the area of true exploitation - the lifting of private marital pain, unmediated by any fictional device and offering no right of reply, into written form, in the manner recently achieved by Hanif Kureishi and Tim Lott. Time, perhaps, for the Bad Faith Prize.

THE SATURDAY PROFILE

STEVEN SPIELBERG, FILM DIRECTOR

Patron saint of entertainment

HOW MUCH can one man take - and deliver? In 1993, Steven Spielberg was in Poland, making *Schindler's List*. "I cried all the time," he said in allowable exaggeration, because he was making the film that had always frightened him - as a showman, as an artist and a human being - because it was about being Jewish. And Spielberg had all his life hidden on the wave of energy and accomplishment that said, "that's OK, being Jewish; this is America and Hollywood, and being Jewish is safe now; that's all over." But it wasn't; it isn't; it can't be. And he had to face it, at the same time as making a huge, very complicated picture in which he had to do such things as send a crowd of women into the Auschwitz showers when they didn't know whether to expect gas or water.

Only one person in a thousand, 10 thousand, maybe 100 thousand could get that big a picture done, finished near enough on time and on budget - never mind how good it is - just finish it, without disaster. Making a movie is one of the most gruelling ordeals in the world.

But in Poland with him, Spielberg had his wife, Kate Capshaw, and five children (one Spielberg's son by his first wife, Amy Irving; one Capshaw's child by an earlier marriage; two of their own; and one adopted). Thank God for that, he said, they kept me sane. Which, again, you understand; but think of your own life and think how much time you need for a spouse and children (let alone five with these rivalries). But at the very same time, in the evenings, so to speak, Steven Spielberg went to the hotel, switched on a satellite dish, specially installed, and worked on editing *Jurassic Park*, which he had finished shooting just before he left for Poland.

Now he has two more children: one adopted, one acquired the slow way. And here he is again, with *Saving Private Ryan*. There are things wrong with the film. But, for myself, after two viewings, I've given up on what's wrong because I'm so moved that it doesn't seem to matter.

And this fellow Spielberg will be 52 on 18 December, and along with the wife and seven children, and *Saving Private Ryan* (which is only D-plus day, and the last time that was attempted, in *The Longest Day*, it nearly destroyed a studio) he is also one of the three partners trying to make DreamWorks SKG the best new enterprise in Hollywood, despite horrendous problems (over whether they can ever build a studio where they want to, on land north of Los Angeles airport), and striving to get two innovative animated films - *Antz* and *The Prince of Egypt* - ready for this Christmas to show the sceptics that DreamWorks is for real, and here to stay.

All this while nurturing the inner life, as artists are supposed to do, aren't they? There are also things right with *Saving Private Ryan* that come from the inner life and the extraordinary ability to tame and guide resistant reality so that it becomes a story, an art, an entertainment. You see

combat shot and cut in such ways that you realise how tidy it has been in other films. Spielberg gives you blast and its deafness, the craziness, the surrealism. There's even a moment, finally, when Ryan is going to be saved and the Captain tells him: "Earn it" - deserve the sacrifices of those who died to bring him back - when you feel

LIFE STORY

Born: Cincinnati, Ohio, 18 December 1947.
Vital statistics: Age 51; twice married - Amy Irving in 1985 (divorced), two children; second wife, the actress Kate Capshaw, three children, plus two adopted.
Background: Father an electrical engineer who moved the family to New Jersey and Arizona before settling in California. Mother, a housewife and keen pianist.
Education: California State College.
First work: Filming a toy train collision at 12. Won film contest with 40-minute war movie *Escape to Nowhere* at age 13.
First position: TV director at Universal Pictures at age 20.
Films as director: 22
Success rate: Six of the top dozen highest earning films of all time. And, at last, some Oscars.
Influences: A passionate anglophile, he describes David Lean as his greatest influence.
His critics say: He is "infantilising film culture". (Pauline Kael, critic).
He says of himself: "I hope I'm never accused of making 'adult' movies."

and understand the noble metaphor of the "good war", and that unselfish and still unbombastic American faith that it had come to Europe to save the world.

That's the moment to sketch in Spielberg's life story. Born in Cincinnati, one of the famously dull and conservative places in America; the son of an electrical engineer and a mother who played the piano; a quiet, shy kid with an inner life who wrote illustrated stories and quickly turned to home movies (at the age of 16, he had made a 140-minute home movie called *Firelight*, cost \$600); how he had moved to New Jersey and then to Phoenix - another of the worst places in America; how he went to California State College, not much of a school; how he got work in TV.

Then, at the age of 25, for TV originally, he made *Duel*, a spectacular fable about an ordinary driver who begins to be pursued by a rogue truck. Well, that's not so much, you say, because at 25, Orson Welles

had made *Citizen Kane* - but *Duel* was more successful.

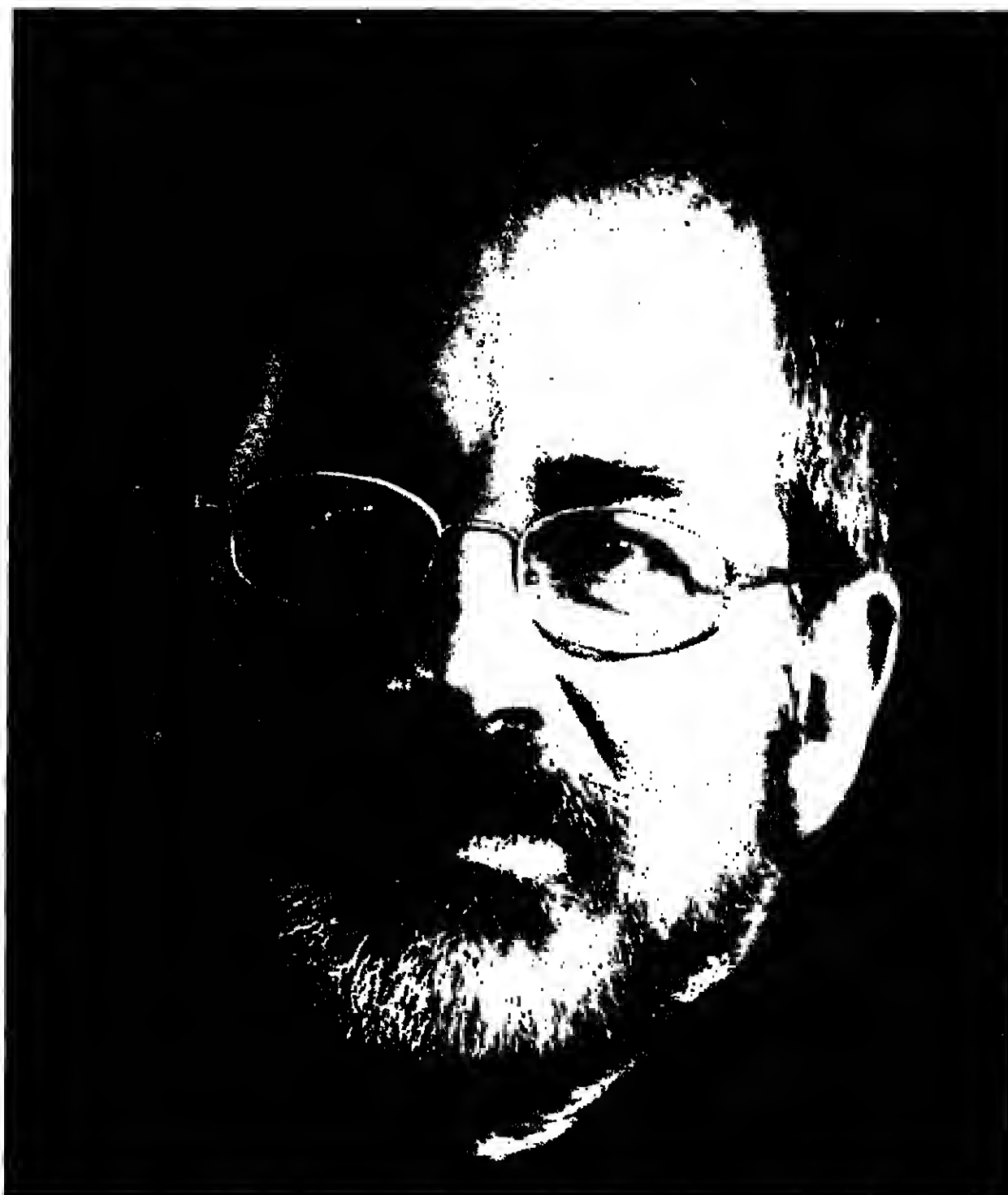
Maybe we're close to the secret hero, for, truly, *Kane* was a failure in 1941 - audiences didn't understand it, couldn't follow it. *Duel* worked like clockwork. As time went by, Spielberg became known for astonishing, rapturous cinematic flights that worked like perfect engines. For example, a sweet teenage girl goes skinny-dipping off the Massachusetts shore one warm night. She's having a perfect holiday until the John Williams music comes surging out of the deep and - Gotcha! The truck was a shark now, and in the summer of 1975, kids in America went from the beach to the movie house, and back again, working themselves into a comic frenzy of fact and fiction. *Jaws*, it was called, and it changed the business: here was the new summer blockbuster, the sort of tricked-up film you open on 500 screens - 1,000, 2,000, 3,000 on Friday, and by Monday you're a millionaire.

Spielberg was established as an American genius - the kind that delivers immediately, on the spot. Orson Welles was the other kind, I suppose; the old-fashioned European kind. But *Kane* is less a lever than a miracle; it simply is up there on the screen. But everyone who ever saw *Jaws* can tell you what it means and how it works. Indeed, it's a sort of student film, full of glee about its own medium.

But Steven Spielberg never rested or relaxed, just because he'd made it. In the years after *Jaws*, his sense of the popular pulse was borne out in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* (a landmark in American popular culture in the way it opened up the subject of extraterrestrialism); *Raiders of the Lost Ark* (a partnership with George Lucas, the redemption of Saturday morning serial heroics, and a further mining of the young audiences); and *ET* (in which the shark became a marketable toy and an ancient, wise softee).

There have been relative commercial failures along the way: 1941, an ambitious farce about America in the paranoia of possible Japanese invasion, fell flat; *Hook* proved to be an inflated and overly sentimental reworking of the Peter Pan story; *Amistad* was an awkward mix of courtroom cliché and an anguished portrait of the slave trade. There are also lesser known pictures that seem to me among the most interesting things Spielberg has done. *Pollux*, credited to Tobe Hooper, but apparently driven along by Spielberg himself, a dark modern fairy-story in which the truck-shark has become the television set in the corner of the room; and *Empire of the Sun*. The latter, an uncommonly grown-up story about a child, gave Spielberg the best source material he has ever had - J.C. Ballard's autobiographical novel - and the result proved too disturbing for large audiences. But it remains a work of true mystery.

Not that commercial immediacy has been a problem with Spielberg. He has made more of the picture business's



The most successful - and perhaps the most ambitious - director in the history of cinema

Retina

greatest hits than anyone else dead or alive. He has made box-office successes out of projects that seemed perilous at first. *Schindler's List* and *Saving Private Ryan*, for example. More than that, he has been producer or executive producer on the *Back to the Future* series, *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*, *Twister* and *Men in Black*. By 1996, according to his biographer, Joseph McBride, Spielberg's personal fortune was more than \$100m. Just as important to him, with *Schindler's List* he broke down the Academy's long-time resistance and won best picture and best director. If ever the kid seemed arrogant, the middle-aged man was welcomed home.

Today, he is regarded by the film business as a titan, a saint and a lucky charm. He is just "Steven". People seek his tough imprimatur; they fear his disapproval. The society of Hollywood follows his lead and wears jeans, sneakers, T-shirts or wind-breakers and baseball caps. Everyone admires the way Spielberg seems so youthful and so earnest at the same time. And for nearly 25 years now he has kept his ability to read the audience's mind, and then offer it something a little more challenging than it expected.

He defines the entertainment movie as few have done before. In his unfinished novel, *The Last Tycoon*, F. Scott Fitzgerald

wrote: "Not half a dozen men have ever been able to keep the whole equation of pictures in their head." That was 1940, or so, when you could have pointed to DW Griffith, Chaplin, De Mille, Lubitsch, Capra, Seznick and Disney as possible candidates. Those were men who could think, talk and deal in art and money, slipping from one to the other while hardly faltering.

Since 1940? Hitchcock, Lucas and Spielberg. But among all those other names there's no one who's remained at the top as long as Spielberg. And he's still just in his early fifties. There's no one who's made as much money, or who has so steadily taken on big and "important subjects".

Then I'm reminded of *Schindler's List*. Never doubt the daring or the "trick" of that venture. For decades, Hollywood had known that the Holocaust was one of the great subjects. But how do you make it uplifting? How do you tell the truth and let the audience feel good? With the help of Thomas Keneally's book, Spielberg found a hero and a "positive" picture. Does that diminish the art and the truth? Yes, I think so, just as it shows a little too much zeal for taste's good. That's why it felt compelled to colourise the red coat of the child lost in the ghetto. For there is no decent way in which Auschwitz can be made into a show. It is sacred - even if the opposite of

holiness; it cannot be given a purpose or a point, without seeming vulgar.

Then recollect the superhuman way in which Spielberg worked on *Schindler's List* and *Jurassic Park* at the same time. The first may have its limits, but it is a remarkable achievement and the way to tears. The second is a piece of nonsense, rather more than casually made, in fact, that embodies a kind of movie-making (computer-generated) that enables the medium to move beyond real light, or real things and a debt to reality. Of course, that small child's red coat was computer-generated, too.

Ask yourself, could Tolstoy have written *War and Peace* and a James Bond novel at the same time? Is such versatility proper, decent or human? Or does it suggest an uncommon weakness for trick effects and ostentatious genius? Is it even possible that, since he's so interested in aliens, Spielberg's personality transcends the human? Or is he so successful that it leaves critics determined not to honour his art? Can the American movie ever be as profound as we want? Or is it always a show and a marvel, so furiously effective and useful that it always misses the sacred? No career knocks against that question more steadily than that of Spielberg.

DAVID THOMSON

THE TROUBLE with most intellectuals is that they tend to be a little light on half-decent gags. Not Germaine Greer. From posing naked, legs akimbo, in a radical Dutch magazine in the Seventies, to her memorable description of a fellow columnist's footwear as "fuck-me shoes", her heroic career has been full of risk-takers, and all without sacrificing one ounce of credibility as a feminist thinker.

While the ideas of most of Miss Greer's (never Ms) contemporaries were consigned long ago to their rightful place as hippy museum exhibits alongside Afghan coats, Zabriskie Point and King Crimson concept albums, Miss Greer's insights resolutely refuse to be preserved in aspic.

She is currently updating them, reportedly for a publisher's advance of \$800,000. That is how great public demand is deemed to be for *The Whole Woman*, Greer's take on the current state of play between men and women, due to be published in time for the Millennium.

Despite the time lapse, it is Greer's follow up to her 1970 feminist blockbuster, *The Female Eunuch*, not just a major contribution to 20th century political thought, but a rattling good read. And if you leaf through the volumes in the Women's Studies section of your local library, you will soon realise that it is not a description you can attach to every feminist political tract.

The ideas in the book - about marriage being a form of legalised slav-

ACCIDENTAL HEROES OF THE 20TH CENTURY

5: GERMAINE GREER, FEMINIST

ery, about women's passivity as a sort of castration, and how political factors govern personal relations - are now so much part of the mainstream that it is difficult to imagine the impact the book had, and how incendiary it all seemed back then.

The Female Eunuch sold a million copies worldwide, has been translated into 15 languages, and has never been out of print. These are remarkable figures for what is essen-

tially a work of philosophy, and must partly be accounted for by people's desire to buy a piece of Miss Greer's unquenchable spirit, as seen on TV.

So assiduously and entertainingly did Miss Greer talk about her book on television, so clever and lustreously beautiful did she appear alongside the grey-suited TV types produced as combatants, that the book would probably have sold even if it were not so fiery and passionate.

A Canadian TV interviewer called Larry Zoff tells on his Internet page of his experiences as a moderator on an early Seventies TV debate about rape between Greer and some neanderthal Canadian politician. He describes how Greer took the pair of them to the cleaners. "If there is anything worse off than a female eunuch," writes Zoff, "it's a male eunuch at the mercy of one."

Greer delighted in subverting all that the world held dear. On love, engulfed by songwriters through the ages, she said: "Love, love, love - all the wretched cant of it, masking egotism, lust, masochism, fantasy under a mythology of sentimental postures... the kissing and the dating and the desire, the compliments and the quarrels which vivify its barrenness." It's not music, but you know what she means.

These days, her public pronouncements tend to be less abrasive.

On the TV programme, *The Late Review*, she is an amusing and likeable commentator on the arts, and never guilty of that irritating old hippy mantra: "oh, we did all that in the Sixties." In the magazine, *The Big Issue*, Miss Greer invited down-and-outs to spend a week in her country cottage and found herself entertaining a *Mail On Sunday* reporter posing as a tramp.

But, as Germaine approaches 60, do not be fooled into thinking the years have mellowed her into a sweet little old Greer. The new book, she says, will be "white-hot, tense, and quivering". We never doubted it.



THE WEEKLY MUSE

BY MARTIN NEWELL



In the robes of Sussex downlands
As the oak leaves edged to brown
With the sky like a melted Mivvi
And the sun for a rusted crown
Some sheep were hedging down.

The sheep shop-steward grimaced
And read the news report
"It's BSE they reckon
Or something of that sort
It may not hog the headlines
Like Clinton being caught
Or Man Utd's purchase
By Murdoch's World of Sport
Now fêted as "Gold Trafford"
Whatever that may mean
Perhaps it's time that football
Returned to village green
Where business cannot harm it
And saggy-faced old gits
Can't quarter it like fudge-cake
Then sell the fans the bits."

Meanwhile at the White House
The President contrite
Apologised to the camera
And turned to say goodnight
His dog jumped up to greet him
And licked his master's cheek
Then gestured at his kennel
"You're in with me this week."

So education standards
Have rapidly declined
With early adolescents
About two years behind
It's surely not related
If one and one make two,
To endless new assessments
Which teachers must go through
Or bullying by Ofsted
The consequent depression
And haemorrhage of talent
Deserting the profession?

"Source of Nazi Gold Found"
The latest information...
Curious, I thought it was
A cable TV station.

A test-tube baby clinic
Now offers what you need
Ten grand to make you pregnant
Or cash back guaranteed
And if this seems expensive
Or ethically unreal
Just call in at my garret
I've got a better deal.

THE WEASEL

In which third-rate rock drummers are misrepresented, Mrs W is unticked by Dodd's stick, and Scarborough lets a Brontë down

AS THE knives flash on Capitol Hill, a phrase from an American commentator by the name of Lars-Erik Nelson keeps ringing in my mind. "A powerful person like that," said Lars-Erik, "he's supposed to be above the moral standards of a third-rate rock drummer." Oddly enough, the most prominent American figure to make a stand against the lax morals and provocative lyrics of heavy-metal bands is Tipper Gore, First Lady in Waiting. I recall that her memorable condemnation of the genre is prominently displayed in the Rock and Roll Museum and Hall of Fame at Cleveland, Ohio: "I'm a fairly with-it person, but this stuff is curling my hair". Ironically, my American friends insist that her irreproachably spotless husband doesn't stand an earthly of winning an election because of his unwavering loyalty to a certain saxophone-toting non-inhaler.

"WHAT HAVE I done?" gasped Mrs Weasel, shaking her head in disbelief as she rejoined me on Scarborough seaford. What she had done, at my request, was buy two tickets for *The Ken Dodd Happiness Show*. "Why Ken Dodd?" she groaned. "Daddy might not be the height of fashion," I retorted, "but it's not every comic that's been the subject of a book by Michael Billington. His penchant for the surreal would have been admired by André Breton." But Mrs W remained unpersuaded. "What have I done?" she echoed a trifle tediously. "See, it could be worse," I said on

the following night, pointing out posters for forthcoming appearances by Roy "Chubby" Brown and the Grumbleweeds as we stomped up a long, seedy staircase to the circle of the Futurist Theatre. My spouse grimaced at the massed ranks of Dodd fans, many already waving tickling sticks (moderately priced at £2). Her mood was scarcely elevated when the curtains parted for a protracted entertainment by the Diddymen, a gaggle of prancing infants. After an eternity, the homunculi scurpered, and, to the accelerated strains of "Love is like a Violin", the master took the stage. "This is a Theatre of the imagination," he announced. "You'll need it. The giraffe hasn't turned up." After this promising start, Dodd's routine rolled on seamlessly, not so much an act as a stream of consciousness. "This man I know had a pig's ear transplant. He says it works OK, but he gets a bit of cracking now and again." Gags melded into school-yard chants, scraps of sentimental songs and ancient riddles. After a few half-hearted Monica Lewinsky cracks, he returned to more familiar terrain: "Catseyes - they were invented by a Yorkshireman. If he'd been going the other way, he'd have invented the pencil sharpener." The comic repeatedly harked back to his infamous brush with the Inland Revenue: "Yes, my taxman came from head office - Andover". His stinginess was another leitmotif, but this was a little redundant since his support acts - a dozen or so juveniles and a game old girl hampering away at the joanna - must be

the most economical in show biz.

If Dodd's act had been cut by three-quarters, it might have been OK. But his stream of consciousness proved to be more like the Amazon. His cracks about the infinite duration of his show ("Don't worry, you'll be out for breakfast" were thin when, despite promises, there was no sign of an interval after a solid two-and-a-half hours, which included three appearances by the Diddymen. Eventually, I exchanged



glances with Mrs W and we shuffled to the exit. It was a journey not without perils - Dodd had bellowed after an early escapee: "Never thought of myself as a diuretic" - but we emerged unscathed. It turned out that a sizeable section of the audience, desperate-looking men puffing roll-ups and sipping pints, had also done a runner. Buffeted by squalls, we scuttled along the seaford. "Next time you feel an urge to see Ken Dodd," Mrs W seethed, "you can go along with your old pal André Breton."

ANYONE WHO wants to combine culture with fresh air could do worse than acquire a copy of *The Brontës by the Sea* by Rhonda Petersen (Bridlington, 1997). Though the talented trio are rarely associated with rude health, Miss Petersen informs us that Anne Brontë (via her heroine Agnes Grey) said she was "refreshed, delighted and invigorated" by Scarborough. This commendation could be used in adverts were it not for the fact that Anne succumbed to tuberculosis in the resort a few years later. Similarly, Charlotte, who we learn was 4ft 9in, had a soft spot for Filey: "The sands are long and smooth and very pleasant. I walk on them a good deal." Miss Petersen suggests perambulations for those who want to follow in the Brontës' footsteps. Sadly, the area has lost a little of its romance: "Turn right at the lights, then take the next turning sharp left signposted to the waste-disposal site..."

This work could be read with advantage by some of my relatives. Despite living a stone's throw from Haworth parsonage, they display a distinct lack of interest in the literary sorority. "I live in 'aworth," one explained to Mrs W. "You know, Charlotte Brontë." Underlining the point, he cried out, "eathcliff 'eath-cliff!" I hope Emily's ghost delivered a swift buff to her diminutive sibling.

WHAT WITH decaying comedians and consumptive Victorian novelists, you may think we're not exactly at the artistic cutting edge here in North

Yorkshire. But, at least in one respect, we're streets ahead of even the most avid London culture vulture. When friends raved about Alan Ayckbourn's stylish comedy *Things We Do For Love*, currently filling the Duchess Theatre, we were able to trump them with insouciant superiority: "Oh yeah, got here, has it? Course, we saw it in Scarborough last December". What ever you might have read about the Stephen Joseph Theatre (Artistic Director: A Ayckbourn), it is going great guns at present. In the past two weeks, we have seen John Godber's latest slice of northern life *Perfect Pitch* (mixed reviews from the Weasel family) along with the stylish movie *Love and Death on Long Island*. (I might add that Scrambled Egg with Smoked Salmon in the theatre restaurant won a standing ovation.)

But the highlight was the latest Ayckbourn. Even from such a restless creative spirit, *Comic Potential* is a startlingly daring work. Set in the near future, it is a cross between *Pygmalion* and *Blade Runner*. The success of this unlikely hybrid is largely due to a fizzy young actress called Jamie Dee. In a tricky lead role as an android, she held the stolid Scarborough audience in the palm of her hand for almost three hours. It didn't hurt, of course, that she has the looks of a mischievous angel. As you might have guessed, even the Weasel, who prides himself on his resistance to thespian charm, was won over more than somewhat. Anyway, I dare say you Londoners will be able to judge for yourselves. In due course, that is.

SPIRIT OF THE AGE

PAUL VALLELY

The gangster and the cherub

A COUPLE of years ago, the caretaker was about to close the gates at Beckett Street Cemetery in Leeds when an unsavoury-looking character leapt from his black Mercedes. "I'm the local gangster," he announced (or words to that effect). "What's all this about a missing cherub?"

The cherub under discussion had stood atop a gravestone commemorating the death of Lowena Ethel, daughter of one James Harrison, who was reputed to have thrown all his money in her grave at her funeral in 1892, declaring that he now had no use for it any more - though he evidently kept back enough to pay for the expensive cherub carved from high-class marble.

Respect for such extravagant grief has diminished with the years since those Victorian high-days. One hundred years later, some delinquent had sawn off the marble effigy in the hope of giving it to someone who fancied a bit of statuary among their shrubbery. But such was the outraged outcry in the days that followed among the friends of Beckett Street that the local gangster materialised to investigate the offence which was giving his profession a bad name. But more of that later. "Show me how you have lived," Kierkegaard once said, "and I'll tell you what you believed." You can make a similar equation with the way we die. Far from being a fine and private place, the Victorian cemetery was an embodiment of the notion that in the

midst of life we are in death. It provides an instructive comparison with the attitude of our own times.

To explore the contrast, I went round the cemetery - which yesterday unveiled a blue plaque proclaiming it the first municipal cemetery in the country - in the company of its historian, Sylvia Barnard, an undertaker of 20 years standing. David Kaye, and the Church of England's top man on death and its rituals, The Revd Douglas Davies, professor of theology at Durham University.

Though there are even today a few interments in family graves, Beckett Street's heyday was the 1880s and the place is overgrown now with a profusion of brambles and the wispy-seeded rosebay willowherb obscuring the old tombstones. Still, Mrs Barnard guided us through the tangle, all the while pushing a bike with a basket which looked as though she might have had it at Oxford 30 years ago.

As she pushed, she talked at the speed of an ISDN download, discharging vast quantities of information on the tombs of soot merchants, soldiers and steeplejacks. She showed us classical pillars and urns, gothic shields and spires, and Celtic crosses. There were the unmarked pits containing 1,100 cholera victims, the "guinea graves" in which the poor had their names recorded, on payment of a pound and a shilling, on a collective headstone, and there were the individual monuments of the solid bour-

geoisie, including one child with the unlikely name of Vieuxtemps Haddock.

The stones were - unlike the bald epitaphs in a contemporary huffal ground - brimming with information. They recorded in death the virtues which the Victorian age esteemed in life - probity, faithfulness, devotion to duty and public-spiritedness. Several boasted of their occupants having been teetotalers, though the fact did not seem to have done them any good in the end. "It's like someone today putting that 'she was a life-long vegan' on the headstone," observed Professor Davies with a raised eyebrow.

Other monumental inscriptions served as mechanisms of retribution, with the bereaved pointing the finger at negligent pit-owners or, in the case of 12-year-old Fred Smith, who was killed by an airliner at a show in 1933, at the plane's owner, Sir Alan Cobham, and the pilot of the plane, one Elk Lieut. Johnson. There were also admonitions of mortality to the Victorian public. "When you come my grave to see," said a typical one, "prepare yourselves to follow me."

Our values have changed in almost all these areas, insisted Sylvia Barnard: "Death is not talked about in public. We sweep it under the carpet in the same way that we shunt the old off to rest homes and hospices to die."

It is a change which has been most marked in more recent years, according to David Kaye who, after 20 years as an undertaker, is now editor of *The*



Victorian cemeteries were adorned with reminders of death in life

Funeral Service Journal. "When I began in the mid-Sixties, the idea was to give the deceased a good send-off. Funerals had a hearse and as many as six following cars; today, a hearse-and-one is the norm. The amount of time people take off work has gone down; before it was days, now they want the whole thing over in a morning."

The conventional explanation for all this is the contemporary fall-off in religious belief. But this is not as pronounced as is generally supposed. David Kaye agrees. "In the old days people went to church out of sense of duty or for social reasons," he said, "but they didn't believe any more than they do today."

Our theologian had a more secular explanation. Professor Davies insists

that it is not a spiritual matter so much as a medical one. "It's all tied up with fear," he said as we stopped before a stone which recorded the death of four brothers and sisters who had all died from scarlet fever within a period of just six weeks. "So many people died in infancy then that people were more acquainted with death. Nowadays, with better health care, there are far fewer occasions for the fear of death to be removed."

Fewer, except perhaps in the world of organised crime. Which might be why, the day after that visit from Beckett Street's local gangster, the missing cherub was miraculously restored to its empty plinth. Who says that higher values have withered in contemporary life?

DAYS LIKE THESE

22 SEPTEMBER 1914

EDWARD SPEARS, a British brigadier general, records the execution of a French deserter

"General de Maud'huy had just been roused from sleep on the straw of a shed and was standing in the street when a little group of unmistakable purport came round the corner. Twelve soldiers and an NCO, a firing party, a couple of gendarmes, and between them an unarmed soldier. My heart sank and a feeling of horror overcame me. General de Maud'huy gave a look, then held up his hand so that the party halted, and with his characteristic quick step went up to the doomed man.

He asked what he had been condemned for. It was for abandoning his post. The General then began to talk to the man. Quite simply, he explained discipline to him. Abandoning your post was letting down your pals. more it was letting down your country that looked to you to defend her. He spoke of the necessity of example, how some could do their duty without prompting but others, less strong, had to know and un-



derstand the supreme cost of failure. He told the condemned man that his crime was not venial, not low, and that he must die as an example, so that others should not fail. Surprisingly, the wretch agreed, nodding his head. He saw a glimmer of something, redemption in his own eyes, a real hope, though he knew he was about to die. Maud'huy went on, carrying the man with him to comprehension that any sacrifice was worthwhile, while it helped France ever so little. What did anything matter if he knew this? Finally, de Maud'huy held out his hand: "Yours also is a way of dying for France," he said. The procession started again, but now the victim was a willing one. The sound of a vol-

ley in the distance announced that all was over. The general wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow, and for the first time perhaps his hand trembled as he lit his pipe."

13 SEPTEMBER 1660

JOHN EVELYN, (left) diarist and gardener, records in his journal:

"I saw in Southwark, at St Margaret's Fair, monkeys and apes dance, and do other feats of activity, on the high rope; they were gallantly clad à la mode, went upright, saluted the company bowing and pulling off their hats, they saluted one another with as good a grace, as if instructed by a dancing-master; they turned heels over head with a basket having eggs in it, without breaking any; also, with lighted candles in their hands, and on their heads, without extinguishing them, and with vessels of water without spilling a drop. I also saw an Italian wench dance, and perform all the tricks on the high rope, to admiration; all the court went to see her."

IAN IRVINE

Our ten revolutionary tasks

ONE: THE class-conscious proletariat can give its consent to a revolutionary war only on condition that a complete break be effected in actual fact with all capitalist interests.

In view of the undoubted honesty of those broad sections of the mass believers in revolutionary defence, who accept the war only as a necessity, and not as a means of conquest; in view of the fact that they are being deceived by the bourgeoisie, it is necessary, with particular thoroughness, persistence and patience, to explain their error to them, to explain the inseparable connection existing between capital and the imperialist war, and to prove that, without overthrowing capital, it is impossible to end the war by a truly democratic peace, a peace not imposed by violence.

Two: The specific feature of the present situation in Russia is that the country is passing from the first stage of the revolution - which, owing to the insufficient class-consciousness and organisation of the proletariat, placed power in the hands of the bourgeoisie - to its second stage, which must place power in the hands of the proletariat and the poorest sections of the peasants.

This transition is characterised, on the one hand, by a maximum of legally recognised rights; on the other, by the absence of violence towards the mass-



CLASSIC PODIUM

Vladimir Ilyich Lenin's "Tasks for the Proletariat in the Present Revolution", or 'April Theses', delivered to an audience of Bolsheviks in St Petersburg (4 APRIL, 1917)

es, and, finally, by their unreasoning trust in the government of capitalists, those worst enemies of peace and socialism.

Three: No support for the Provisional Government; the utter falsity of all its promises should be made clear, particularly of those relating to the renunciation of annexations.

Four: Recognition of the fact that in

most of the Soviets of Workers' Deputies our Party is in a minority; so far a small minority, as against a bloc of all the petty-bourgeois opportunist elements, from the Popular Socialists and the Socialist-Revolutionaries down, who have yielded to the influence of the bourgeoisie and spread that influence among the proletariat.

The masses must be made to see that the Soviets of Workers' Deputies are the only possible form of revolutionary government, and that therefore our task is, as long as this government yields to the influence of the bourgeoisie, to present a patient, systematic, and persistent explanation of the errors of their tactics, an explanation especially adapted to the practical needs of the masses.

As long as we are in the minority, we carry on the work of criticising and exposing errors and, at the same time, we preach the necessity of transferring the entire state power to the Soviets of Workers' Deputies, so that the people may overcome their mistakes by experience.

Five: Not a parliamentary republic, to return to a parliamentary republic from the Soviets of Workers' Deputies would be a retrograde step, but a republic of Soviets of Workers', Agricultural Labourers' and Peasants' Deputies throughout the country, from top to bottom.

Six: Abolition of the police, the army

and the bureaucracy, the standing army to be replaced by the arming of the whole people. The salaries of all officials, all of whom are elective and displaceable at any time, not to exceed the average wage of a competent worker.

Six: The nationalisation of all the lands in the country, the land to be disposed of by the local Soviets of Agricultural Labourers' and Peasants' Deputies. The organisation of separate Soviets of Deputies of Poor Peasants. And the setting up of a model farm on each of the large estates under the control of the Soviets of Agricultural Labourers' Deputies, and for the public account.

Seven: The immediate amalgamation of all banks in the country into a single national bank, and the institution of control over it by the Soviet of Workers' Deputies.

Eight: It is not our immediate task to "introduce" socialism, but only to bring social production and the distribution of products at once under the control of the Soviets of Workers' Deputies.

Nine: Alteration of the Party Programme, mainly on our attitude towards the state and our demand for a "commune state".

Ten: We must take the initiative in creating a revolutionary International against the social-chauvinists and against the "Centre".

150 20 100

THE SATURDAY ESSAY

The moral trust between the people and their President



JEAN BETHKE
ELSHTAIN

This was no discreet affair – a small army of staffers was enlisted by the President to facilitate these assignments

To many Europeans, the crisis of the Clinton presidency speaks to quintessential American peculiarities, first and foremost among these is our "purtanism". How different Americans are from more sophisticated sorts who would never work themselves up into a constitutional lather over the occasional lapse of judgement involving a sexual transgression of one sort or another! But this is a serious misreading of the American situation – for several reasons.

First, the Clinton presidency is not faltering because the President exercised deplorable judgement in his "private" life. Second, the vagaries of American public opinion at present suggest that a bare majority of our citizenry (54 per cent in the most recent polls, conducted before the Starr Report went to Congress) is working very hard to try to separate out the President's conduct as a human being from his conduct as a leader of the most powerful country in the world – hardly the sort of thing one would expect from citizens in the throes of an overwhelming moralistic frenzy. Indeed, if anything, conceptual schizophrenia lodged, in part, in a determination not to appear "judgmental" about a person's sex life – "judgmental" now being a dirty word among us – prevails. Let's take these up in turn.

Consider the claim that the President's actions in the Lewinsky matter are enveloped within a private *cordon sanitaire*. Those who hold to this view, one that is harder and harder to maintain in light of ever mounting evidence, insist that anything to do with sexuality (unless it involves an actual crime) is, by conceptual fiat, in a protected "zone of privacy". Why shouldn't this pertain in the President's case? For a number of reasons.

One of the things we have learned from three decades of feminism, and should have understood on grounds of simple morality and decency all along, is that a good many offences can be perpetrated with the claim that what went on is "nobody's business" but that of the participants involved. Sometimes, indeed, this is the case. It follows that those radical feminists who insist no woman can ever truly give "consent" to a sexual relationship with a man, especially a powerful man, because men are always and everywhere powerful and women powerless, perpetuate a dangerous stereotype of woman as hapless victim. That and more: the ideology of radical feminism, if implemented, would invite a society of hyper-scrutiny in which nothing was ever hidden from public view and judgement.

So let's assume, as I think we must, that Lewinsky, a 21-year-old intern on the White House staff, and Clinton, our 50-something President, both "consented" to the relationship. One might want to cavil just a bit. There does seem something radically disproportionate here: the most powerful man in the world and a young woman, a few years older than his college-age daughter, engaged in a putatively equitable exchange. It strains credulity.

Still, they consented. Is that the end of the argument? There are those who claim so. Consent becomes a magic wand. With one wave of the hand, all nagging questions and problems are effaced. Still, nagging questions remain, or ought to. Was this wise? Was it decent? Was it reckless? Was it damaging to all involved, consent or no consent? Now take matters one step further. The relationship, or exchange of



Richard Nixon, the last president to be threatened with impeachment, addresses the American people from the White House

Camera Press

what appears to have been distinctly non-mutual sexual services, involved employer and employee and took place in his – the employer's – place of work, which also happens to be one of America's civically "sacred" sites – the Oval Office of the White House.

One could hardly imagine a more public place to carry on intimate transactions. This was no discreet affair with the two principals doing their utmost to keep a low profile and to try to protect the sensitivities of all involved. Hardly. A small army of staffers was enlisted by the President of the United States to facilitate these assignments, and an even larger number to cover it up once things turned sour. Surely one has crossed the boundary into the public domain on every possible scale here – ethical, legal, and political.

Furthermore, there are deeper ethical questions involved that are cheapened by being dismissed as "purtanical" ravings. Here, I have in mind the ill use of various persons – secretary, friends, loyal supporters – all brought into an orbit of deceit, lies, cover-up, perhaps even criminal wrongdoing – such as securing cushy jobs for "the woman in question" in exchange for her silence in a law-suit.

How can this possibly be construed as merely private, as the President claimed in his ill-tempered and ill-fated address to the nation on August 17? Bill Clinton made it public, and did so from the very first moment Monica Lewinsky carried out her sexual duties in the President's place of work, and the symbolic home of the entire American people.

How, then, are the American people responding? Many appear to want the whole thing to go away, or so they say. But every body is talking about it everywhere one goes – whether at professional conferences of political scientists or in taxi-cabs to airports. For it is our business.

The President of the United States is more than a head of a party. And the CEO model some of the president's defenders have been pressing on us will not work, not unless one believes that our civic life comes down to what the stock market is doing. The complex, and to many foreign observers, utterly bewildering American system, presumes a kind of affective bond

between a president and the American people. Once a president is elected, he is our president. We may not have voted for him but, if he occupies the White House, then he is ours. We are called upon to respond to his appeals, especially when he commits American blood and treasure in times of war and crisis. But even those who do not agree with his policies must assume a level of integrity and decency on a president's part. He is literally part of our lives for at least four years. Presidents pronounce on everything from the Russian ruble to school safety, from balancing budgets to how to get more balanced meals for poor children. If everything a president says is subject to ridicule and reinterpretation because he has become untrustworthy, he simply can no longer govern.

He may limp along in office but he will be much more than a lame duck; he will be, in our parlance, a dead duck, of little use to anyone. At that moment, his own party will try to "encourage" him to leave, because he threatens to take the party down with him. That is precisely where many Democrats find themselves now, with the Congressional elections just two months away.

What has stayed the hand of the President's supporters and opponents alike, up to this moment, is his "high standing" in the polls. But these polls present a puzzling and none-too-clear picture. We don't know whether what is being approved of is this president's over-all performance in office or the tremendous respect Americans have for anyone who holds the office. Or could it be the fear that resignation and impeachment are not just constitutionally sanctioned ways to ease or to force a president out of office before his term expires, but civic upheavals of the highest magnitude, in part because such events are so rare in our history?

The latest indication of voter perceptions of Clinton bears out an almost desperate need to hold on to the President, but to condemn him at the same time. As of the end of August, the number of people who approve of President Clinton "as a person" had dropped almost 20 percentage points from what it was a year ago. Further erosion in support for the President is manifest in rankings of the relative importance

of a whole range of issues. "Moral concerns" have sky-rocketed in intense importance in the last few months. When they are asked, voters indicate that they aren't so much worried about sex, but they are very worried about lying, especially lying under oath.

This is an inherently unstable situation. Sooner or later voters will try to find some way to make their evaluations of the President as human being, and the President as a president, cohere. When that happens it will not be good news for the man who currently occupies 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

And he has no one to blame but himself. What strikes so many of us is the sheer recklessness of it all. How could President Clinton actually believe that he could conduct a sustained 18-month affair (although a friend of mine complains that what was going on between Bill and Monica is the sort of thing that gives "real affairs" a bad name) in the White House, an affair implicating other persons also on his staff, as well as members of the secret service and others on the public payroll, and keep it secret?

There is in President Clinton a little voice that tells him that the rules that apply to most of us somehow do not apply to him. It is that flaw that will finally bring him down. Americans are very much in a "live and let live" mood and mood about sexuality. But they civil at the notion that there is no prize to be paid – ever – for one's own conduct or misconduct. The spectacle in the past few days of the President's staff booking him into one appearance after another before audiences of school teachers, parents, and children is tawdry and pathetic. The President muses ramblingly about sticking to one's tasks, accepting responsibility, not complaining and blaming others, being forthright – and one senses the pain and discomfort all around.

The notion that it is only elites and Washington insiders who care about what is going on, and that the vast majority of hard-working Americans want the President to be left alone, just doesn't wash. If this were the case, the firestorm that erupted following his failed non-contrite "apology" (in which he claimed, to the bitter end as it turns out, that he "misled" people, although

his answers to questions in the Paula Jones deposition were "legally accurate") would not have taken hold. It is the job of elites to lead, after all, and to help to shape and to form opinion. But people are not inert pieces of clay to be molded at will. Ignore the pervasive and growing sense of unease about this whole tawdry business, the shocked editorials calling for the President's resignation, the open letters from supporters calling on him to step down, and none of this would matter. But it does matter. For it means that the public's own view of Clinton – as a rather low sort, weak-willed, a habitual fabricator, a man prepared to betray family and friends – will, one day soon, put such pressure on their view of him as doing a "good job" as president that the job ratings are bound to fall.

The President's 11th hour appeal for a reprieve – I've seen the light; I now know I really did a bad thing; these are hard days for me; but, after all, this may be a growth experience for my family and perhaps all families – yes, he actually did say something more or less along these lines – is too little too late. Politics isn't a support group. National life should not be conducted as an encounter session.

If anything, Americans have proven throughout this whole sorry business that they are extremely loathe to form critical judgements of a president and that they will hold onto any shred of hope that he might actually vindicate himself in their eyes. That moment has passed.

The impeachment process now takes over. Those of us who remember vividly the over-heated atmosphere of our young adulthood, as we stayed glued to television and radio as Watergate unfolded, now find ourselves witnesses again to an impending impeachment of a president of the United States. In one sense a sorry, sad spectacle, yes. But, in another, an indication that the office does not belong to any individual and that we are, finally, a nation under law.

What goes on in the Oval Office is the public's business, whether presidents like it or not.

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BAROMETER

SEAN O'GRADY

Winner of the Week

The Vice-Presidency isn't worth a bucket of warm spit. But every intern knows the roll call of V-Ps who've made it to the Oval Office since 1945 –



George Bush, Gerry Ford, Richard Nixon, Lyndon Johnson and Harry Truman. The chances are that, if you've been the veep and endured the gibes, you have an excellent chance of assuming the highest office.

All being well, Albert Gore Jr will become the 43rd President of the United States of America, and leader of the Free World, probably in the latter part of January 1999. If Clinton doesn't go before then, Al will have the chance to run a further two terms and still be President in 10 years' time. So, Al Gore may well turn out to be the first Vice-President to have been not so much a heartbeat as an ejaculation away from the Presidency. Two last questions: Will Al give Bill a full pardon? And who will Al's V-P be?

Loser of the Week

It may be too early to write off Bill Clinton, but his fortunes have been going up and down as energetically as the presidential pants, and now appear to be firmly around his ankles with the belt broken and the braces snapped. And, just when you thought you had swallowed more than enough, we find another muckraker alleging that Bobby Kennedy had an affair with Rudolf Nureyev, an unorthodox gender choice for one of the Kennedy boys. But, for the most dramatically scandalous of America's rulers, we have to go back to the days when the British were still running the shop.

One of the last Governors of the colony of New York, Lord Cornbury (pictured circa 1708), was a bigot, a



drunk and a spectacular transvestite. His taste for ladies' clothing was said by the primitive spin doctors of pro-Rey outlinary times to be a tribute to the fashion sense of Queen Anne, whom he did, after all, represent.

This is rather like George Bush being caught in stilettos and a polka bra only to claim that it was just a *homage* thing to Madonna, or if Clinton had been caught wearing that little cocktail dress rather than just relieving himself on it. It is just as well that Al isn't Tip's size.

Image of the Week

"Will the only man in Britain who thinks that Rupert Murdoch should own Manchester United please raise his right index finger now..." The Daily Mirror produced this stunning montage of the Dirty Digger Devil to go with their caption. Gratitude forbids one mentioning their former proprietor Robert Maxwell's involvement with the netter reaches of English soccer in the shape of Oxford.

United. If only Cap'n Bob had been a Man U fan.



Emmalene McLoughlin: 'I think women are equal now'

WINNING AN audience with the new Miss UK requires a certain amount of courtship. Chatting with machines that never return calls. Wooing representatives. A faxed letter declaring honourable intentions. But, like a Greek hero set endless tasks by a beautiful woman, the effort seems worthwhile when my pager flashes: "Miss United Kingdom will ring you later".

I wait patiently beside the phone, fielding all other calls. A mystery woman rings.

"Hello, it's Emmalene." Emily? Who could this disembodied Emily with a Brookside voice be? "Emmalene McLoughlin, Miss United Kingdom." "Of course, of course," I overcompensate, trying

not to sound too much like Basil Fawcett. Emmalene is at home with her parents in Liverpool, dressed in "a nice top and pedal pushers, those little short pants over the knees people used to wear in the Sixties. And those flat Chinese slippers they've been showing on *The Big Breakfast*". Nothing special. No, she hasn't got the crown on. "I'm only 18. I just dress my age."

Casting discretion aside, I wonder which part of herself does she like the most?

"My teeth," she declares, unembarrassed. "People notice them a lot. When I was young, they started to cross, so I had braces which were removed two or three years ago. Now, they're really straight. And my

COLD CALL

JACK O'SULLIVAN
RINGS
EMMALENE
MCLOUGHLIN

mum and dad have always been very strict. They don't allow rock or candyfloss." Any fillings? "Yes, one or two," she confesses with a little shame. "But not for years. I learnt my lesson."

Did she always dream of being a beauty queen?

"Me and my sisters always watched Miss World. All the girls of

our age did. We taped it so we could watch it again and again."

"I suppose you played at being in the contest, too?"

"Oh, yeah. One of us would be the compere, another the judge, the other Miss World. My sisters have been in Miss Southport and Miss Cleveleys. And my Auntie Sharon entered Rose Buds when she was a child. But when you grow older, you think of a career. I had a Saturday job in a florists so I knew I wanted to be a florist. I never expected to be up for Miss World. Then, when I won Miss UK, it was like all this was meant to be."

Had she ever, I wondered, had any other ambitions, like, say, joining the army?

"No," she shrieks. "I don't like getting muddy or being shouted at. And I'm not keen on wearing uniforms. Though I did wear camouflage pants when they were in fashion."

So, should we conclude that Miss UK is a feminist?

"You mean all that 'girl power' stuff? No. I think women are equal now. I don't need to carry on about women's rights. I've got a strong personality which is what matters. If you want to have a job above men, you have to do it for yourself."

And with that, our most beautiful woman returned to preparing for November's Miss World contest and her parade in front of that ever vigorous pensioner, Eric Morley.

CLOSE ENCOUNTER

JOANNA BRISCOE MEETS TEENAGE GIRLS SAID TO BE SUSCEPTIBLE TO POP STAR PREGNANCY MANIA

Wannabe a spicy mother?

The news is grim. England is gripped by an antenatal emergency. Thanks to certain irresponsible Spice Girls and All Saints, a squalling generation of infants will soon be upon us, nappies stuffed into combat trousers. They will be named Shaznay-Vick, Mel or simply Baby and will probably have their little tongues pierced. "We fear that recent news may lead to a generation of Spice babies born to teenage mothers," announced the president of the Secondary Heads Association at the news of multiple pop star pregnancies.

So if lactation is promising to overtake Information Technology as a Year 11 area of expertise, what does the girl in the street have to say? Not being acquainted with many mouthy pubescents armed with a sufficient battalion of opinions and expletives, I descended on teen Mecca, that grim vortex of tourism and taxi rage that is London's Oxford Circus, home of Top Shop.

Oh, Top Shop. My teenage holy grail. We used to make the 220-mile coach pilgrimage from Devon, steaming past record stores, model agencies and other centres of acting adolescent wish-fulfilment in order to spend the entire afternoon in Top Shop. Now it resembles a dull sports hall filled with all that is transparent, synthetic and size 8. How very disappointing. Bring back court shoes and Brooke Shields eyebrows, I say.

I approached some teens. A rash of security guards escorted me out. Nabbing stray adolescents in front of the building, terrified of being mistaken for a missionary or a pervert, I was approached by a grim manageress. "You can't ask questions on the marble," she said, indicating a strip of pavement strangely resembling concrete. "This is our marble."

An inch within legal territory, I questioned pre-pubescent types who turned out to be 23-year-olds. It is so hard to tell these days. Finally, I found a giggling and hair-flicking cross-section of British youth.

So, girls, will the simultaneous pregnancies of three popular female recording artists influence impressionable teenagers? "Nah." Is it possible that young girls may see pregnancy as a soft option? "Nah."

As a style statement? "Nah!" Do you know anyone who may be influenced? "Nah. No way. Nah."

Come now, girls, surely we have some pithy insights to offer into the arcane thought processes of the youth of today? "Nah, the Spice Girls is going down. And plus, it's a little happiness for them. It's an enjoyment thing," said Shawn Jarvis, 17, who is at college. "No, no, no, no. I see them as kind of older women, and no, no way," said Alpa Nakum, 16. Were they never an influence? "What, the Spice Girls? No!"

"I think the very little ones might be influenced, but they're too young to be affected by it," said Liz Champion, 19, from West Yorkshire.

Others didn't care. "Mel B and Victoria, innit? Would we be influenced? Neeah! You get educated at school and everything," said Ozlem Dogan, 17. "Just because they're pregnant, all girls are going to go out and get pregnant," said her friend Pinar Simoglu, 18. "Nothing would influence me! Not the Spice Girls. Nothing?" "No - completely not the Spice Girls. Don't really like them that much," added Ozlem.

The message is loud and clear: the Spice Girls are naïf, and we're not stupid, innit? To remind a 15-year-old of her platform-trained past, an innocent round of "zigzag-aah", is to inspire a whole repertoire of indel-

cate moves and references to primary schools. To give two boots about the Spice Girls these days, you have to be a 35-year-old bristling with demographic concerns, or aged eight. All Saints are given a reluctant head-tilt of cool rating, but pregnancies mean nothing, innit?

I am, in fact, an alien, equipped with my statistics (teenage pregnancies in Britain are the highest in Western Europe, with nearly 9,000 girls under the age of 16 becoming pregnant every year; the Home Sec-

retary is concerned), and my roster of Spice Girl facts. I am, let us say, at the Whistles stage. Not Darnat, but not Top Shop. I feel like a lumbering old tweed-clad biology teacher for the first time, whereas in my head, I am barely yet fit to utter the blushing-making word "pregnancy".

Do these girls think that there will be a radical rise in teenage pregnancies? "Nah." By common consent, "nah". Frankly, it's about as likely as me bearing David Beckham's love child.

You may view our Sunday morning football as 11 middle-aged and mortgaged men reliving our lost youth, having one last run with a gang. But I'm not sure if that fully explains the intensity with which we play. It certainly goes beyond simply having fun - it is too draining, too vital, too important for that.

Although not important enough to practise for: our one pre-season get-together took place not at the training ground - what training ground? - but at the pub, where the main topic of discussion was whose turn it was to wash the kit!

Two or three years ago, we did play "just for fun", enjoying the run-around and accepting defeat easily. The problem was that we were beaten every week - and that was no fun at all. Last season, we developed a loathing of defeat that seemed to work.

At half-time last Sunday, losing 2-0, we all must have wondered where that had gone. Their unfit middle-aged men were consistently beating our unfit middle-aged men to the ball; we missed our chances, they took theirs, and the frustration was building. So it was with enormous relief and satisfaction that we found our spirit in the second half. We clawed our way back into the game three times, and in the last 10 minutes, survived wave after wave of attacks to equalise.

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Joanna Briscoe, right, talks to Ozlem Dogan, 17, centre, and Pinar Simoglu, 18, left, both from London

Neville Elder

Will you be watching them watching us?

AGEING FANS of the Sixties children's TV series *Zoo Time*, fronted by Desmond Morris, may remember the occasion when the producers decided to film a pride of lions in captivity, and do it live for maximum effect. To the puzzlement of a million watching children, every male lion at which the camera was pointed immediately mounted the nearest female and began enthusiastically to mate. It was an unusual reaction to the power of the television camera.

There is something remarkably sexy about the one-eyed technological monster - both penis and vagina, something that prods and pokes you into response and simultaneously draws you inside it - but non-actor humans, when confronted by it generally do not react by what Desmond Morris would call an exhibitionist display. Instead they become a flurry with what he would call "social leakage", raising to an unprecedented degree the tiny mannerisms which betray our discomfort at being seen too closely.

The standard human response to having a video camera trained on you is to wave it away like a wasp; when it's a TV camera, and you can't afford to be seen by a million viewers flailing your arms about as if being pelted by invisible stones, your response becomes more restrained, more subtle and diplomatic. But the evidence is there, all the same, that you're flailing inside.

Look, for example, at Channel Four's *Cutting Edge* documentary, "Independent Rosie", which goes out at 9pm tomorrow night. It has a special resonance for the staff of the newspaper you hold in your hand, and their relatives (who will, I suspect, constitute the bulk of the viewing audience), since it is set in the walkways and offices and open-plan expanses of the *Independent* newspapers, 18 floors up the Canary Wharf obelisk, and concerns the first 40 days of Rosie Boycott's brief reign as editor of this organ and the *Independent on Sunday*. Transmission of the programme has been eagerly awaited for some weeks. The top brass of both papers travelled on charabanc to view it at Channel Four's headquarters. A samizdat video circulated the 18th floor, distracting journalists from their work. Rumours flew about who had made a total prat of themselves, who had been disloyal, or simply or diverting, indeed suicidally abusive to their betters.

What you take away from the show, however, isn't so much insights into journalistic endeavour and the loneliness of power, or revealing, off-duty unbuttonings of emotion in E14 wine bars. What you get is body language. At one point Rosie Boycott is seen getting tough with the deputy foreign editor. Upset because he has failed to get the job he thought he deserved, the hapless man starts to go on about improved circulation figures. Boycott snaps, "You're displaying a massive lack of cool, if you don't mind my saying so".

But what she herself displays throughout is a whole repertoire of giveaway mannerisms: Rosie examining her nails then lifting her steepled fingers over her face, peek-a-boo fashion, while listening to unwanted praise; Rosie untangling

her telephone cord with ferocious concentration while struggling with budgets, Rosie's girlishly innocent, gap-toothed smile at the height of her Legalise Cannabis march, Rosie's right hand comforting the left as she phones Security to ask to be let her into her new office...

She is not alone. Students of Behavioural Oddity might like also to check out the performance of the home news editor, as he drubs the

air with bare, ham-bone forearms while explaining to the deputy editor the correct approach to rival broadsheet papers who are trying to pinch your photographs; or that of the arts editor, a walking volcano of truculent sarcasm, whose eyes gleam with unearthly Deleke malevolence as he explains his hatred of his new editor's broadsheet coarseness, shortly before being fired. Of the hundred other giveaway ticks of impatience, tension or dislike - the jiggling of brows, the savage chewing of gum, the okay-I'm-lying flicker of a dozen eyelids, the audible fluffs and Freudian slips (as when, for instance, one J Walsh can be heard

certainly Principle, the quality of the results is fatally compromised by the shortcomings of the retrieval system. For one thing, the fly on the wall sees details in massive close-up, hence the foregrounding of personal behaviour rather than communal endeavour. For another, the documentary crew cannot operate with a cast of silent, unco-operative employees; they must find show-offs, controversialists, mutinous dogs, impromptu speech-makers.

On the first day of filming, they asked around: who were the real characters at *The Independent*? Who could be relied on to do a turn? Some writers who were approached

for their comments talked happily. Others, suspecting that only their most trivial, crass or embarrassing contributions would be broadcast, refused to play ball. Attenders of the morning conference wished the cameras would go away. Fear of the intruding eye gradually gave way to fear of the editing suite. Would the chief sub-editor's remarks about his lunchtime ham roll be cut and spliced until it sounded like an attack on the management?

As day followed mundane day, and the working procedures of the newspaper were revealed to be as boring as those of any other business, a kind of mutual disaffection set in. The camera crew wished something more exciting would happen. The staff began to suspect they were being stitched up by a camera team in search of trouble.

Because trouble is the stock-in-trade, one might almost say the whole raison d'être of the fly-on-the-wall. It was ever thus. From Paul Watson's first excursion into *peritè* documentary, watching the working-class Wilkins family of Reading making an exhibition of themselves over several months for *The Family* (1974), to Watson's other don't-mind-me-I'm-just-making-a-film intrusions like *The Fishing Party* and *The Dinner Party*, people have recoiled from seeing ghastly travesties of their true selves distorted by the wicked lens and the selective editing process. Poor Noeleen Donohue of Sydney was so appalled to see how she came across in *Sylvia's Waters*, she tried to kill herself. The right-wing participants in *The Dinner Party* later complained that

What do you get when you turn the media's gaze in on itself? An awful lot of social leakage. By John Walsh

People have recoiled, seeing ghastly travesties of their true selves distorted by the lens

deflection and we all concentrated on the game. What was important was the men on the pitch, who needed support. And they got it.

Thursday
I got to work early for the first time all week. I was deflated because I expected something to happen at the match. I got another e-mail from Adam Brown. It was an article saying everything's for sale and everyone's got their price. I found it extremely offensive. I own 125 shares in United and I wouldn't accept anything for them. That's not why I bought them. I'm not against the commercialisation of the game: they can introduce a new shirt for every game as far as I'm concerned because I don't buy them. It's got nothing to do with supporting the team. But an exclusive TV deal is different. The national game should be available to the public at a reasonable price, and Sky isn't a reasonable price. There should be a choice. Murdoch's not having my shares, I'd rather burn them.

Friday
I updated the IMUSA web page and in the evening I went to the match. We played Charlton at home. I went with a Brummie friend Mark and I met in Poland, when we played LKF Lodz some weeks back. IMUSA had asked me to hand out some leaflets at the game. It's quite a dodgy business, handing out leaflets anywhere near Old Trafford. They take quite a dim view of that sort of thing. It's not beyond them to take your season ticket off you.

The atmosphere at the game was eerie. Everybody was waiting for something to happen, but nothing was planned. A couple of banners with "No Surrender" were unfurled and there was a streaker, but that was all. For the first half hour I couldn't bring myself to support the team because I couldn't come to terms with the fact United would be part of Murdoch's empire. Then Charlton went in for a wicked

deflection and we all concentrated on the game. What was important was the men on the pitch, who needed support. And they got it.

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PARK LIFE



BRUCE MILLAR

LAST SUNDAY, I lined up for my first match of the new football season with a new, post-World Cup fantasy. In the days leading up to the game, I had pictured myself wheeling away from a couple of flat-footed defenders on the half-way line, accelerating past another, powering at high speed into the penalty area and shooting, inevitably, into the goal.

This is a fantasy which must be shared by thousands of other would-be footballers, although most of them - it must be admitted - are younger even than the 18-year-old Michael Owen. Should I be embarrassed at having a role-model closer to my children's age than to mine? I'm not sure, but the only age-friendly alternative would be Sir Stanley Matthews, and even I am not old enough to remember him playing.

We may not have lived up to our dreams (I for one failed to score a goal), but in 90 minutes, we lived through a range of drama and emotion that would have exhausted the audience at any theatre. Spookily, the match began like that England-Argentina showdown: after 10 minutes or so, our goalkeeper, slow off his line, committed himself to a challenge and brought down an opponent chasing the ball into our box.

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Independent Rosie is on Channel 4 at 9pm tomorrow

MONICA BRADY, 39, has been a Manchester United fan ever since her Mancunian primary school playground was split down the middle between City and United. Today, she is a "fairly" active member of the Independent Manchester United Supporters Association (IMUSA).

Sunday
A normal weekend. My partner, Mark, and I went to Bristol to see my sister. In the afternoon Mark heard that Murdoch was trying to buy United. I thought he was joking. When I heard it on the radio I put it down to speculation. We got home to Manchester, had our tea and sat down to watch telly. At 9.30pm, the press secretary from IMUSA rang and said Sky were going to make an announcement in the morning and I was needed at Old Trafford to do an interview for Radio 5.

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MY WEEK SEVEN DAYS IN THE LIFE OF MONICA BRADY, A DEVOTED MANCHESTER UNITED FAN

Radio 4. 8.04am, I did a live interview for BBC Breakfast News. 8.15am, another TV station I don't remember and then another couple of radio interviews. By the time I got to work I didn't have to explain why I was late because they'd all seen me on TV. The first person I bumped into was the managing director and he was smashing. His only fault is he's a Liverpool fan, but he said, "You can't let them do this to your club, because they'll try and do it to mine next". I was on a different planet for the rest of the day and didn't get much done. Just the thought of THAT man buying my club is absolutely abhorrent. They won't let him get away with it.

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Mark ended up doing BBC News 24 at 11 pm. Today was better. IMUSA said we weren't doing anymore interviews until Sky made a move. I went to work and tried not to think about it all. In the afternoon I got an e-mail from Adam Brown, at the Football Task Force, on an article about a relationship between Elisabeth Murdoch and Mandelson, which was a little worrying. It was a fairly normal day, until 9.30 pm when IMUSA rang and said the club had been sold. I was really fed up. Murdoch doesn't know where Manchester is. He doesn't care about football. He's Australian.

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with a Brummie friend Mark and I met in Poland, when we played LKF Lodz some weeks back. IMUSA had asked me to hand out some leaflets at the game. It's quite a dodgy business, handing out leaflets anywhere near Old Trafford. They take quite a dim view of that sort of thing. It's not beyond them to take your season ticket off you.

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Monica Brady and her true colours: 'Murdoch doesn't care about football. He's Australian' Martin Rickett

Handwritten text in a box: 12/10/98



1

TOKEN

Baroness Denington



Denington with John Gilbert, Minister for Transport, visiting Hutton Cross tube station prior to its opening as part of the Piccadilly Line extension, in 1975

NOT MANY of us are left to recall the golden evening in 1945 when the new victorious Labour councillors gathered in St Pancras Town Hall, in north London. We were a motley-looking crew: firemen from the station in Euston Road still in uniform, air raid wardens still wearing theirs - economising no doubt on precious coupons for other things - and a few baggy demob suits. And scarcely any nylons among the girls.

I knew Evelyn Denington - always trimly dressed in utility's best - who was elected to the Borough Council that day, because we were both Labour Party members on Ward 8, St Pancras. We often met in a top room at the Mother Redcap pub, but our numbers were depleted by conscription, civilian war duties and evacuation - to say nothing of sirens and worse disturbing business.

At that first statutory meeting I could see Evelyn Denington looking anxiously at the chamber door. I knew she was looking out for her husband, Cecil, who had also won a seat but was somewhere coming back from service in Italy. She had left a note for him on the kitchen table - this being the first place he would come to, like a tired pigeon. It worked, and he arrived just in time, still in his captain's uniform. He didn't need to feel unique, for Lt-Comdr Kenneth Robinson, in his Royal Navy uniform, had just preceded him to sit next to his wife who was also a new councillor. What a place for war reunions!

We all knew that, as beginners, we had mountains to climb and an infinity of lessons to learn as we contemplated the ruins around us. Of course we were no worse off than many other shattered areas. But the bombers had been interested in our three stations - Euston, King's Cross and St Pancras - and their environs. There seemed to be damage everywhere: from the slums of Somers Town to the Nash terraces

in Regent's Park. I always thought that Evelyn Denington's concern with housing and the general environment began here.

She was born Evelyn Bursill in 1907, and after leaving Bedford College, London, worked as an editorial assistant at *Architecture and Building News*. She certainly got her eye in for shapes and sizes. Decades later she rejoiced in being made an honorary fellow of the RIBA and an honorary member of the Royal Town Planning Institute.

Cecil Denington, whom she married in 1935, was a science teacher and they had a shared interest in education. Evelyn became secretary to

the Council in 1967 and then Chairman of the GLC in 1975-76. She also took over the enormous problem of London transport, chairing the transport committee from 1973 until 1975. It was she, firm as ever, who established free buses for pensioners.

Of course there were times of argument and sometimes of resentment, often between people of sincere but different ideas and policies. However there had to be some firm decisiveness, as when, in 1964, Denington became chair of the Housing Committee and thus was the landlady of 120,000 homes in London and more on expanding sites anywhere

look a wobbly Chief Officer in the eye, say in a clear voice, firm but not bullying. "The plans you have put before the Committee are unacceptable." That was that. Next business. And she was usually right in the end.

Those were not easy days for Council members. None of us knew from election to election whether we would be massacred or resurrected as a whole. Threats of abolition haunted us until it happened, in 1986. I think that Evelyn Denington was happy to come to the House of Lords in 1978. She was 71, and worried about many aspects of local government.

In her maiden speech (on 17 November 1978), she criticised the policy of government grants to local councils being paid out for separate projects and put in different "pockets". She said that money could be better spent if it was all in one pocket and divided up locally. "Councillors have to say 'we know we promised you this or that but you can't have it now'. That is no way to give confidence to the electorate." That was 21 years ago and maybe it still explains low polling in local elections.

We did not see her often in the Lords as the years went by, but she came when she could and always talked sense and enjoyed our company and gossip.

Evelyn and Cecil in their devoted partnership retired, deservedly, to their pleasant home in Brunswick Square, in Hove. Her last letter to me told how happy they were there, but she found the train journey to and from London a problem. Pity the Brighton Belle was put away.

LENA JEGGER

Evelyn Joyce Bursill, politician; born London 9 August 1907; Member London County Council 1946-65; Member Greater London Council 1964-77; Chairman 1975-76; CBE 1966, DBE 1974; created 1978 Baroness Denington; married 1935 Cecil Denington; died 22 August 1998.

Denington had a vision of New Towns where people could live with fresh air and green fields in homes with gardens, their own bathrooms and water coming out of kitchen taps

the National Association of Labour Teachers from 1938 and until 1950 taught in LCC junior schools. These were the times for battles about comprehensive schools, in which the Deningtons passionately believed.

Somehow they kept their professional work going while council committee work was showered on them - as often happens to willing horses. In 1960 Evelyn added to the lead by her election to the London County Council (LCC), which certainly widened the scope of her endeavours.

She soon moved up the hierarchy of the LCC (which from 1964 was replaced by the Greater London Council) where there was much competition among the bright and ambitious. She became deputy leader of the Labour Opposition on

between Swindon and King's Lynn.

She was convinced of the necessity to give the overcrowded deprived population of London a chance, if they wanted it, to get away to pastures new. Not everybody agreed with the uprootings but Denington had a vision of New Towns where people could live with fresh air and green fields in homes with gardens and their own bathrooms and water coming out of kitchen taps.

Her ideals and talents were spied by Lewis Silkin, then Minister for Town and Country Planning, and he appointed her to Stevenage New Town Commission in 1966 where she stayed for 30 years (14 of them as Chairman).

When I was on the LCC I can recall more than once when she would

Sir Horace Heyman

WHEN HORACE Heyman was invited in later life to return to his native Germany to give a series of lectures, he was asked if he wished to be killed as Sir Horace Heyman, or as Herr Senior Engineer Heyman. Proud as he was of the knighthood granted to him in 1976, he was first and foremost an engineer and he decided accordingly. Indeed one of Heyman's continuing themes was the need for Britain, if it was to prosper, to accord the engineer, and technical education, the standing we now give to the accountant, financier, and lawyer.

But perhaps his greatest personal commitment was to the regeneration of the economy of the North-east of England. He worked unceasingly to this end from the 1960s through to the 1980s, whether as an Exports Advisor to the Board of Trade, as the Invest in Britain Bureau, or as Chairman of English Industrial Estates Corporation. He brought to these tasks his insistent professionalism, a tenacity of purpose, and a credibility with the businessman he sought to attract that came from his own successful track record in the private sector. No one worked harder or more selflessly for this cause: yet he was always glad for others to claim the credit for the

team effort necessary for success in this work.

Heyman realised that the regeneration of the North had to be underpinned by investment in people through education and training. His own background in a Hochschule in Germany led him naturally to support the development of the polytechnics which, as new universities, are now a distinctive source of strength in the economy of the North East.

Horace Heyman was born in Berlin in 1912 and came to England for a short spell as a 16-year-old schoolboy at Ackworth School, a Quaker boarding school. He studied electrical engineering initially at the Darmstadt Technische Hochschule, and completed his degree at Birmingham University, graduating in 1936.

He made his commercial reputation at Smith's Electric Vehicles in Newcastle upon Tyne, which he joined immediately after the Second World War (during which he worked at Metropolitan Vickers in Sheffield), becoming managing director in 1948. Under his leadership, Smith's became the biggest manufacturer of electrically driven vehicles in Europe. Heyman developed a new control system for electric vehicles (Sevcon), and expanded the

product range to petrol-driven vehicles for the delivery of meat, groceries, fish, and ice-cream. He secured the exclusive rights through a joint venture in the late 1950s for the manufacture of vehicles for "Mr Softee", the first soft ice-cream product in the UK.

Heyman's prominence in his chosen field was reflected in his Fellowship of the Institute of Electrical Engineers (IEE) and his appointment as a chartered engineer, and his invitation to speak as expert witness to the US Senate hearings on air and water pollution in 1967.

His opportunity to make a major contribution through public service came in 1970 when he was appointed to the Chairmanship of the English Industrial Estates Corporation with its headquarters on the Team Valley Trading Estate, one of the great initiatives of the 1930s to bring new industries to the depressed North East. A central aim of government policy in the 1970s was to attract companies both from overseas and from the prosperous parts of England to the old industrial areas of the UK. Important to the success of that policy was the provision of factories in advance of demand, so that when companies saw a need to expand production, places like the North East could offer first-

class, well-serviced and ready-built factory space. His success in this task was marked by his knighthood in 1976.

It was during the 1970s that Heyman began to devote part of his energies to higher education, becoming a governor of a Newcastle Polytechnic in 1974. He was vice-chairman of the board from 1983 to 1986 and was made an honorary fellow in 1985. His perception of the economic potential of knowledge developed in higher education led him to be active in the formation and subsequent development of Newcastle Polytechnic Products, which sought to sell technological ideas that came out of the polytechnic - an early example of entrepreneurship in higher education. Heyman also saw the potential of tourism as a new source of employment and enterprise in the North and this led to his appointment as President of the Northumbria Tourist Board from 1983 to 1988. In all this, Heyman was very fortunate in having in his wife Dorothy a great source of help and support.

Long after his formal retirement at the age of 74, Horace Heyman's unflagging curiosity, energy and desire to improve the world around him was evident in the stream of friends and colleagues from industry and the public sector who continued to visit him in Whitburn seeking disinterested advice, challenge, and encouragement.

RON DEARING



Heyman: tenacious

Horace Heyman, industrialist; born Berlin 13 March 1912; Managing Director, Smith's Electric Vehicles 1949-64; Chairman, English Industrial Estates Corporation 1970-77; Governor, Newcastle Polytechnic 1974-86, Vice-Chairman 1983-86; President, Northumbria Tourist Board 1983-88; married 1939 Edith Marouse (one son, one daughter; marriage dissolved); 1966 Dorothy Abington; died Whitburn, Sunderland 4 September 1998.

Ernest Ametistov

ERNEST AMETISTOV, as a member of Russia's highest court since 1991, was at the centre of many battles to turn his turbulent country into a state governed by the rule of law. Whenever the Constitutional Court judges divided, he was always on the liberal side, interpreting the Russian Constitution in the most humane way possible.

There were two main tests of the efficacy of the Constitutional Court during his period of office: President Boris Yeltsin's moves to crush the elected parliament in 1993 and the December 1994 assault on Chechnya.

In 1993 Ametistov was among a minority of three of the court's 19 judges in backing president against parliament, leading to accusations that he was a Yeltsin poodle. Most of the judges questioned the constitutionality of Yeltsin's actions and backed his hardline parliamentary opponents led by the speaker Ruslan Khasbulatov. Ametistov accused the Communist and nationalist opposition of "dragging the Constitutional Court into its political struggle" (despite his own lack of hesitation in leaping into the political arena). Ametistov's distrust of lingering Communist influence overcame his unease about the constitutionality of Yeltsin's actions.

In the next major constitutional test, Yeltsin's assault on Chechnya, Ametistov had no sympathy for the president. "It is necessary to stop the bloodshed in Chechnya at any cost and begin the talks," he declared in January 1995. He called for mobilisation of the media, public opinion and political leaders around the world to bring pressure on Yeltsin to end a conflict he branded "terrible" and "shameful". He recognised that if the war were not stopped Russia's very democracy might be threatened.

Even in the midst of his concerns, he was careful about the finer points of the law, maintaining that Chechnya had no right to withdraw from Russia. But he said that no constitution is worth so much bloodshed. "The tragedy is that the president is right," he admitted, "but how he's doing it, how the government is doing it, how the army is doing it is wrong because it is a gross violation of human rights." He was clear about where responsibility for the tragedy lay: "Yeltsin is in charge, and I think he should bear all responsibility for everything that has happened."

Ametistov became impatient at the slow pace of de-Communisation. In an August 1996 commentary published in *Izvestiya*, he called for the Justice Ministry to take steps against the Communist Party, since it was not a "civilised opposition". He also called for the systematic replacement of corrupt local bureaucrats and "red directors". He also wanted "totalitarian symbols" removed from city streets and enterprises.

Ametistov had reason to dislike the Communist regime. His father had been arrested and executed in Stalin's purges. Ametistov's family had wandered the country in his youth, and he had spent his school years in Karaganda, Voronezh and Krasnodar. But his ability allowed him to make a legal career for himself.

In 1958, he graduated from Moscow State University's law faculty and started working as editor for a state publishing house. He then joined research centres dealing with legal studies, specialising in international labour law.

Ametistov left the Communist Party in August 1986, as reforms were just getting underway. The following year he joined the emerging human rights movement, especially the Memorial human rights group, which supported democratic reforms and publicised details of abuses carried out during the Communist era. He drafted the group's statute. He remained a board member of the Moscow Human Rights Centre.

In 1990 Ametistov had been put forward by Memorial as a candidate for the Russian parliament in one of the Moscow constituencies, but failed to win the seat. He was elected a judge of the Constitutional Court in October 1991 and soon became known for his persistent efforts to streamline and liberalise the Soviet-era legal system. In 1993, Ametistov participated in the Constitutional Assembly when it drew up the Russian Constitution. He had already played a key role in new legislation, drafting the laws on emergency rule, international agreements and on the Constitutional Court itself.

Ametistov was a constant advocate of the primacy of human rights and international law over national law. In his judgements he stressed the importance of human rights pledges enshrined in the constitution. Thus he rejected 1997 additions to the law on state secrets that would have classified all information on military nuclear installations, claiming that it violated the constitutional provision that information related to ecology cannot be classified.

His commitment to international law led him to give vigorous backing to plans for an International Criminal Court. He took part in several meetings earlier this year to promote the impartiality and independence of the court.

Ernest Ametistov was never daunted by the challenges of his job, despite the toll on his health brought about by stress. A burly man, he remained an optimist.

FELIX CORLEY

Ernest Mikhailovich Ametistov, judge; born Leningrad, Soviet Union 17 May 1934; Constitutional Court judge 1991-98; married (one daughter); died Moscow 7 September 1998.

Tom Mitchell



A cartoon of Mitchell in the *Lancashire Evening Post* in 1949, when he was Director of Workington Rugby League Club

IF TOM Mitchell was not the most important single figure in the world of rugby league over the last 50 years, then he was certainly the most colourful. With his Old Testament white beard and his broad-brimmed hats, he was an unmistakable presence and, across many different facets of the game, a hugely influential one.

A Cumbrian farmer who also worked for the Ministry of Agriculture, he first became involved in the sport when he joined the board of the newly formed Workington Town. They entered the Rugby League in 1945 and, under Mitchell's expansive leadership, which included bringing in players of the calibre of Gus Risman, quickly became one of the most successful clubs in the game.

He was too energetic and charismatic a figure to be confined to his native county. He was the team manager of the 1958 Great Britain tour to Australia, which was, at the same time, the most controversial and the most successful of the Lions have ever undertaken. Mitchell, always proud to be regarded as "a players' man", took their side in a series of conflicts that led to near-mutiny. All was forgiven when they came home with the Ashes and a record of just one defeat on the whole tour.

He was chairman of the Rugby

League in 1961-62 and afterwards revelled in being regarded as "The Godfather" of the game. Never afraid to go out on a limb, he was the one voice raised on the Rugby League Council in support of the British Amateur Rugby League Association when it was struggling for an autonomous existence in the early 1970s and others, with more limited agendas, wanted it strangled at birth.

In his autobiography, *The Memoirs and Sporting Life of Tom Mitchell*, published earlier this year, he also revealed more about a fascinating and varied life outside the sport he loved.

His work for the Ministry of Agriculture took him all over the world and he recalled meetings with the likes of Nikita Khrushchev and King Farouk. When Harry Edgar, then editor of the magazine *Open Rugby* visited him earlier this year, Mitchell, as well as insisting on arm-wrestling his younger guest, produced a piece of pottery given to him by Picasso, whom he had met on several occasions. "We had a mutual interest in ceramics," he explained.

Mitchell could be mysterious about the precise nature of his many trips abroad. His contemporaries on the committee that selected the Cumberland county side recall phone calls from him at four in the

morning from Beirut, advancing the claims of one player or another. He was the founder president of the Traverse Theatre in Edinburgh and twice stood, unsuccessfully, for Parliament. His other sporting achievements included climbing the Matterhorn.

But rugby league was the great enthusiasm of his life, even if he became saddened by some developments towards the end of it - not least the decline of the club he had done so much to build at Workington. Keeping the club afloat, he said, had cost the Mitchell family "three separate fortunes". As recently as last year, he battled them out again when debts threatened to close the club.

The activity that perhaps sums him up the best is the way that he raised money for a young Workington player, John Burke, who was paralysed after breaking his neck playing for the club. Mitchell also had his estate in Malia converted for wheelchair use, so that Burke could use it whenever he wished.

DAVE HADFIELD

Thomas Mitchell, rugby league administrator; born Workington, Cumberland 16 May 1914; married 1942 Emily Wedgwood (one son, one daughter); died Workington, Cumbria 8 September 1998.

None more Purple

Ian Gillan has been rocking for 30 years. And he still loves every minute. By Andrew Mueller

Oh, it was the most trivial thing you can imagine," says Ian Gillan. "I tapped him on the head with my microphone." Gillan has just returned from Deep Purple's latest tour of the States. Among the souvenirs he brought home was a warrant for his arrest on a charge of aggravated assault. His version of events is that he was trying to calm down a stagefront bouncer who was enforcing discipline among the crowd with rather too much enthusiasm.

"The maximum penalty is 90 days in jail," Gillan continues. "So I thought I'd plead guilty, and hope to get a couple of hundred dollars' fine. But the management and lawyers are saying, no, I admit I'm guilty then he's going to sue me. I was just trying to stop things escalating. I've had to deal with bombs, disasters, collapsing this and exploding that, and you've just got to be alert. There was a time when I just would have jumped down and punched this bloke in the face."

The voice of Ian Gillan, 53, which is still the closest man has come to approximating a *Harrier* preparing for take-off, has been a rock'n'roll constant for more than 30 years. He is most famous for fronting Deep Purple, though he has also sung for Black Sabbath and made several solo albums, generally during the hiatuses caused by the somewhat volatile personal relationships within Deep Purple. Deep Purple have also made albums without him, replacing him in the Seventies with a pre-Whitesnake David Coverdale. ("I've got those albums," mutters Gillan, "but I can't play them—it's like an ex-lover making love to someone else.")

When BBC's *Rock Family Trees* featured the history of the band a couple of years back, the members of Deep Purple, questioned individually about their barely countable and astonishingly rancorous fallings-out, made the Russian Bolsheviks look like the Brady Bunch.

"Things are generally more organised now," says Gillan, asked to reflect on three decades of touring. "We're older, so things aren't quite as volatile. I know I said at one stage I'd rather slit my own throat than work with Deep Purple again, but you get used to each other's little ways. Of course, Ritchie's not in the band anymore, so we tend to be a little steadier."

Gillan is talking about guitarist Ritchie Blackmore, his long-time creative and actual (of the stories are to be believed) sparring partner, to whom Gillan has not spoken since last time Blackmore left/was fired, six or so years ago. Blackmore wrote what is unarguably the most famous riff in rock'n'roll, the seven notes at the start of Deep Purple's "Smoke on the Water".

"But every now and then," con-



Ian Gillan: 'I know I once said I'd rather slit my throat than work with Deep Purple again...'

tinues Gillan, "you get some kind of problem. Santiago, you know, we're playing a football stadium, and there's eight security guards. They decide they're only going to let 20,000 people in, and they all climb a lighting tower. That collapses, so they open the back gates to let the ambulances through, and another 25,000 people pour in."

It is conventional wisdom that the definitive rock'n'roll parody, Rob Reiner's film *This Is Spinal Tap*, was based almost entirely on three bands: Def Leppard, Black Sabbath and Deep Purple.

A couple of weeks before meeting Gillan in a London hotel, I had been in the States, where I passed through the town of Shelby, Montana. Shelby is a dismal little swamp in the middle of nowhere, the kind of place where you could fire a Gatling gun down the main street at midnight and know that you probably wouldn't hit anybody, and if you did, you'd be doing them a favour. I was there on a Friday evening, and the sole amusement available to local youth appeared to be sitting in pick-up trucks in the car park outside McDonald's, inhaling solvents and listening, at excruciating volume, to Deep Purple's 1972 album *Machine Head*. Gillan is still enough to laugh at the story. He has

clearly got used to the idea of having an audience younger than most of his best-known records.

"Everything's very disposable in America," he says. "So I think anything that does stand the test of time is afforded a certain respect. They wanted to put us in the Rock'n'Roll

'I've met people who have done 10 years in prison for owning a Deep Purple album'

Hall Of Fame but we declined. We haven't retired yet."

Gillan is at pains to stress that Deep Purple are still a working group, still creating, still, as he sees it, evolving. The current line-up includes Gillan and other veteran Deep Purple members Jon Lord, Roger Glover and Ian Paice, with Steve Morse in Ritchie Blackmore's place. Deep Purple's longevity has contributed to their status, and while they have probably been parodied more than emulated in their home country, there are places where they, and others of their ilk, are pos-

itively worshipped. To the beleaguered citizens of the Warsaw Pact during the Cold War, and elsewhere in the Third World, western heavy metal came to symbolise the freedom that was denied them. It seems strange, even grotesque, but it makes a certain amount of sense: no downtrodden Bulgarian youth was ever going to wish he was Morrissey.

"I've met people in those countries," he says, "who've done 10 years in prison for owning a Deep Purple album. A lot of the lyrics on the albums during the Cold War were very pertinent, because the only contact those people had with the West was through Radio Free Europe, or records they could get on the black market."

To his credit, Gillan refuses to pretend that he finds touring anything other than a huge laugh ("Christ, yeah—being there and doing it, it's the reason for being"). He also cheerfully admits to having no idea at all about current musical trends ("No, gave up years ago. It's just confusing"). He is, however, dimly aware that the pendulum of fashion is, just at the moment, swinging unusually close to Deep Purple. Kula Shaker have had a hit with a song ("Hush") best known as a Deep Purple hit; the surging Hammond organ sound pi-

oneered by Jon Lord is now an everyday rock motif, and as for the current trend for dousing everything remotely ballad-like in great washes of strings, Deep Purple wrote the book in 1970, with their eternally absurd *Concerto for Group and Orchestra*, recorded with the London Philharmonic.

I ask if there was ever any level at which he took any of *Spinal Tap* personally. In a way, it would be wrong of him, because any group turn inevitably into *Tap* as soon as they leave their hometown.

"I'll tell you a story," he says. The story dates from his time in Black Sabbath, goes on for some time, and involves Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, a stage set designed to resemble Stonehenge, a dwarf dressed up as Satan, roadies pretending to be druids, a great deal of dry ice and a baffling inability to remember the first line of Sabbath's "War Pigs".

"So," he concludes, "the only difference between *Spinal Tap* and Black Sabbath was that Sabbath operated on a higher budget and were consequently able to make bigger idiots of ourselves. You could probably say the same of Purple."

Deep Purple's UK tour begins 14 Oct at Wembley Arena

Searching for the key to a successful revival

SIMON CALLOW



NEXT YEAR I'm directing a famous but little-revived Fifties musical which must, for boring reasons, remain nameless for now. We are in the thick of preparations. My team of collaborators is assembled and we're slowly forging the language in which to tell the piece.

The producers and I determined that we wanted to make it new, while avoiding either updating the text or by reverting to Fifties retro-chic; we want to come at it from an unexpected angle to reveal it as more fully itself.

This of course is what everyone wants to do; very few directors arrive with the intention of creating a piece of museum theatre—unless they are forced by an intransigent estate to do so—although some may set out simply to "zap it to 'em" in the most basic way possible.

The most striking example of the unexpected angle approach in recent theatre history was the hugely successful production of *An Inspector Calls*, in which Stephen Daldry and his designer Ian MacNeil resorted to a stage-craft that JB Priestley would never have recognised—but which made a piece long regarded as a clapped-out war-horse into the most pertinent show on the London stage.

It's a hard trick to pull off, this identifying the core of the piece and then liberating it into the audience's imagination. It also sounds a trifle onanistic. Why not just do the show the way the author wrote it? It seems logical.

After all, we look at old films without qualm, in fact, with delight; we look at paintings and buildings that were created centuries ago, with simple pleasure.

The crucial difference is that these films and edifices were made in their time, by the living. If we attempt to imitate the ethos and the attitudes of the time in which the text was created, we become involved in reproduction, not, alas, in the biological sense, but in the sense known to the furniture industry. The sense of creation is fatally absent.

The theatre moves on all the time. The thousands, maybe hundreds of thousands, of participants in its multifarious activities each making his or her contribution,

large, small, even infinitesimal—are between them evolving the state of the art, for better or for worse, day by day. The Zeitgeist permeates us all, consciously or not; acting style belongs as much to its epoch as does the style of the design or of the lighting.

The audience's perceptions and expectations are constantly changing, too, to the extent that an acclaimed production of only a few years ago can seem oddly disappointing; that word again.

Any attempt to find a new language of design for its own sake will provide a purely superficial innovation: to set it now, for example, once a favourite ploy of directors in the search of a fresh angle, normally suggests a failure of imagination.

Of course there are, or must be, parallels to contemporary life, but it's in what is different that the fascination lies. The tough thing lies in engaging with the essence of the piece in question, which is what Daldry and MacNeil so brilliantly did with *An Inspector Calls*. Identifying it as neither a cryptic detective story or a piece of theatrical *l'égrot de main*, but as a hard-hitting analysis of society.

Where does that leave me with my forthcoming musical? Well, of course, there are musicals and musicals. Trevor Nunn and Nicholas Hytner have turned their attention to the great American musicals of Rodgers and Hammerstein, and revealed their engagement with deep and sometimes difficult themes.

When I directed *My Fair Lady* I tried to find new and delicious and sometimes quite eccentric wit of the original. For various reasons it was not a complete success, perhaps precisely because we became obsessed by style.

Certainly on the New One, our task is clear; its raison d'être is to spread joy and delight, and that is what we are gathering together this week to engineer in the wittiest way we know how.

WIN JAMES BOND



SHAKEN, STIRRED AND ON DISC

The National Film Theatre is featuring a tribute season to 007's legendary producer Cubby Broccoli: The Man with the Midas Touch, the season will run from 17th to 30th September. To celebrate the James Bond Season, The National Theatre and Philips have put up two superb prizes, including the latest Digital Video Disc machine, the Philips DVD 550, one year's free membership to The National Theatre, a pair of tickets to any two films during the James Bond Season, MGM Home Entertainment's DVD releases of *Goldeneye* and *Tomorrow Never Dies*, a Reel to Reel 007 trivia game and the new autobiography of Cubby Broccoli called *When the Snow Melts* (Boreas). There are also 10 runners up prizes of a pair of free tickets to a film of your choice during the James Bond Season and the Reel to Reel Trivia Game.

To win one of these wonderful prizes all you have to do is dial the number below, answer the following question on the line and leave your name and full address and contact number:

Q: In *Goldeneye*, the classic opening sequence where Bond peels off his frogman's outfit to reveal an immaculate white dinner jacket was recently, intentionally, repeated in which Hollywood blockbuster?

- 1) Naked Gun 2) True Lies 3) Mission Impossible

CALL 0930 515 886



National Film Theatre



PHILIPS

Call cost 50p per minute and should last no longer than two minutes. Winners will be picked at random after the last close to midnight on Sunday 13 September 1998. Usual independent rules apply. Editors' decision is final. Call the NFT on 071 228 2222 for more Bond film details.

Buddy fails to rock through the ages

MARK LAWSON wrote a novel, *Idlewild*, in which Kennedy never got assassinated and Marilyn Monroe didn't kill herself as far as I can remember, she ended up old and fat and forgotten, and he ended up universally loathed and despised for his warmongering and his insatiable personal appetites.

You wouldn't want to stretch the comparison too far, but in some ways Buddy Holly's history has mirrored JFK's: premature death (in an air-crash), subsequent canonisation and even a conspiracy theory—apparently, some reports noted bullet-holes in the pilot's seat, suggesting he was shot by one of his passengers.

And on Saturday night, Radio 2 awarded him his own

THE WEEK ON RADIO

REVIEWED BY
ROBERT HANKS

version of *Idlewild*, though subtly disguised as an hour-long feature about Buddy Holly's only British tour, in March 1958, and misleadingly titled "Buddy in Britain". In fact, no overt reference was made to what might have happened if Holly had lived beyond the age of 22; what we did get, though, was a cast of dull, middle-aged men (and the odd woman) indulging in tedious, trivial reminiscences about the Buddy Holly they knew. Not that this was their fault:

one thing that became clear was that while Holly was a very nice guy—he spent most of his time writing home to the folks in Lubbock, Texas, and was hardly ever encountered without a broad smile on his face—he wasn't one of rock's wild men, and travelling around provincial English theatres during a cold month in the Fifties he may not have been full of the joys.

There were flashes of humour here, not all of it intentional—Buddy wrote home: "Everybody comments on how my jokes get bigger laughs than the comedian on the show, Des O'Connor".

O'Connor himself contributed an impression of a Texas accent that came from

the same vowel-pool as Dick Van Dyke's cockney in *Mary Poppins*. There was, too, a good deal of enthusiasm for the music, unfortunately not borne out by the poor quality of the live recordings dug up for the occasion.

But for the most part, what the programme conjured up was a dull, oppressive atmosphere of period, and a sense of how youth and rock'n'roll decay into middle-age and complacency.

The whole thing was summed up by Joe Brown's remark that "Fate decreed that he would not return, but he never forgot that month in 1958"—which, given that he died in February 1959, sounds like very faint praise. It could

get a clearer idea of the point of Holly from this week's edition of *Shake, Rattle and Roll* (Radio 2, Monday). Mark Lamarr's showcase for vintage rock'n'roll records, which contained an ear-blasting selection of cover versions, as well as an excellent record by the Big Bopper, who died in the same crash.

The other thing you realised, listening to his excitably pedantic recitation of record credits, was that if things had gone differently for Lamarr he would now be standing on the roof of a platform clutching his thermos and his notebook. If considering alternative realities has one virtue, it's that it makes you realise just how well off we all are.

Nice acting, shame about the interview

THE WEEK IN ARTS

DAVID LISTER

TOBY STEPHENS, son of the late Sir Robert Stephens and Dame Maggie Smith, gives a thrilling performance opposite Diana Rigg in Jonathan Kent's chillingly intense production of *Phèdre* which opened in the West End this week.

Kent rightly describes Toby Stephens as "a heroic actor in an unheroic age". So it is a pity that Stephens marked the first night with an interview which was a little less than heroic.

Aiming a gratuitous swipe at the Royal Shakespeare Company, which made him a star just a couple of years ago, he said: "As I was leaving, it was a very unhappy company." (One assumes the two facts were unrelated).

He goes on to add that he was not tempted to go with the RSC to Plymouth: "No way. Not being at all snobbish, but you're down there for a month or whatever. It's going to be empty. It's just going to be demoralising. And I know people in the company who say it is."

Actually, that is being snobbish. It shows a metropolitan snobbery and a preciousness which can only be described by that awful word "luvvie". A whole month in

Plymouth! Well, people do survive it.

The RSC's artistic director, Adrian Noble, made a difficult but commendable decision to leave London in his determination that all parts of the country should see the best classical acting. Devon is not Siberia. Perhaps Jonathan Kent should take his splendid new production for a month in the West country as an exercise in theatre-in-education—for his own cast.

SIR CLIFF RICHARD told me a lovely story when I met him this week, which illustrates how crafty record companies

were back in the Sixties. He would get very resentful, he said, when he rang up to try to book Studio 2 at Abbey Road, constantly to be told that he couldn't have it because The Beatles were using it. Not good for the ego.

"I didn't actually meet Paul McCartney till years later," said Sir Cliff, "and I told him the story."

"He gasped and said 'but whenever John rang up to ask if we could use it to practise, he was told that Cliff and The Shadows were in there!'"

There's a studio booking manager out there somewhere who saved EMI a lot of money—and lost the chance of a lot of bootleg tapes.










Sir Cliff: a bit miffed

THE WEEK IN REVIEW

BY MIKE HIGGINS



OVERVIEW	CRITICAL VIEW	OUR VIEW	ON VIEW	YOUR VIEW...
THE FILM SAVING PRIVATE RYAN  <p>Steven Spielberg's D-Day epic depicts the efforts of US Captain Tom Hanks and his troops to recover the eponymous soldier, three of whose brothers have been killed in combat.</p>	<p>"The opening burst of formalist daring [is] only there to lull you into a false sense of security," reckoned our own Ryan Glibbey of the film's initial scenes of carnage. Nevertheless, thought <i>The Daily Telegraph</i>, "the purest, most sustained vision of hell ever committed to screen." "Suspect tub-thumping... decorated in</p>	<p>documentary-like bunting," sniffed <i>The Big Issue</i> in disagreement. "Spielberg refuses to... toe the guilt-ridden pacifist line," roared Christopher 'take no prisoners' Tooke in the <i>Daily Mail</i>.</p>	<p>Steel yourself for the film's gruelling vision of the Normandy landing. Thereafter, despite a career-best performance from Hanks, Spielberg reverts to schmaltzy type.</p>	<p><i>Saving Private Ryan</i> is out on general release. Certificate 15.</p>
THE EXHIBITION PIETER DE HOOGH  <p>A contemporary of Vermeer and a major figure in Dutch 17th-century art, de Hooch is only now receiving a one-man show of his domestic interiors and society portraits.</p>	<p>"Light is de Hooch's forte. He sees how light scatters and bounces, how it gets everywhere," mused Tom Lubbock. <i>The Guardian</i> was equally enthused: "His paintings are, to pinch a line from Seamus Heaney, very close to the music of what happens." De Hooch's work reveals "benediction even in the least elevated of daily routines," said <i>The Times</i>. <i>The Daily</i></p>	<p><i>Telegraph</i> concurs: "At his best, he created an art that looks that looks like a figure painter, de Hooch is often endearingly klutzy."</p>	<p>Bracketed by generic early pieces and cluttered later paintings, de Hooch's backyard and kitchen scenes are masterpieces of quiet domestic drama.</p>	<p>Pieter de Hooch: Dulwich Picture Gallery, College Road, London SE21 (0181 693 5254). Admission: £5 (£2.50) Until 15 November, closed Mondays.</p>
THE PLAY VIA DOLOROSA  <p>Appearing on stage for the first time since school, playwright David Hare presents his 12,000 word meditation on Israel, the nation which, like him, celebrates its 50th birthday this year.</p>	<p>Paul Taylor's judgement was unequivocal: "Watching pious pilgrims kneel to kiss a sacred stone whose position is hotly disputed prompts [Hare] to ask what it is they are kissing: a stone or an idea? Hare's excellent script and Stephen Daldry's beautifully modulated production leave such questions resonating powerfully in the mind." "Bar going</p>	<p>there to see for yourself, there can be few better ways of visiting Israel with the aim of making sense of its plight" said <i>The Daily Mail</i> of the evening. "In his first professional appearance on stage a nervous Sir David, hands as busy as agitated windmills, manages to hold a theatre audience nicely enthralled," applauded the <i>Evening Standard</i></p>	<p>Few doubted that the monologue itself would demonstrate the writer's customary insight regarding Israel's political and religious crises, but Hare's competence on the boards proves a pleasant surprise.</p>	<p>Via Dolorosa, Royal Court Downstairs at the Duke of York, St Martin's Lane, London WC2 (0171 565 5000). Seats: £5 - £19.50 Until 3 October.</p>
THE GIG MIKE OLDFIELD  <p>Twenty-five years after the original launched Richard Branson's Virgin label, the third incarnation of Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells received its live premiere in Horseguards Parade.</p>	<p>"Backed by a 10-piece ensemble, including three percussionists and three vocalists, the bleached-blond, tanned, healthy looking Oldfield doodled away and bent the notes like a virtuoso, soothing the corporate audience," purred <i>The Independent's</i> Pierre Perone. The <i>Evening Standard</i> admired the composer's meteorological stolidism: "Ironi-</p>	<p>cally, the easy listening classical pop arpeggios were enhanced by driving drizzle, the imperious composer shrugging ruefully as the audience wiped their noses on £30 tickets," admired the <i>Evening Standard</i>. "No thrills or chills here, just reserved, pretty music played on a prime patch of real estate," observed <i>The Guardian</i>.</p>	<p>Bit of damp squib all round. Oldfield may well reside in Ibiza these days, but <i>Tubular Bells 3</i> struggles to take on board any true dance rhythms of the Nineties. TB4? We can wait a while.</p>	<p>This show was a one-off. <i>Tubular Bells 3</i> is in the record shops now, priced £12.99</p>
THE PROGRAMME LIVERPOOL ONE  <p>Samantha James, men's magazine doyenne, stars as psychologist Detective Constable Isabel De Pauli, drafted in to the Merseyside police force in ITV's new cop drama series.</p>	<p>Jasper Rees detected an age-old pre-conception in the first episode: "De Pauli is from Essex, and suffers the same prejudice that all bottle-blondes from the locality encounter: her creators just won't take her seriously." <i>The Times</i> responded in kind: "We were probably all on the edge of our seats trying to work out the exact</p>	<p>same thing: how long will it take for this convoluted plot to unfold in a way that allows James to take off her clothes." <i>The Sun</i> maintained its critical distance, though: "It was tense stuff, written with delicious black humour and acted with great energy."</p>	<p><i>Liverpool One</i> gamely casts James against type - her boyfriend's gone off her - but the ghost of <i>Cracker</i> haunted the opening episode's clumsy attempt to paper over its plot with pop psychology.</p>	<p><i>Liverpool One</i> continues on ITV, Mondays at 9pm.</p>
THE ALBUM MANIC STREET PREACHERS  <p>Two years after the million-selling <i>Everything Must Go</i>, the Welsh rockers are back with 1998's most eagerly anticipated album, <i>This Is My Truth Tell Me Yours</i> their fifth LP.</p>	<p>"For a band which had made copious mileage out of projecting an image of rebellious intelligence and sensitivity, there are some desperately embarrassing moments here," cringed Andy Gill. <i>NME</i> was a more generous: "Awesome in scope, perpetually fascinating in content, but somewhat lacking in cohesion," the</p>	<p>lyrics, written by bassist Nicky Wire, continue to flow from a seemingly bottomless well of teenage art-student angst," concluded <i>The Times</i>.</p>	<p>The Manics are back with their first post-Brit Pop effort... and it's not what it's cracked up to be. Everything that was there on their last album is here by the spade, but that's the problem. Cheer up, lads!</p>	<p><i>This Is My Truth Tell Me Yours</i> will be in the record shops from Monday priced £16.49. The Manic Street Preachers are touring throughout the U.K. this autumn.</p>
THE FILM COUSIN BETTE  <p>In Des McAnuff's adaptation of Balzac's <i>La Comédie Humaine</i>, Jessica Lange stars as the titular repressed spinster and Elizabeth Shue as Jenny, a greedy cabaret singer.</p>	<p>"The film doesn't exploit more than the usual trappings of costume drama, but then there is still a lot to be said for heaving bosoms, ostentatious embroidery and the sight of British character actors twiddling stringy moustaches and being crisply bitchy to one another," quipped Ryan Glibbey. <i>The Guardian</i> said it should have been fluffier still: "It's</p>	<p>played as a bitter romp, but feels short on both viciousness and laughter, prompting the thought that it would have been more fun as an episode of <i>Blackadder</i>." About the right level for women's mag, <i>Evo</i>, then: "Jessica Lange underplays to perfection the bit's butter-wouldn't-melt bitch in this tongue-in-cheek comic romp."</p>	<p>McAnuff's frothy film is a long way from 19th-century French literature, but the presence of a fine cast, Lange and Hugh Laurie particularly, render <i>Cousin Bette</i> a malevolent goings-on almost seductive.</p>	<p><i>Cousin Bette</i> is out on general release. Certificate 15.</p>

ANTON ARONSTAN, 27, Teacher, London
"It was absolutely brilliant. The acting is very sincere and very emotional, especially for anyone who has been to Israel and understands the emotions. I think he was right not to offer any solutions."

MADHUCHANDRA SEN, 31, PhD student, London
"Very captivating and very intelligent made. It was very well-edited and very real."

GAYATHIRI CHIDAMBI, 26, Student, London
"I liked it very much. I thought the anecdotes he [David Hare] had were quite amusing, but the issues, of course, were very serious ones. I really enjoyed it. Usually the political issues are hard to do but the anecdotes were an interesting and unique way of exploring them. It gave it a lightheartedness."

KARAMAH ONEDAH, 30, unemployed, Dubai
"It included a lot of facts. He was saying how the situation is really in Palestine, or as some people might call it, Israel. It was more than an opinion; more stating facts. Some might say he was against the Israeli Jews or against the Arabs, but I think he was telling it as it really is."

A long meditation about love

DOUBLE TAKE

PAUL TAYLOR AND NICK KIMBERLEY ON PETER SELLARS'S PRODUCTION OF PEONY PAVILION

WHOSE SHOW is it anyway? *Peony Pavilion* presents scenes from a 16th-century Shanghai opera by Tang Xianzu, in Cyril Birch's highly rhetorical translation, staged by the American, Peter Sellars, with music by the contemporary Chinese composer, Tan Dun. Each has a stake in the production, as have the designers of set (George Tsypin), costume (Dunya Ramkova) and sound (Janet Kalas). More than most theatrical productions, *Peony Pavilion* derives its coherence, and occasional incoherence, from the unity of these collaborative elements.

If Tang Xianzu would recognise its relationship with his original, so much the better. Historically informed re-creation has its place (in a museum), but Sellars and Tan, the project's main instigators, have something different in mind.

Their *Peony Pavilion* is a drama in two acts, the first fusing Western spoken theatre with the sing-speech, song and dance of Chinese opera (lamou), as reinvented by Tan; the second retaining those elements, but roughing them up through contact with Tan's notions of contemporary opera, a *mélange* in which West and East, ancient and modern, are not polar opposites, but contiguous points.

It could all go horribly wrong, but it's bound by a strong narrative thread: a girl, Du Linxiang, is immersed in an erotic reverie that takes physical shape when the student Liu Mengmei

seduces her. The two pursue each other through dream-worlds and, when Du dies, beyond the grave. Like Prince Charming, Liu rescues her from death's domain, and they escape together.

A simple enough story but its telling carries a real sensual charge, not least because we observe three Lius, and three Dus engage in very different dramatic rituals; and that observation is achieved in part through no fewer than 18 TV screens embedded within Tsypin's set.

Tan Dun once played in a Chinese opera pit-band, and his re-imagining of ancient style cuts to the emotional quick. Then, in the almost free-standing opera that is Part Two, he lets rip. His orchestra (visible throughout) expands from a trio of pipa, fiddle and percussion, to include a rock drummer, midi horns, flute, and the unearthly wail of the Korean piri.

The cast is augmented by two full-out bel canto singers, Ying Huang (Du) and Lin Qiang Xu (Liu), whose operatic demeanour raises the dramatic temperature yet again. Flitting throughout, the composer's own disembodied voice, pre-recorded, howls shamanistically. That conductor Steven Osgood holds it together is a small miracle of musical empathy. Although its elements are distinct and recognisable, *Peony Pavilion* shapes them into something wild, frequently wonderful and quite new.



NK The lovers pursue each other Geraint Lewis

THE VIDEO monitors, suspended between sheets of glass at various angles and in an assortment of sizes, glow with pure colour and have the look of an enchanted swarm of tropical fish. The last time a Peter Sellars production visited the Barbican, the rows of monitors looming over the stalls relayed footage of the LA riots. This was *The Merchant of Venice*, relocated to Venice Beach, California. In *Peony Pavilion*, his latest project, the images on the screens tend to be more delicate, peaceful - a drift of petals in water; a feather swaying in slow motion close-up; a sudden flush of apricot. This is a 16th-century Chinese classic of the Kun tradition (part theatre, part opera) seen through hi-tech 20th-century eyes.

A meditation on the nature of love, Tang Xianzu's celebrated drama recounts the fortunes of Du Linxiang, a 16-year-old girl who has to go through extraordinary preliminary stages before she is properly united with the man she loves. She meets him first in an erotic dream, then, after she has died of longing, as a ghost. It is only when he defeats death by raising her from the grave that they meet as mortals and equals.

Sellars' production juxtaposes different theatrical traditions. In the first half, the lovers are played simultaneously by two couples - a pair of Kimqu artists (Gua Wenyi and Jason Ma) enact a courtship of

shy, stylised mirroring-movements, while two young Americans (Lauren Tom and Joel de la Fuente) emote naturalistically and with muted voices into hand-held cameras. They are always ready for their close up, Mr De Mille.

In Part Two, when the turbulent culture clashes in Tan Dun's arresting score commences (Tibetan chants overlaid with rock drumming et al), this foursome is joined by a rapturously haunted soprano (Ying Huang) and a tenor, Lin Qiang Xu, whose voice can perform startling vertical take-offs that produce an absolutely delicious falsetto.

Conveying a strong sense of the elemental, not withstanding all the gadgetry, the production offers a beautifully limpid vision of the sensuality and romantic lyricism of this myth. As with a great deal of Sellars' work, there's a dreaded lack of spontaneity and the first, shorter half, feels terribly slow. But anyone who found his LA riots *Merchant* and *Gulf War Persians* offensive in their political fatuousness can be reassured that this show is refreshingly free from editorialising. It's a Peter Sellars production that can be liked by those who don't normally like Peter Sellars.

Further performances 6.30pm 10-12, 14-16, 18-19 September, 3pm 20 September, Barbican Theatre, Silk St, EC2 (0171-638 8891) PT

TAKE A FRIEND TO THE OPERA



Warner Home Video have finally released the last three volumes of Friends Series 4, now available to buy from Warner Home Video. Who would have guessed that when Ross took Emily on their first date to the opera they would have ended up at the altar? To celebrate, two lucky winners will have the good fortune to take their date to the opera, as well as receiving the entire set of Friends on video, nearly 50 hours of laughs courtesy of Warner Home Video. The prize package includes travel and overnight accommodation in London.

15 runners up will win a complete set of Friends Series 4.

All you have to do to enter this competition is dial the number below, answer the following question on the line and leave your name, full address and contact number:

Q. Which of the following British celebrities did NOT appear in the Fourth Series of Friends?

1) Richard Branson
2) Jennifer Saunders
3) Sarah, Duchess of York
4) Tim Henman

Call: 0930 526237

Calls cost 50p per minute and should last no longer than two minutes. Winners of the Warner Home Video promotion will be picked at random after the lines close at midnight on Sunday 14th September 1998. Great Independent Newspaper rules apply. Editors' decision is final.

THE BOOKS INTERVIEW

Flashes of inspiration

Ian McEwan, master of burning images, chills out in Amsterdam. Robert Hanks talks to him

The book is only just in the shops, but already the game of who's who has begun. Just who is Ian McEwan getting at in his new novella, *Amsterdam* (Cape, £14.99)? *Private Eye* has authoritatively stated that the two central characters, the composer Clive Linley and his friend Vernon Halliday, editor of a declining broadsheet, are portraits of Michael Berkeley and Will Hutton. Other reviewers, no less confidently, have identified Halliday's newspaper, *The Judge*, as the *Times* and Hutton's *Observer*. Meanwhile, it seems obvious to me that the unpleasant right-wing foreign secretary Julian Garmony borrows his CV and aspects of his public persona (though not, I should point out for the lawyers, his complex sexuality) from Michael Howard.

McEwan is delighted to be the cause of all this speculation, but denies everything. Berkeley, for instance, he greatly admires, while Linley is supposed to be a pompous failure. As for Garmony, McEwan's one concern was to minimise any resemblance to Douglas Hurd, who occupied the post at the time of writing. With Hurd chair of this year's Booker panel, that looks suspiciously like foresight. "The one thing it isn't a roman à clef," McEwan says. "But I hope that the institutions and the characters have a sort of recognisable twang. What broadsheet hasn't tried to go downmarket at some time in the last 10 years?"

The title and the central idea of *Amsterdam* grew out of a private joke between McEwan and a psychiatrist friend. "We were talking about rapid-onset Alzheimer's - we were hiking - and we had some sort of joke about if one or the other of us had Alzheimer's, the one who didn't would get him across to Amsterdam to save him a humiliating end. And 'Amsterdam' then became a short-cut remark to 'You're losing your mind'. So we would set off walking, and I'd forgotten my mac, and he would say 'Well, it's Amsterdam for you!'"

It would be hard to say more without compromising the book's final twist. What can be said is that the real surprise has nothing to do with the plot. The light, brittle satire of *Amsterdam* is a decisive break from the past.

McEwan himself says that, after writing *Enduring Love*, the new book felt like a kind of relaxation, "a real holiday". The four novels that preceded it, starting with *A Child in Time* and ending with *Enduring Love*, he regards in hindsight as a quartet, characterised by their experimental nature. "I don't mean experimental formally, I mean having that quality of putting characters through things, to see what will become of them". Now, "I feel I've come to a bit of an end of something."

Not that the territory of *Amsterdam* is entirely unfamiliar. At one point, Linley finds himself caught up in an interview at a police station not unlike the one Joe Rose undergoes in *Enduring Love*. Like Joe, he finds the certainty of his memory called into question. Garmony, whatever his relationship to real-life politicians, is clearly first cousin to the de-sexed prime minister in *The Child in Time* who nurtures a guilty passion for one of his/her ministers. And the final pages - again, I don't want to give too much away - may well put you in mind of *The Comfort of Strangers*.

But at a deeper level, things have changed. One charge sometimes levelled against McEwan is that he is something of an intellectual fashion-victim. Look, runs this argument, take the stereotypical left-liberal agenda of *The Ploughman's Lunch* and *Or Shall We Die?*, the flirtation with quantum physics in *The Child in Time*, the evolutionary biology that underpins



IAN MCEWAN, A BIOGRAPHY

Born 1948 in Aldershot, son of an army NCO. After a first degree at Sussex, he took a literature MA at University of East Anglia, where he wrote the stories in *First Love, Last Rites* (1975), which brought him the Somerset Maugham award; followed by a second collection, *In Between the Sheets* (1977). His novels are *The Cement Garden* (1978), *The Comfort of Strangers* (1980),

The Child in Time (1987, Whitbread Prize), *The Innocent* (1990), *Black Dogs* (1992) and *Enduring Love* (1997). He has written a children's book, *The Daydreamer* (1994); the anti-nuclear oratorio *Or Shall We Die?* (music by Michael Berkeley); and the screenplays *The Imitation Game* (1980) and *The Ploughman's Lunch* (1982). He has three children and lives in Oxford.

Enduring Love. Isn't he just picking up on the fads of the day? The plot of *Amsterdam*, with its careful ethical agenda (invasion of privacy, euthanasia, private pleasures versus public responsibilities), just looks like further evidence for the prosecution.

There may be a degree of truth in the accusation; but what is more striking, taking his work as a whole, is the continuity of certain preoccupations. The scientific modernism that has infuriated some readers is really just one aspect of a deeper current of materialism: a conviction that we are, in the end, mere matter. But he qualifies this: "I think that rather begs the question of what matter is. It clearly is far beyond anything the imagination could ever conceive." That belief finds its most powerful

expression in the notorious dismemberment scene in *The Innocent*. Critics were put off by what they saw as gratuitous gore. McEwan now says: "I often wonder what would have happened to that novel if that scene had not been in it. It would have forced everybody to have discussed the rest of the book." To me, it reads like a more chilling version of the climactic scene in Heller's *Catch-22* when Yossarian unzips the jacket of the wounded airman Snowden and watches his guts spill out. This is all we are: the spirit gone, man is garbage.

The flipside of this rational, materialist philosophy is the romanticism that runs through his work. Sex is sanctified as the moment that allows us to break through the barriers of flesh and make contact with another person, and few British writers have described sex as tenderly and movingly as McEwan (though in the novels, as in life, the sex starts to get more perfunctory later on). The four novels that preceded *Amsterdam* all have at their heart a marriage, or something like a marriage; and marriage is even presented as a kind of salvation - its role in *A Child in Time*.

Amsterdam doesn't tackle these themes. Linley and Halliday are older, sadder, lonelier men, beginning to feel that mortality is a little too close to home to be a subject for philosophy, and sex has been left behind. So has childhood, another of McEwan's long-term preoccupations. And the lower-middle-class heroes of the earlier books - socially ill at ease, struggling to control their vowels and sometimes to edit their own past - have now moved up a notch. *Amsterdam* is set in the world of the great and good, who live in large houses in west London and run into cabinet ministers at social events.

Though he balks at the notion that his personal circumstances have affected his writing, it is hard not to trace in the lives of his characters the curve of McEwan's life - in particular, the end of his marriage five years ago (he has now remarried). Having disposed of one set of preoccupations, he seems to be working in something of a vacuum. *Private Eye*, while it may have been wrongheaded in identifying the protagonists of *Amsterdam*, hit the nail on the head when it picked on the adjective "Dahlish". This is a tale of the unexpected, as opposed to the startling.

McEwan has had plenty of stick from critics who think that the short story is his forte, and when it comes to novels he loses his way. He doesn't accept this. When I ask him what flaws he sees in his books he replies, reasonably: "I don't think there's anything wrong with them, otherwise I'd do something about it." Actually, this charge won't stand up: the plotting may sometimes seem haphazard, but at the level of ideas the novels cohere marvellously. What nobody has ever questioned, though, is his ability to create the ineradicable incident, the burning image: the dogs in *Black Dogs*, the dismemberment in *The Innocent*, the ballooning accident that opens *Enduring Love*, the vanishing three-year-old in *The Child in Time*. (In our house, "Uh-oh, Child in Time" is what we shout when a child goes missing.) *Amsterdam* lacks any such flashgun moment. McEwan would probably dispute this idea, but that vacuum is surely the product of uncertainty.

Having finished one phase of his creative life, he admits: "I just feel restless. I don't want to do that any more. And *Amsterdam*, although its tone is comic, is not really like that... I'm not quite sure where it's leading. In fact, I've got a feeling that I've got to write one more *Amsterdam*-like novel, smallish; but it's marking some other direction." All we can hope is that he gets himself orientated soon.

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COVER STORIES



THE AVERAGE age of publishing's decision-makers is these days frighteningly young: Michael Lynton, who runs Penguin, is not yet 40. Yet, at 90 this month, Eva Neurath is still chairman of the company she founded with her husband Walter in 1949: Thames & Hudson. A doughty independent still and justly celebrated for its arts list, its roots can be traced back to the war years, when the refugee couple met while interned. They ploughed their savings of £4,500 into their dream and, with a further £2,500 from printer John Jarrold and engraver Wilfred Gilchrist, began publishing their first titles. Walter died in 1967 and his son Thomas took over as managing director; Eva remains far more than a token presence.

THAT WELL-KNOWN critic James Major recently described his father's forthcoming memoirs as "a rollicking good read". It's hard to imagine anything to do with John Major conforming to that adjective. However, his HarperCollins editor, Michael Fishwick, said that the book will be "the most revealing book to come from that office that there's ever been and he's writing it himself". Fishwick claims to have seen some 30,000 words and emphasises "it will be a work of non-fiction, as opposed to some political memoirs".

PITY POOR Eric Hobsbawm, the distinguished left-wing historian whose daughter Julia helped create the New Labour image her father must despise. A review of his essay collection *Uncommon People in Publishers Weekly*, the US trade mag, calls him "the late historian". Julia and his British publishers, Weidenfeld, will testify that he is very much alive and kicking.

EVEN THE most urban of us can recite chunks of the shipping forecast, though heaven knows what it means. Now a new book of paintings aims to give us a clue. *Rain, Later, Good* contains 44 watercolours plus sketches by Peter Golliver, who travelled 16,000 miles to capture the essence of "Dogger, Fisher, German Bight... Cromarty... Firth Tyne...". His paintings aim to "demystify" the forecast and conjure up the locations and the people who live and work in them. The book is published by Thomas Reed, one of the oldest nautical publishers, and marks the 175th anniversary of the RNLI, for which it raises funds.

EARLIER THIS year, Molly Parkin's daughter, Sophie, burst into print. Now it's the turn of Erica Jong's 19-year-old, Molly Jong-Fast. Her first novel, *Grr!*, has been the subject of a slew of international deals and, in the UK, Hodder & Stoughton bought it for a tidy sum. The publishers describe the book as "The *Beautiful and the Damned* for the millennium" and the writing as mature beyond her years.

THE LITERATOR

Downfall of the Cockney rebels

Michael Leapman asks if Ken Livingstone can succeed where Dick Whittington failed

LONDON HAS always been more or less ungovernable. New Labour's tangle over what precise powers should be wielded by its new authority for the capital, and in particular whether to allow Ken Livingstone to be mayor, has echoes through the ages. We have, as this monumental work relates, been here many times before.

The dilemma is always the same. A London authority that exerted enough muscle to be effective, and was allowed a budget big enough to tackle the city's pressing problems, would become a rival power-base to the central government. That is why Labour's new authority, like its predecessors, will not be given the means to serve the capital's best interests.

Stephen Inwood ends his book - as sprawling and richly textured as London itself - with a quotation from its first historian, William Fitzstephen wrote in 1173: "The city is delightful indeed, when it has a good governor." It has been allowed one only spasmodically.

Inwood traces the rivalry between national and civic authority back almost to the Norman Conquest. London, even

then, was an important centre of trade, its backing crucial to monarchs in trouble. Depending how deep that trouble was, such support could be bartered for concessions to the city's "independent status" - as happened in 1141, when King Stephen was struggling for power against Queen Matilda, and again 50 years later when King John was having an early spot of grief with his barons.

In the late 14th century, Richard II punished London for its failure to support him by moving the exchequer to York, purging city officials and imposing the legendary Richard Whittington as mayor. When Richard II was deposed by Henry IV, Londoners welcomed the new king. As Inwood observes: "The appearance of popular support which a cheering crowd of Londoners could provide was a convenient buttress for a doubtful claimant."

Dick Whittington quickly transferred his loyalty to Henry and assured himself of continuing favour by lending him money. In the Wars of the Roses, the London merchants and financiers were again keen to be seen supporting the winning



London: a history
by Stephen Inwood
Macmillan, £30, 1111pp

side. The triumphant Henry Tudor was hailed at Shoreditch with trumpeters, loyal verses and a plump expenses purse.

As London spread, it became harder for city officials to impose authority on the "suburbs" beyond its walls. When Elizabeth I issued a proclamation banning new buildings within three miles of the city, it failed to halt the spread of finery shacks. During the Great Plague of 1665, the policy of isolating the sick and sealing off their houses proved equally

impossible to enforce. Disease, vice, crime and drunkenness were ever-present, because neither the city nor the national government had the power or will to control them. The early 18th century saw the first manifestations of organised crime and in the same period London's death rate, approaching 50 per thousand people, was nearly double the national average.

Under the Victorians, various stabs were made at providing the capital with effective government. For the most part, these were thwarted by politicians scared that a powerful authority would embark on huge capital expenditure on health, water and transport projects, leading to increased taxation.

The Metropolitan Board of Works, formed in 1855, gave way in 1888 to the London County Council, replaced in turn by the Greater London Council in 1965. All had achievements to boast of, but floundered because of an inescapable verity: wealthy voters do not live in areas where need is greatest, and are always reluctant to foot the bill for public projects. City-wide strategies seldom

command universal support. The most graphic example came during the last years of the GLC. Under its "Fares Fair" policy, the Labour authority had cut bus and tube fares by a third, financing the deficit through the rates. The Conservative council of Bromley challenged the policy on the grounds that Bromley had no tube and the cuts did not apply to its rail service. The Law Lords decided for Bromley and the policy had to be abandoned.

Which brings us back to Ken Livingstone, leader of the GLC during that tempestuous period, and with ambitions to be mayor under the new regime. His chance is negligible and, if he reads this absorbing book, he will understand why. Whatever trappings of powers the mayor is given, the prospect of a truly independent London has always struck terror into the hearts of England's rulers.

Dick Whittington held office under three kings because he knew how to bend the knee to the powerful. Ken Livingstone, never your natural placeman, is more likely to end up as Cinderella, left behind when the others go off to the ball.

Processed meat

Kim Newman acclaims a fable from the fencing trade

WITH A tone that wavers as unsettlingly between Ken Loach and Franz Kafka as its locale switches from Scotland to England, Magnus Mills' first novel is a work of rare originality and power. The nameless narrator is an Englishman who is made foreman in charge of Tam and Richie - two labourers who put up fences - by Donald, the avuncular but oddly obsessive owner of a small Scots firm.

In the opening chapters, the team manage to kill a customer while fixing up a shoddy job of wire-tightening, and calmly bury him under his own fence. The process is repeated, equally casually, several more times, with each of the main characters more or less responsible for a job-related fatality that has no consequence beyond an unsettled account.

Donald sends the team south to an English backwater, where they are to fence off a remote farm property. Mills concentrates for a while on the details of their drudgery: living together in a squalid caravan, as Tam and Richie's slovenliness challenges the narrator's attempt at domesticity; grumbling through a fitful day's



The Restraint of Beasts
by Magnus Mills
Flamingo, £9.99, 216pp

work in order to grab precious hours in the pub in the evening.

A potential rivalry simmers when the team learns that "all the fencing round here is done by the Hall Brothers". A meeting with John Hall, some kind of English *doppelgänger* for their boss, gets them into off-the-books work for him, from which they feebly try to escape.

While the business of workaday plodding is convincing, the book is building up a strange background, not least in all

the deaths. This makes the home-stretch as nightmarish and yet vague as anything in English since the heyday of Robert Aickman. Written from a point of view stranded between Tam and Richie (with their beer-centric lives and on-the-job moaning) and the Halls (whose businesses are private obsessions with horrific implications), the novel never quite says what exactly it is that all these fences - some electrified, and stouter than they need to be - are for, and what kind of beast has to be restrained by them. It never needs to come out with a *Twilight Zone* punline, although the final chapters, when the team returns to the Halls' increasingly regulated processing plant, are horribly suggestive.

This is a concise book, sure enough of its effects not to overdo them. Yet it contains multitudes of meanings: from a specific State of the United Kingdom address (fences as a symptom of national ills) to a wittily resigned vision of people blindly building the very farms, prisons and death camps in which they will be "processed". It is very, very good.

The ant man cometh

Roy Porter objects to this haughty harangue from a scientist with imperial designs

For sheer arrogance, this book takes the biscuit. The brilliant Harvard entomologist Edward Wilson, not content with having invented the new science of sociobiology and being the world's greatest authority on ants, is now minded to rescue the West from its current "chaos" by restoring intellectual "order". For this, his nostrum is the method of "consilience". Fundamentally, this proposes that knowledge is ultimately a whole; that unity lies in science, and so it must be scientists who should sit in judgment as to what is true and what is not.

Put in other terms: while it might look to you and I as if there is a plurality of realities – the truths of intuition or the unconscious, of art, poetry, faith, and even the social sciences – we are plain wrong. For beliefs are valid only if they ultimately agree with the thinking of natural science. At bottom, in other words, there are not C.P. Snow's Two Cultures, still less 22. There is only one: that one is science and its Platonic guardians are Professor Wilson and his chums.

The ant man is not, or course, unaware of the breathtaking presumptuousness of his claim that all must kneel before science's throne. Indeed, he says candidly that he knows he will be accused of advocating simplistic, reductionist scientism. But at least he has the courage of his convictions. "Guilty, guilty, guilty," he confesses.

With evangelical fervour, Professor Wilson seeks to rebut all of heathens and heretics, "usually leftist in orientation" – neo-Marxists, eco-feminists, Afrocentrists and Postmodernists – or rather convert them to the Gospel of the Church Scientific. He also seems to be promoting a further, hidden agenda, a slide attack on multiculturalism in its more political manifestations. Perhaps we will all have to be not just natural scientists now, but loyal Americans to boot.

Few would deny that seeing the world as a whole has its attractions, or that there is much wrong with today's proliferation of academic disciplines. Doubtless it would be comforting to return to a cognitive Garden of Eden, before knowledge "fell" and broke into fragments.

The catch is that we have to do it "Wilson's Way" – and endorse his doctrine that, one day, everything about *Homo sapiens* will be understood in the lingo of genetics, microbiology and neurology. Wilson seems to take pleasure in putting across such dictats in the most brutal and brutal terms. For instance: "The brain is a machine assembled not to understand itself, but to survive." With people like Wilson around, our inability to understand ourselves begins to sound like a self-fulfilling prophecy.

What is the cash value of this haughty harangue? In large measure Wilson's diatribe is targeted against practitioners of the social sciences and the humanities, cast as lesser mortals



The mad scientist at work in the film, 'Bride of the Monster', starring Bela Lugosi

hopelessly bogged down in "tribal loyalties" and "ideologies". Marxists and psychoanalysts are trashed; peddlers of "carelessness and error", they are, he declares, "the pits". They should all toe the line of natural science – or quit.

Arrogance aside, the problem with Wilson's approach is that, to say the least, it represents the triumph of hope over experience. What new insights has natural science so far given us into Socrates or Shakespeare, to say nothing of society at large? It is one thing to fathom how thinking, sentient, creative beings have evolved; quite another to explain what they think, feel or create.

Wilson seems oblivious to the distinction. Or rather, by something like a knee-jerk reaction, he collapses the latter into the former. Lamenting that literary critics "have paid little attention to biology", he commends research into the "biological origin of the arts". Religion, likewise, is for him "largely a problem in astrophysics". Sometimes *Consilience* sounds like an essay in Swiftian self-parody.

How does Wilson justify his astounding agenda? Partly on the basis of highly selective historical references. Looking back for justification to the programme of the Enlightenment, he takes the Marquis de Condorcet as its quintessence. Condorcet it was who unfolded a vision of limitless progress grounded on the pursuit

of science. But that is a contentious reading indeed, seemingly built upon Wilson's historical ignorance.

After all, Condorcet was only one figure in a highly complex movement which was no less concerned to stress the limits of science and scientific reasoning than to salute them. Just think of Voltaire's scepticism, or Diderot's mockery of the ravings of scientists in *D'Alembert's Dream* – to say nothing of the claims of a Vico or Goethe that life and consciousness are irreducible to the crude, billiard-ball mechanisms of the physico-chemical sciences. ("Goethe can be easily forgiven," Wilson asides with mind-boggling condescension.)

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Deny Condorcet's dream is of salvation through science, "and you go back to barbarism", we are told, but we might just as easily respond that the dream itself may lead to *Brave New World*. Wilson is not mistaken to look to the Enlightenment. He is in error to reduce it all to black and white. Here, as elsewhere, what's wrong is that his thinking is, as he would boast, reductionist.

Anyone seeking psycho-biographical explanations for this obsession with reducing our complex, heterogeneous mind-worlds to uniformity and simplicity (though Freudianism is one brand of reductionism at which Wilson baulks) will need to look no further than Wilson's own background. He was raised in Alabama as a Southern Baptist. His religious upbringing evidently taught him that there was one and only one truth, and that lay in the Good Book. As he notes, he gave up that form of scriptural literalism for science, but it is pretty clear that he never grew out of the need to have faith in the Truth. Biblical monotheism gave way in Wilson's mind-set to scientific fundamentalism.

Consilience suggests that Professor Wilson has privately elected himself heir to a long intellectual tradition. It was the aim of Victorian advocates of "grand theory" to come up with a unifying philosophy, or the theory to end all theories. Auguste Comte attempted that with Positivism, Herbert

Spencer after him with his meta-physics of evolution. At a later date, Albert Einstein held that a unified field-theory would prove the key to the universe, while physicists still mutter about a "theory of everything" – the aspiration behind Stephen Hawking's talk of knowing the mind of God. Assuming the mantle of one of science's Grand Old Men, Wilson clearly has yearnings along these lines.

This might help explain the puff on the front cover: "There's a new Darwin." "Tom Wolfe totes." "His name is Edward O Wilson." Nothing could be further from the truth. Darwin was a man of rare intellectual humility, deeply diffident about holding forth on anything beyond his own field of expertise. Wilson has no such inhibitions. Whereas Darwin, fully aware of the nature/nurture problem, was always chary of drawing ethic imperatives from natural selection, Wilson has done that with abandon. For example, he assures us in his earlier works such as *Sociobiology* that, on the basis of his insect studies, aggressive free-market capitalism is Nature's way and that gender roles are determined.

The penchant that Americans have for taking Darwin's name in vain is not the least remarkable thing about this outrageous polemic. How sad that a man who has nobly and passionately defended bio-diversity should now come out as a champion of scientific imperialism.

INSPIRATIONS

POET AND NOVELIST JACKIE KAY

The music
For their sad and shocking narratives, I have always loved the blues, particularly Bessie Smith. Her raw, unplugged voice drags me down to the depth of despair and brings me back again. The blues have a way of making me feel known. And the blues are funny, that strange kind of funny where people can laugh at somebody's funeral.



Rhum and Egg, where I imagined people drank rum and ate egg only.

The play
I saw 7.84's *The Cheviot, The Stag and the Black, Black Oil* in my early teens in the Cumberland Little Theatre. An inspiring play about the Highland Clearances. That feeling, in that wee theatre, of exhilaration, of intense camaraderie. We were so close to the stage we practically transformed into teachers – the opposite of Sassenachs.

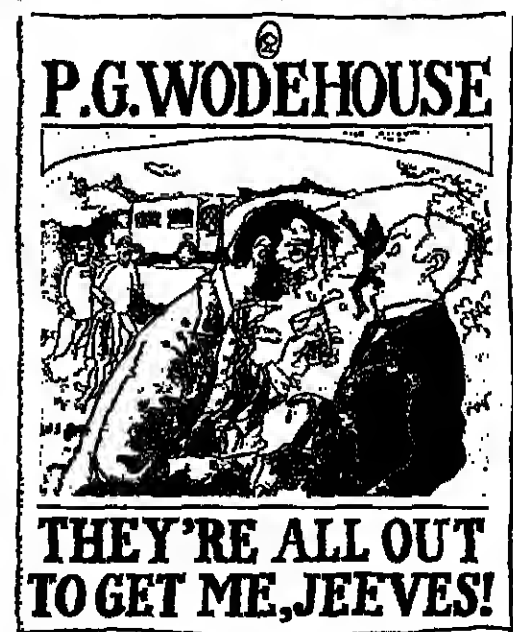
The place
Croig, the Isle of Mull. We stayed on a croft off Mrs Dudgeon Bray's farm. Mrs Dudgeon Bray would shoot at strangers. I was four. When we arrived off the ferry, the locals gathered round my brother and me asking: "Do they have the English?" "Bloody cheek," my mum said, "Most of them don't have the English." On a good day I could see the Islands of

The film
Billy Wilder's *Double Indemnity*. I love the terrible tension and greed; the double betrayal. I love the way films like this have lines you can say in your own life: "It's you and me baby till the end of the line."

The artwork
There are artists I used to particularly like such as Georgia O'Keeffe and Charles Rennie Mackintosh, whose work has become so commercialised, it has been spoilt for me. I like the odd privacy of the art gallery, seeing how Finnish painters have a different idea of light, or gazing at the Harlem Renaissance paintings when they were brought over to London.

Jackie Kay's first novel is 'Trumpet' (Picador, £12.99)

ERRATA BY FELIX BENNETT



Bertie Wooster finally succumbs to alcohol-induced paranoid psychosis, and goes on a killing spree. Send for Jeeves!

Pens against lens

MY WEEK began in a red blizzard of shattered bone, severed limbs, frothing intestines and split brains – and all without leaving Leicester Square. The extraordinary virtual-reality bloodbath on Omaha Beach that opens Steven Spielberg's *Saving Private Ryan* serves up a banquet of food for thought (provided, of course, that you can keep it down). For me, one of its effects was to draw a line to the crimson D-Day sands between what cinema and literature can do with the machine-tooled carnage of modern combat.

In the most literal sense, the triumph of special effects in film beggars description. How could any mere scribbler hope to compete with the wraparound guts and gore of Spielberg's *DreamWorks* studio? Even before this rivalry from the hallucinatory image, voices from the battlefield often knew that their real business lay elsewhere. The poets of the First World War did not always choose to downplay the anatomical side of that slaughter just because of squeamishness or gentility. They knew the score, all too well. And they grasped that their job was to seek meaning in a place that annihilated sense, not simply to invent the vast morgue of the Western Front.

When it comes to meanings, Spielberg stops before a wizard and turns back into a child – or rather, an idiot savant, fantastically gifted and yet utterly naive. On the moral and historical fronts, this director could hardly argue his way out of a

A WEEK IN BOOKS



BOYD TONKIN

How can writers ever compete with the Spielberg effect? By thinking, for a start

paper bag, let alone out of a besieged Normandy salient. This is where complicated words come into their own. Within a few years of the war's close, novelists had distilled its horrors into an ambiguous blend of pride, regret and deep-dyed irony. By 1948, even such a blustery performer as Norman Mailer could show – in *The Naked and the Dead* – that the minefields of war belong as much in the ethical as the physical realm. (Extracts from that novel appear in Little, Brown's new, 1250-page Mailer compendium, *The Time of Our Time*.) Come 1998, and mass entertainment seems to have opted for a rudimentary recipe of cliché-plus-carnage. Spielberg and his peers can manage pity and terror showily enough. Paradox and absurdity still defeat them,



even if the movie *GIs* moan about their mission in the time-honoured celluloid way. Back in real history, Utah Beach, adjacent to Omaha, witnessed a lightly-opposed US landing with a mere handful of deaths. Yet, during the dress rehearsal for Utah, a German squadron out of Cherbourg had ambushed a flotilla in Lyme Bay and killed many hundreds. A dozen deaths during the real thing; 700-plus in the practice run: this was a world that deserved Joseph Heller, not Steven Spielberg. *Catch-22* remains the more realistic (rather than naturalistic) guide to Europe in 1944.

The other side of war that Hollywood will miss involves its aftermath. Here again, fiction can fill the gaps the screen leaves blank. The new novel from Irish author Peter Cunningham (whose father was the only Irishman to win a Military Cross on 6 June 1944) traces the later lives of two friends who shared experience of D-Day both unites and divides them. A splendidly lush, richly eloquent chronicle of two intertwined careers in a changing Ireland, and of the woman both men adore, *Consequences of the Heart* (Harvill, £10.99) amounts to much more than a study of post-traumatic disturbance. Yet his nagging memories of war plunge the narrator into a sort of existentialist solitude. "There was no-one with whom I could discuss those crucial hours," he laments, "Describe them, yes, to people who had not been there, but not discuss them". Movies can describe, now with a matchless, graphic intensity. Books discuss. We still require the words of war.

That arsenal score in full

Jan Morris hears topical overtones amid Spanish skullduggery

IF YOU can imagine a scholarly book by a steam-railway enthusiast revealing that Sir Nigel Gresley was offered a bribe of £1m to sell the designs of his LNER 4-6-2 Pacific locomotives to the LMS instead, you may have some idea of the nature of *Arms for Spain*. In an almost obsessive style, it turns topsy-turvy many assumptions about the way in which armaments reached both sides in the Spanish Civil War of the 1930s, in defiance of an international arms embargo.

Gerald Howson is no anorak war buff. He is a serious historian and author of a delightfully learned book about flamenco culture, but he does bring to his subject some of the train-spotter's exhaustive concentration. No weapon of war is left unidentified, and by the end you will probably know rather more than you need about the *granatzenwerfer*, the Japanese Arisaka 107 mm gun, or the advanced Polish gull-wing aircraft designed by Zygmunt Kurowski.

Don't be put off. Allow the lad his hobby. His book is not really about guns and aeroplanes, but the astonishing web of deceptions, misunderstandings, scams, frauds and hypocrisies which sustained the ideological struggle in Spain.

It travels half the world in its search for the truth – from Bolivia to Lundy Island, from a Texas airfield to a Czechoslovak munitions factory – and involves characters from Goering to Hedy Lamarr, by way of Duff Cooper and Chiang Kai-Shek. It is an extraordinarily fascinating picture of political and financial intrigue in the



Arms for Spain by Gerald Howson John Murray, £25, 354pp

fateful years before the deluge. All the Powers of Europe then had their eyes on Spain. The conflict there between the democratically elected Republican government of the Left and Franco's rebellion of the far Right offered them a preview of the fearful international struggle so soon to come.

They responded in ways familiar enough to cynics. The great democracies, British and French, shaded their eyes with the mask of Non-Intervention. Nazi Germany, in the course of the war, sent to Spain some 800 aircraft from a Luftwaffe that never possessed many more than 3,000. And the Communist Soviet Union was, of course, the ideologically principled arms-supplier, which sustained the legitimate Republican government from the first day to the last.

Or was it? Nothing seems quite so black and white when you have spent a few hours with Howson. By and large, Franco's Nationalists had much easier

access to foreign arms than their Republican opponents, but both sides seem to have been equally subject to international chicanery.

The Russians cheated their comrade clients disgracefully: not only did they supply out-of-date weapons with little ammunition, but they rigged exchange rates to their own advantage, and thereby pocketed a good deal of the gold reserve which the Spanish government had entrusted to them.

The Polish government, then a military autocracy, publicly plumped for Franco but secretly sold huge quantities of weapons to his opponents. Even the Germans secretly provided arms for the anti-Fascists. They were supposedly destined for Greece, and got to Spain with the alleged collusion of Goering – conveniently providing cash to finance a drug ring he was mixed up in.

Howson's book is rich in skullduggery. Immensely complicated chains of intermediaries circumvented the arms embargo, involving manufacturers, financiers, crooks and banks from all parts of the world. Spanish embassies, officially representing the Republican government, sometimes worked surreptitiously for Franco.

Private adventurers of many nationalities and motives, smuggled arms into tortured Spain: Captain John Ball, for instance, late of the Royal Flying Corps. Having failed to ship arms to Haile Selassie for his battles against the Italians in Ethiopia, he sold them instead to Mussolini's friend Franco. The Midland Bank in London

deliberately delays the transfer of money to Mexico, where it would buy American-built aircraft for the Republicans; the Waldorf Hotel in Aldwych is bugged by MI5 to entrap politically unsuitable arms dealers.

It is a tangled tale, with many echoes. Money-laundering, "Merchants of Death", wire-tapping, bribes and blackmail, sinister ex-officers and avaricious scallywags – all these familiar of today's headlines were familiar in the 1930s too. Howson tells it all as fairly as he can, but it is clear where his sympathies lie. He concludes that the Republicans got the worst of almost every deal, and that this was a chief reason why they lost the war.

Hands up who cares? Falangists, Popular Fronts, the Comintern, Leon Blum and Hugh Dalton: for most of us, it probably all happened too long ago, and has been too overwhelmed by the monumental events of the later 20th century, to engage our emotions.

Arms for Spain, all the same, raises some disturbingly topical speculations, besides being an enthralling cross between a thriller, a historical tragedy, a black comedy – and that transpotter's thesis.

Jan Morris's most recent book is 'Europe: an album' (Penguin)

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The unsinkable myth will survive

So the Armada hero was a deceitful thug? No problem, says Felipe Fernández-Armesto. The English like their icons rough

Drake used to be part of every schoolboy's dream of the perfect Englishman. Gifted amateurism, pluck in adversity, coolness in crisis and effortless superiority over foreigners were all epitomised in that game of bowls on Plymouth Hoe in 1588. The Spanish Armada was getting close but Drake had "time to finish the game and thrash the Spaniards too".

The story, like almost everything the English believe about Drake, is false. But it has a hallowed place in mythic history. The real, rolling road of English identity leads from Plymouth Hoe, via the playing fields of Eton, to the towers of Wembley and the beaches of Dunkirk. In his day, however, Drake hardly seemed a potential culture-hero: he was dogged by sleaze and accused of cowardice, corruption and cruelty.

To victims of his campaigns, he was a pirate and terrorist. His raids on Spanish and American coasts were marked by burning villages, wrecked churches and sacked towns. His ravages against "civilian targets" were so terrible that mothers in Venezuela still tell bawling infants, "Drake will get you if you don't pipe down". Some of his violence was licensed by the English crown, but most of his operations were outside the law, and therefore war-crimes.

Not all his victims were enemies of England: he got his way with shipmates by a mixture of charisma and savagery. In Patagonia in 1578, on his way round the world, Drake accused his commander of witchcraft and had his head chopped off after a show trial. He cheated his sister-in-law of her inheritance. In his lifetime as a trader in black slaves, he exceeded the inhumanity of his time. Contemporaries were shocked when he abandoned a black woman whom he and his crew had abused and left pregnant on a desert island.



Francis Drake: the Queen's pirate
by Harry Kelsey

Wile University Press, £22.50, 592pp

On his first independent command, as part of a slaving expedition in 1588, he acquired a reputation for shiftless unreliability by forsaking the fleet in the face of attackers. Sponsors of colonisation in Virginia blamed their failure on his bungled "help". Disobeying orders during the Armada, Drake abandoned his post under cover of night to claim, for his own benefit, the only valuable prize-vessel the English captured.

A few days later, his ship disappeared from the fight without leave or explanation. Drake's talent for self-service when England's safety was at stake infuriated fellow officers. His enrichment with booty excited envy. A colleague denounced him for a craven, "cozening cheat".

Rather than by mere greed, as his enemies claimed, Drake was driven by a mixture of vices. Social ambition was vital to this tenant-farmer's son, who suffered the childhood humiliation of destitution. He had "an insatiable desire of honour beyond reason". He was bent on making a fortune, building a house, founding a dynasty, though he had no children of his own. He invented noble an-

cestors and affected a coat of arms.

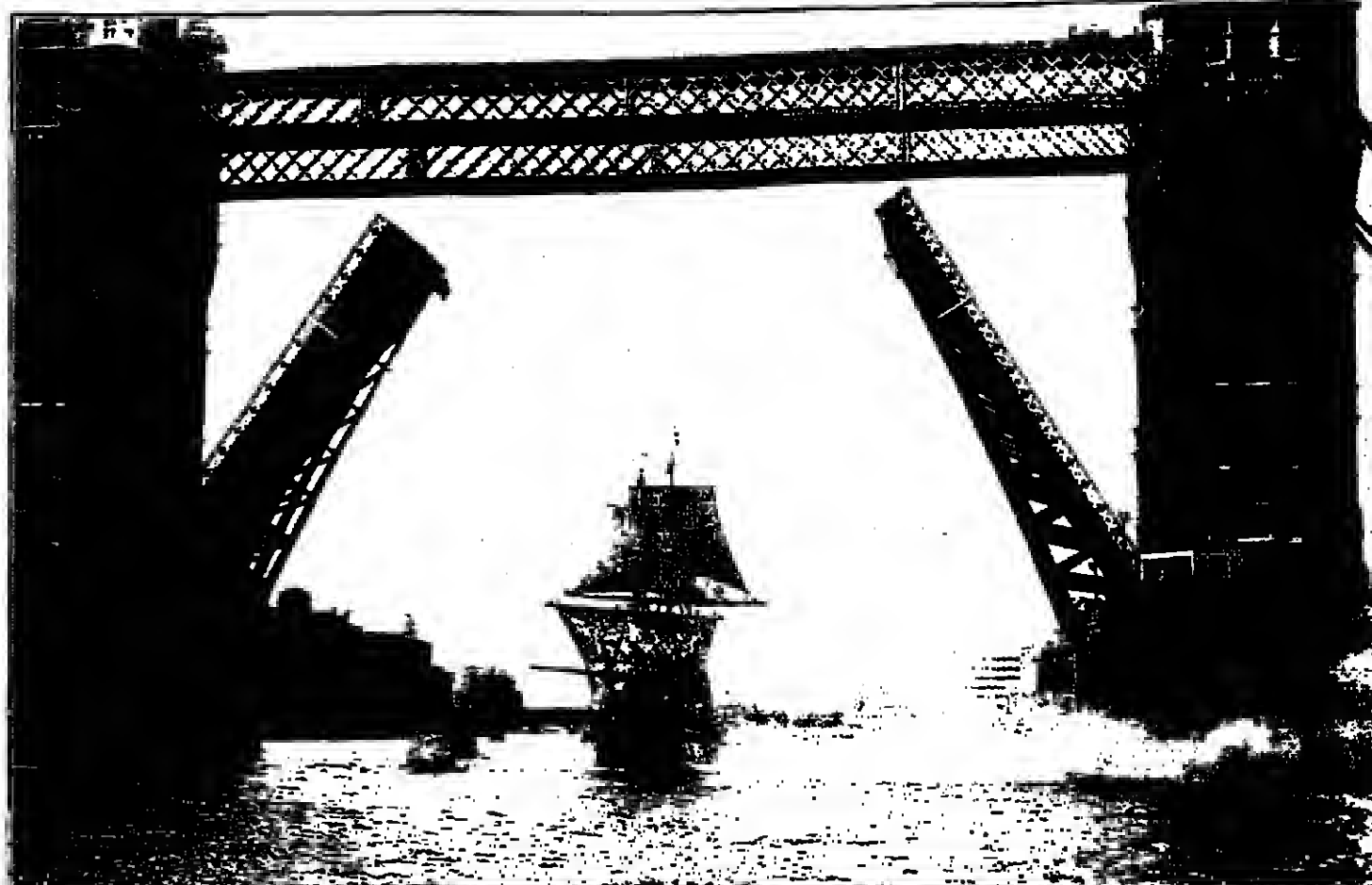
His lordly notion of himself inspired some of his best gestures. Prisoners acknowledge his magnanimity. His generosity was commended by Spanish balladeers. Aboard ship, with a natural aristocrat's indifference to other men's rank, he "made the gentleman to haul and draw with the mariner and the mariner with the gentleman".

The evil he did, he did well. He was an able pirate. The Spaniards said he must have a magic mirror through which he could glimpse vulnerable ships across vast expanses of ocean. His nickname - Draco, the Dragon - was apt: he could slink unseen, serpent-like, between the waves and strike unexpectedly.

Yet his reputation as a sea-dog is exaggerated. He made no undisputed discoveries. He did not defeat the Spanish Armada. By his mid-fifties he was a burnt-out case, weary, confused and indecisive.

For over 400 years, he has lain in his sea-grave, "slung 'tween the round-shot" and "dreaming" all the time of Plymouth Hoe. Until now, every biographer has banged Drake's drum. Harry Kelsey, however, has two qualities which all academics need and few reputations can survive: critical acumen and uncompromising scholarship. He has written the best available life; insightful, enthralling and generally well paced, though a few longwinded intrusions when the author's meticulous work among the sources is supported by his deep knowledge.

The conclusions are devastating. Drake's aims were not religious warfare, exploration, colonisation or - for most of the time - honest trade. He was a pirate through and through. Most of the indictment is fair; only in his denunciation of Drake for religious humbug does the author go too far, discounting evidence that the pirate was genuinely committed to Protestantism. The picture might be perfected by even deeper investigation of Drake's financial dealings, home life, and partisans and enemies at court, though no previous book has as much information on these matters.



The ships - like the recreated Golden Hind - were driven by wind, Drake was driven by vice

So how did this vicious, greedy thug get to be cast as an exemplary schoolboy hero? According to Kelsey, royal patronage made him - for the queen loved rogues, and her meretricious streak was gratified by the Spanish gold Drake captured. He spent lavishly on buying friends and employed ghost-writers. Above all, his reputation was boosted by his enemies abroad, who saw him as embodying the menace of Albion.

The scholarly world will find Kelsey's case convincing, but Drake's status in English myth is unlikely to suffer. Although sleaze can wreck the careers of ordinary public figures, the English do not expect their heroes to be morally perfect. Many are spotted with sexual

naughtiness (like Nelson), drink (like Gordon), arrogance (like Churchill), instability (like Wolfe), mendacity (like Lawrence of Arabia) or incompetence (like Captain Scott). What all have in common are the rogue virtues which Drake abundantly shared: improvising genius and irrepressible individualism, which will break orders and cook a snook at conformity. The English always suspected these qualities in peacetime and relied on them in war.

Many pirates had a hand in founding great empires. The truth about Drake does nothing to diminish his importance. In any case, history is influenced less by the facts by the falsehoods people believe. Legends can acquire, with long use, a kind of poetic truth. So Drake swings on, unassailable between the rounds. And despite the brilliance of his book, I fear that Harry Kelsey is doomed to be another don drummed up the Channel by the sticks of myth.

Treasure this material girl

Chris Savage King praises the only designer who can make Harris Tweed sexy

IF INVENTING clothes ranks with the fine arts, then Vivienne Westwood is a most accomplished practitioner. Her shops are Aladdin's Caves full of objects to astonish and delight. As in Fragonard paintings, the thrill of the garments lies in the manner of their execution. Westwood's clothes are colourful and effusive, full of themselves. Their watchword might be: "Don't dream it - be it!"

Westwood's background was spartan, in wealth and expectations. On a teacher training course, she was set to be "potentially the greatest primary school teacher of her generation". A Jean Brodie-ish spell hangs over her *oeuvre* and personality, but in earlier days, she was searching for appropriate creative soil.

Famously, she met Malcolm McLaren. The significance of punk has been a hard-worked theme by cultural historians. This is probably because its raw energy stands in bold contrast to the lackness of much new culture now. What might be claimed about this short, brutal movement is that it created shockwaves that anticipated the best and worst of the 1980s. What is often forgotten in the



Vivienne Westwood: an unfashionable life
by Jane Mulvagh
HarperCollins, £19.99, 402pp

lather of nostalgia is that punk was rabidly puritanical.

The Westwood/McLaren alliance was unmarked by physical affection, and for that matter, too much acknowledgement of her contribution. One of Westwood's favourite quotes is from H L Mencken: "Puritanism is the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy". Once punk and McLaren were done, Westwood's work emphasised femininity and extravagance. After punk, she came into her own.

The chief interest in her



work lies in its fearless juxtapositions of high and low art, restraint of form and excessive content. Westwood alone could give Harris Tweed - the frumpiest of fabrics - a feeling of style and sexiness. She could transform conservative costumes with radical cuts. Her work is the sum of deep contradictions. Spontaneous-seeming clothes are fiercely tailored; wild celebrations of the female form both embrace and restrict it. Original clothing draws explicitly on history, and so transforms past and current trends.

Her guiding light has been to assume that if it's beautiful, it works; but she has consistently challenged conventional notions of what beauty is. Her works could be said to be the embodiment of art for art's sake but, hustling as they are with ideas, they manage to be thought-provoking as well.

Westwood is also a flagrant elitist who happens to be a household name. As a woman in the public eye, she has suffered her fair share of scorn and ridicule. Women artists and intellectuals are especially prone

to this, especially if they have crashed through professional barriers, ignoring the rules.

It is arguable whether Jane Mulvagh's book challenges or adds to this crude lampooning trend. Westwood changed her mind about involvement with it, and so it relies on other sources. Malcolm McLaren's ill-natured remarks on Westwood amount to virtual character assassination. The reader can only blink at assertions of his importance continue as Westwood's star rises and his fades.

While Mulvagh is keen to support her subject, she is also prone to taking catnip potshots on the topics of Westwood's love life, difficult personal traits and intellectual interests (or "pretensions"). While congratulating her on a tenacious lack of orthodoxy, Mulvagh can come up with some incredibly pedestrian pronouncements herself.

Westwood's autobiography still cries out to be written. You imagine something along the lines of Andy Warhol's *A-Z* and *Back Again*, from a woman's point of view. But, for the time being, Jane Mulvagh's version of Westwood's life is a sporadically interesting account of a remarkable woman.

INDEPENDENT CHOICE

AUTUMN BLOCKBUSTERS, BY SUSAN ELKIN

WHY IS "popular" a pejorative term? Such snobbish nonsense. The masses like *Swan Lake*, the Tower of London and *The Holy Grail* because they're rather good. And the same applies to much blockbuster fiction.

Maeve Binchy's publisher hopes to break a record with her new novel *Tara Road* (Orion, £16.99, 488pp) and sell a million copies in paperback. They probably will, not least because it is gloriously free of literary pretension and reads jolly well. Plot is to fiction what melody is to music, and Binchy is a mistress, like no other, of stories which sing out.

Bright, attractive and homely Ria Lynch lives in Dublin with her ditsy husband and children in Tara Road, at the centre of a plausibly evoked network of friends. Ria's circle, free of shallow stereotypes, consists of folk we all know.

Sadly, it isn't only Ria who finds the smooth-talking Danny Lynch irresistible, and her marriage founders. Enter Marilyn Vine - a rather reserved American - who is silently failing to come to terms with a dreadful family tragedy.

She and Ria swap homes for the summer and each is instrumental in the rehabilitation of the other. There is no mushy writing or thinking and, by the time she reaches the end, Binchy bravely resists the temptation to fob us off with a fairy tale. Instead, we get a satisfyingly grown-up conclusion.

Mr MacGregor by Alan Titchmarsh (Simon & Schuster, £16.99, 296pp) will certainly sell well too. We're not used to novels by gardening personalities, but this would be a fine debut whoever had written it. It's great fun, but also sensitive and sensible, with a tenuous story line.

Yorkshire-based Rob MacGregor is a TV gardening presenter, from humble origins, who also writes a column for a Sunday paper. Women fancy him in a big way. Against his better judgement, and to his later profound regret, Rob allows himself to be seduced by a praying-mantis type newsreader. Inevitably such perky sours the relationship with



Pick of the Week:
Mr MacGregor
by Alan Titchmarsh
Simon & Schuster, £16.99

his real love, Katherine - although Titchmarsh eventually teases us with an ending worthy of a Victorian three-decker.

All this is set against the background of the trading problems of Roh's nurseryman father, and the politics of the TV studio. Mild mystery and gentle suspense propel the novel forward. Why, for example, is a predatory local businessman so keen to get his hands on MacGregor senior's nursery? Other colours are deftly blended on the Titchmarsh palette: a near-natural disaster, an elderly gay TV personality who drinks too much, and a thoughtful look at bereavement.

The Chelsea Flower Show provides a solid setting for a blossom-laden climax. The Titchmarsh fans in the Royal Horticultural Society and the National Trust whom he sends up so gently (and I have to confess to being a member of both) will lap up Mr MacGregor.

Ben Elton's *Blast from the Past* (Bantam, £15.99, 271pp) and Frank Delaney's *Desire and Pursuit* (HarperCollins, £16.99, 390pp) are a tad more "literary". Their more complex and less predictable narrative forms, and slightly more acidic tone, make them marginally more robust reads than Binchy and Titchmarsh.

In Ben Elton's novel, the past blasts into Polly Slade's life in the form of Jack Kent, a US army general, bastion of right-wing values. Polly, former drop-out and Greenham Common protester, is his diametric opposite. Yet their love for each other, was and is, passionate and

graphic - and the writing is spiky and fast.

But Jack, then in his thirties, abandoned the 17-year-old Polly without explanation or apology because association with her would have hindered his career. Now he's in her London flat at 2.15 am, after 16 years of silence, to ensure that no word of their earlier liaison is ever revealed lest his long-term presidential aspirations be put in jeopardy.

This would be simple if the sexual charge between them, powerfully evoked by Elton, were not still so strong, and were it not for the intrusive proximity of another man, an obsessive who has been stalking Polly and making her life a misery for years. *Blast from the Past* is a thriller, a love story and a comedy. The Tess of the D'Urbervilles ending certainly made me chuckle.

Desire and Pursuit consists of two first-person narratives twisted together into a fat plait of a story: a sort of *The Woman in White* meets *The Collector*. Ann Ryan's story is gut-turningly cruel, while Christopher Hunter's is uncomfortably obsessive, although much he is much more benign than Polly Slade's stalker.

Hunter, an English journalist in Northern Ireland in the early 1970s, catches sight of Ann Ryan's wedding from a distance and falls in love with the bride. Delaney gradually unravels both their stories over a number of years against the background of *The Troubles*, although the reader always knows more about Ann and Christopher than they ever know about each other.

Ann is the victim of her husband Joey and of her own parents. In time, she finds a way to exact cold revenge, although the new man in her life counsels forgiveness and peace.

Delaney's ending seems rather contrived. An incident tantamount to resurrection, an all-too-convenient terminal illness and an unlikely impending new relationship certainly stretched the credibility of this reader. Nonetheless I kept turning the pages and Delaney's prose, as ever, drops melodiously on the ear like soft Irish rain.

A lifelong talent to abuse

Children learn by wordplay, but teachers neglect it, argues Jonathon Green

"ROUND AND round the garden", "A for 'orres, Beef or mutton", "Drinks pinta milka day", "There was a young girl of Majorca", "river run, past Eve and Adam's". All these, and many more, are language play: word games. If you will, of greater or lesser sophistication, baby-talk and riddles through to the sophisticated constructions of James Joyce. But every one is play: the ludic ("of or pertaining to undirected and spontaneous playful behaviour"; OED) aspect of language.

Like the sports section, the playful aspects of language usually end up at the back of the linguistic book. In this relatively short analysis (stripped of the many illuminating and amusing examples, it would make around half its length), Professor David Crystal, best known for his *Cambridge Encyclopedia of Language*, has given it pride of place.



Language Play
by David Crystal
Penguin, £7.99, 256pp

He is, among other things, editor of the *Language Library*, founded by the slang lexicographer Eric Partridge, and superficially this is very much a Partridge production. In this case, that means a discussion of word-related games, be they puns, crosswords, lipograms,

comic alphabets, funny voices called from dialect or popular culture, limericks, scat singing, the linguistic prestidigitations of the Goons and *Monty Python*, the "difficult" texts of *Finnegans Wake* or Georges Perec's e-less novel *La Disparition*, and much more. But Partridge was, in the end, an amateur, albeit of the most dedicated variety, and the professor is a serious linguist. The compendium of word-based humour is but the background for deeper considerations.

Games - whether schoolyard rituals, mind-twisting conundra, the boardgames of yesterday, the computer extravaganzas of today - operate, we have come to accept, on two levels. First comes the game itself, then the social interactions it masks. David Crystal is not so much interested in the "war without weapons" side of all this, but in its substantial im-

portance as regards the growth of youthful literacy. If the first four chapters of *Language Play* offer what one can but term the playing field, the rest turn to the players themselves.

Word-based play, he suggests, is so endemic to cultural progress, so much a part of a child's development, that the extent to which it has been sidelined up to now is almost scandalous. Why hobble a child with the dreary constraints of John and Janet and their wretched monosyllabic round when that child has already begun to absorb a far more sophisticated take on language while lying across a dotting parent's knee to hear the first of all word games ("Who's a pretty boy/sweet girl then?"), and the nonsense chorus that underpins such mutual adoration? Just as they play with toys, children literally play with words.

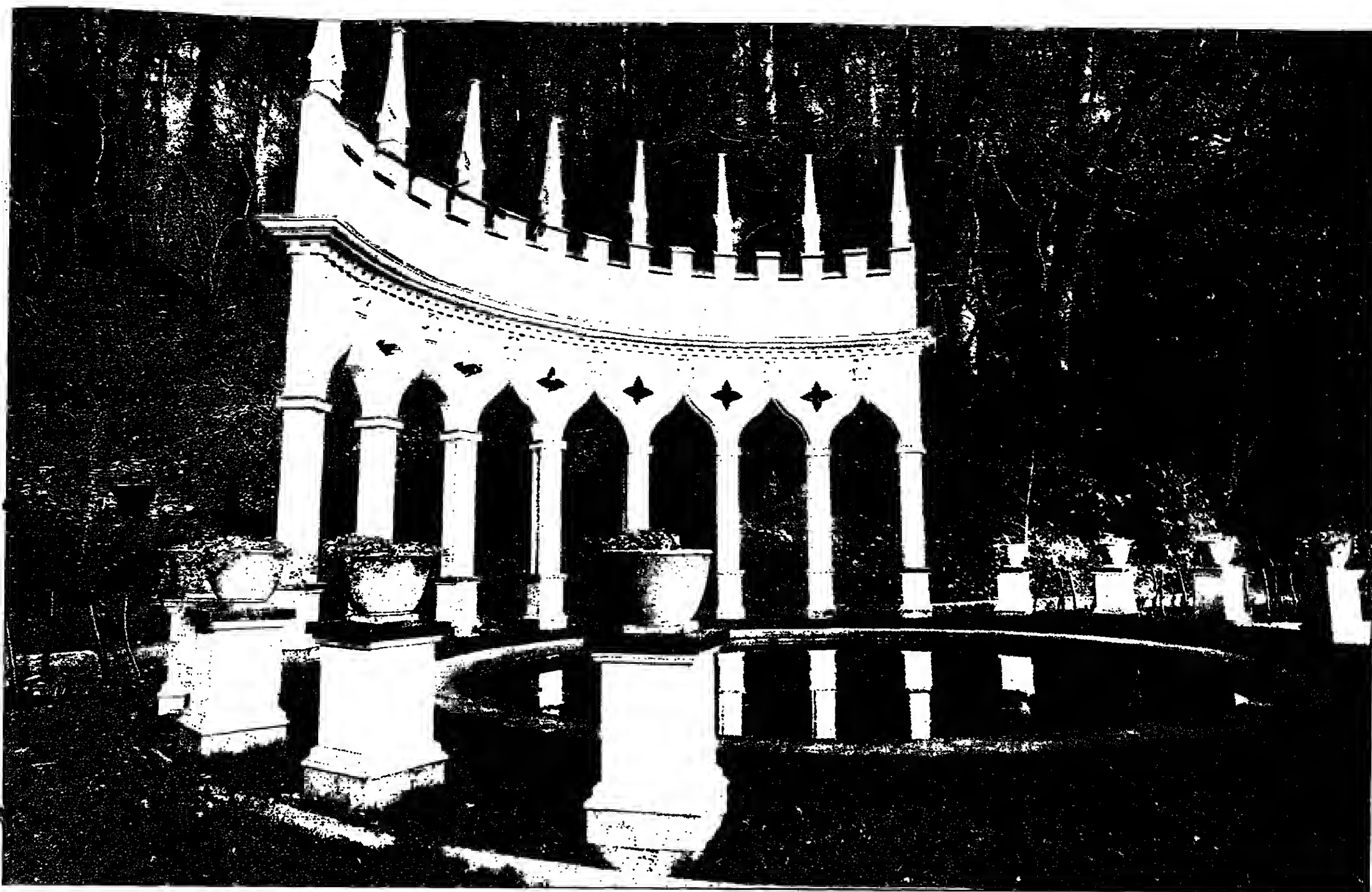
By three they enjoy spontaneous rhyming, by four they have a vocabulary (thrillingly enhanced at school with a lexicon of "dirty words") of primitive insults. At five, nicknames arrive. At six, they appreciate jokes, riddles and move out on to an unbroken path of play that continues throughout life.

Why, Crystal asks, should the reading schemes, through which children inevitably proceed, deny them so much of this? Only in informal books do they get some of "what comes naturally". But "play" is "bad", and the conservative mindset, as ever, serves only to destroy.

This is hardly the first consideration of word games, but it transcends the traditional "wacky world of words" compilations. It's fun, undoubtedly, but like the games it celebrates, fun with a subtext. Without play there is, it would appear, no language. And without language...

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COVER
STORIES



Painswick Rococo Garden in Gloucestershire, restored thanks to a painting by Thomas Robins the Elder

Garden Picture Library

Portrait of a paradise regained

The rococo gardens at Painswick House would have disappeared completely were it not for a painting. By Patricia Cleveland-Peck

On 19 September, an exhibition opens at Painswick Rococo Garden in Gloucestershire to celebrate the 250th anniversary of a remarkable painting – one that would not exist but for the garden, in a garden which would not exist but for the painting.

The story of this paradox started in 1740 when Benjamin Hyett transformed a hiddencombe behind his family home, Painswick House, into a flamboyant pleasure garden. The grounds surrounding the newly built mansion were not extensive by aristocratic standards but Mr Hyett was determined to include all that was fashionable in the parks of great houses. His rococo pleasure garden was only some six acres in extent but it contained pools, straight paths, serpentine walks, a tunnel arbour and a plethora of

garden buildings. He was so pleased with the result that in 1748 he commissioned a local artist, Thomas Robins, to paint a bird's-eye view of the garden.

Thomas Robins (known as Thomas Robins the Elder because his son Thomas also became an artist) was originally apprenticed to a fan painter, which may account for the delicacy of his work.

He used watercolour on vellum and it was his habit to surround the "view" with a border of exquisitely executed birds, animals and flowers which in some cases flow into the body of the painting in a lyrical fashion. His style was ideally adapted to depicting the rococo, and he painted a number of gardens. His success, though, did not outlive him, and he was soon forgotten.

Gardens, too, are ephemeral and by the time the straight owner, Lord Dickinson, came to inherit

Painswick, in 1955, few traces of the rococo garden remained. In the Seventies, however, the situation changed when Thomas Robins the Elder was rediscovered by the art world. This caused Lord Dickinson to take a closer look at the bird's-eye painting that had always hung in the house.

The more he looked, the more convinced he became that the painting was not a figment of Robins's imagination but an almost photographic impression of the original garden. With that realisation came the dream of restoring it.

This was hardly an easy task, as one of the first things Lord Dickinson had done to his property was to plant timber in the few parts of the garden that were not already overgrown. Undaunted, however, in 1984 he set about clearing one of the vistas shown by Robins. The one surviving garden building, the Red

House, was taken as a starting point and a path was hacked through the undergrowth – until a pond was discovered just where it was shown in the Robins painting.

Since then, garden archaeologists have discovered the sites of buildings and beds, areas have been cleared and levelled, paths resurfaced, ponds repuddled, vistas cleared and nearly all the original garden buildings restored.

A circuit of the garden today takes about 45 minutes and is full of surprises. A vista leads the eye to one building, and as soon as you reach it, something else is revealed in the distance.

"The element of surprise is important," explained Paul Moir, the garden manager. "The rococo is the period between the formal garden and the landscape movement, so some paths are straight and some serpentine, and the little

buildings are a mixture of styles: some Gothic, some classical."

All, it must be added, extremely pretty, for the rococo was above all a period for light-hearted enjoyment. From the original Red House – a strange little asymmetrical Gothic summer house – you make your way past beds planted with 18th-century flowers to the Exedra, a decorative white screen-like structure surrounding an ornamental pool with views over the geometrical laid out kitchen garden that stretches down the hill. The path passes the classical Doric seat and leads down to the plunge pool and bowling green.

A tunnel arbour of laburnum, honeysuckle and clematis brings you past a large fishpond, up a steep path to the beech walk and the crenellated Gothic alcove. Returning through woodland, you reach the most recently restored and prettiest

of all the follies: the two-storey Eagle House, an exquisite, sugar-pink confection in the Strawberry Hill Gothic style. This could not have been restored without another Robins painting, *A Gothic Pavilion in the Garden of Benjamin Hyett Esq*, which provided the detail.

You can see Robins's works for yourself at the exhibition, which includes a number of sketchbooks as well as the artist's larger paintings. These include *Woodside House, Berks*, painted around 1755, which shows a Chinese-style kiosk in a rococo garden and a bevy of gardeners busy about their tasks.

Thomas Robins's youngest son took up painting on his father's death, and in 1770 he advertised in the *Bath Chronicle* that he intended to "follow in his father's business".

A year later, on the occasion of his marriage, he was described as "landscape painter of this city". All

his known works, however, show flowers and insects rather similar to those in the borders his father painted as decoration. Some 18 paintings and drawings by Robins the Younger will be on show at this exhibition, providing a rare chance to compare the works of Thomas Robins father and son.

Also in the exhibition are contemporary views of the garden; a Czech artist, Milan Ivanic, recently painted *The Gothic Alcove*, and two views of the Eagle House; and Jan Weatherhead painted the Eagle House and a most intriguing picture, *Painswick House Revisited*, which reviews in 1998 the scene depicted by Robins in 1748.

'The Painted Pleasure Garden' is at Painswick House, Painswick Rococo Garden, Gloucestershire (01452 813204) from 19-27 September, 11am-5pm, admission £2.25

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Côte de Cardiff est arrivée

COUNTRY MATTERS

DUFF
HART-DAVIS

It sounds implausible: Welsh wine made in the vale of Glamorgan by two former pharmacists. I see a derisive smirk stealing over your face. But douse your taste-buds in a mouthful of Carlad Premier Fumé, from the Llanerch vineyard a few miles west of Cardiff, and I guarantee that your smile will broaden to one of interest and delight.

It was a series of happy flukes that brought Peter and Diana Andrews to Llanerch. She is Welsh by birth and, having met at university in London, they both became pharmacists and by the Seventies were living on the outskirts of Cardiff.

At that time the M4 was being built – not continuously, but in separate pieces; and when the next stretch was about to swallow the land on which their daughters' horses were quartered, they set out to look for new accommodation, equine as well as human.

Driving westwards along the newest section of the motorway, they turned off to the south at the first exit, had a meander round the lanes, and came on a dilapidated old farmhouse with a "for sale" notice outside.

The place was in a sorry state – the roof of the cow byre had fallen in – but the land was on a lovely, south-facing slope, so they bought it and set about restoration.

Their main interest, then, was gardening. Only later did they start to grow grapes and, when they did, viticulture was just a hobby. But because they are "people who like to do things properly", they enrolled on a residential training course in Sussex and generally researched vineyards, with the distant aim of indulging their hobby when they retired in about 15 years' time.



Grapes in a cool climate – Peter and Diana Andrews at their vineyard near Cardiff

In the mid-Eighties the chain of pharmacies which they had built up with a third partner was bought out by Lloyds. Armed with a bit of capital, they spent a year looking after their vines and trying to decide what to do.

Then, as Peter puts it, "Our hobby was starting to eat up our savings. We didn't want to move, and we enjoyed growing the grapes – so the obvious solution was to stay put and make that our business." Today they have nearly seven acres

of vines, which in a good year produce 30,000 bottles, and their wines have won numerous awards.

More than that, by imaginative restoration of redundant buildings and land they have created a thriving tourist enterprise, with holiday cottages, bed-and-breakfast rooms, a licensed coffee shop, formal gardens, a vineyard trail and walks round a 10-acre conservation woodland which also embraces two small lakes.

It is hardly surprising that the

place attracts more than 20,000 visitors a year, and is used by local authorities to promote Wales.

But how can you make good wine in a place that is so notoriously wet? In Peter Andrews' experience, Welsh weather is no problem.

By using cool-climate varieties of vines, and training them into an open canopy so that they make the most of the sun, he can always get his grapes to ripen satisfactorily. Further warmth is created by the thick, finely sculpted hedges of grey

alder, which cut the velocity of the prevailing westerly wind and allow the temperature to rise.

The soil – sandy loam over clay – is really too good for the operation; whereas in France or Italy there would be dusty earth between the vines, at Llanerch there is a carpet of velvet, ankle-deep grass.

The result is that the vines are excessively vigorous, and at this time of year de-leaving – to give sunlight direct access to the fruit – is a vital part of management. As the boss

walks along the rows, his hand keeps shooting out to nip off a leaf here, a leaf there. "That bunch only needs 14 pairs of leaves to ripen," he says severely. "Any more and they're taking away goodness."

He points out that down the road, at Caerleon, the Romans were making wine 2,000 years ago, and that until the Reformation almost every monastery had its own vineyard. Now, in any case, global warming seems to be strengthening his hand. In his 20 years on the site he has witnessed "noticeable climate change", with milder winters, warmer summers and – until this season – a succession of summer droughts.

Harvest comes at any time between the end of September and the first week of November. This year it looks as though "the twenties of October" will be the key dates.

Already the amateurs who regularly reinforce a small army of hard-core pickers are telephoning to make sure they do not miss out on a festive event, at which their labours are rewarded by bottles of wine and a slap-up lunch.

No treading of grapes with bare feet here. The winery is all gleaming tiles and stainless-steel tanks, and the wine-maker is Diana. She it is who does the blending and bottling – and she finds that her pharmaceutical training stands her in pretty good stead.

At the University of London she spent much time learning medicinal Latin, and one phrase in particular has borne fruit. In those days a doctor would often write on a prescription "MSA", which stood for *misce secundum artem* – "make up according to your [own] fashion" – the implication being that the chemist should concoct medicine that the patient would find palatable.

Now she and her husband have found that "wine-making is very much like that. We're always trying to produce something that people will enjoy."

Apart from anything else, they hit on a brilliant name for their wines. A hundred years ago your cariad was your betrothed, your sweetheart. Now the word is a general term of endearment, like "love" or "dear", and it slips easily off the tongue, especially when you have a glass in hand.

Llanerch Vineyard, Hensol, Pendoylan, Vale of Glamorgan, CF72 8JU (01443 225877)

NATURE NOTE

IN THE past few days, swallows and house-martins have been lining up in rows on telephone cables – a sure sign that they are about to start their migration.

As late as the 18th century, scientific observers believed that swallows spent the winter hibernating under water.

Even that great savant, Dr Johnson, thought that "a number of them congregate by flying round and round and then, all in a heap, throw themselves under water and lie in the bed of a river".

Ringling has shown that they fly several thousand



miles to southern Africa: it has been estimated that after a good breeding season in Europe, some 220 million of them will head for the far south. British swallows seem to favour the area round Johannesburg.

Scientists are still not certain what triggers their annual departure, but one key factor appears to be the shortening of daylight hours.

Nor do experts agree on how the birds navigate: they appear to steer partly by the sun, partly by landmarks, and partly by responding to the earth's magnetic field.

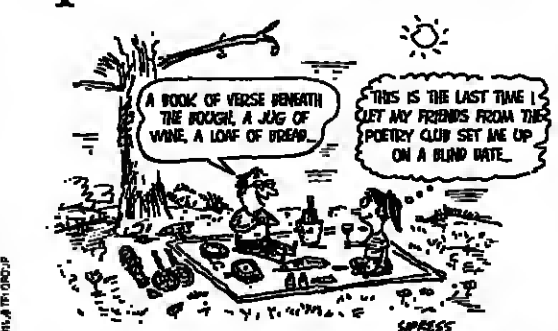
Swallows are specialists at in-flight refuelling: they eat as they go, catching insects on the wing, swooping low over lakes or rivers to drink, and pitching into reed-beds to take a rest at night.

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FRIENDS FIRST

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DESTINATION UNKNOWN

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Dark lord of the Spanish plains

Canonised by Hollywood – and also by Franco – El Cid was born in a rural backwater of Castilla. Peter Griffiths explores the area

As the car rolled gently into Vivar, I didn't know what to expect from the birthplace of Spain's most stirring national hero. Every street bearing the name of El Cid? Guided tours? We found ourselves in one of Castilla's scrappier villages, an odd mixture of old stone buildings and new houses, dilapidated barns, rusting farm machinery, cockerels crowing and flies buzzing. And loud rock music. Very loud.

It was a fiesta Saturday. It was midday. The bass beat beckoned those from the night before to restart the party, at the same time as a peal of bells competed for their souls, a summons to mass at the church of San Miguel Arcangel. But, as villagers strolled towards church to the rhythms of Elvis with hens, where were the signs of El Cid, the legendary champion of 11th-century Spanish Christendom? Could this tiny rustic hamlet really be the home of the hero canonised by Hollywood in the 1961 epic starring Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren?

The roadside nameplate (Vivar del Cid) declared that it was. This would have been hard to believe were it not for the lone statue of him in the centre of the village. The lifesize stone effigy of Rodrigo Diaz de Vivar aka El Cid, in poor shape despite being erected as recently as 1993. The whitewash which once made the armed figure gleam in the sun is now peeling. Worst of all, the sword-hand which held a drawn blade is missing.

No building in the village dates from the Cid's lifetime, but a sign points to "Meson Molina del Cid". This 18th-century mill house, now a bar, lurks at the edge of the village beside a stream. Since Rodrigo's family owned a mill, and rumour claims the hero as the offspring of his father's fancy for a local mill girl, the connection looked promising.

Inside, all was deserted. Coffee was eventually served by a grumpy host. Two swords hung on the wall behind him. On a shelf stood a bust of the Cid. The place was clearly struggling to provide an atmosphere, though defeat seemed ill-built.

Out in the sun, we gazed at the only building that looked in keeping with the world of the Cid, the convent of Santa Clara. Here, the nuns preserved the unique manuscript of the 13th-century *Poema de Mio Cid*, the best-known account of the Cid's life and exploits. So, with paperback in hand, we set off for Burgos – Cid City, if the hype was to be believed.



The six-kilometre drive from Vivar to Burgos offers powerful glimpses of the parched rolling plains where the young Rodrigo grew up. Born in 1043, he rose to become a royal favourite, until his king banished him – twice. At a time when resistance to the Moorish presence in Spain was in need of a hero, the exiled Rodrigo went freelance. Legend speaks of an all-conquering Christian saviour. History confirms Rodrigo's astonishing military success, but also reveals a mercenary who fought in the pay of a Moorish king and then, in the name of his own God, plundered great wealth for himself. It was a Moor who first dubbed him 'al Sayyid', Arabic for "the Lord". In 1094, the Cid sensationally took Valencia from the Moors, staying there until his death in 1099.

No wonder the Cid became a talisman for Franco's nationalist revival of the Thirties. It is no coincidence that Franco chose Burgos, city of the Cid, as his first headquarters. The vain General spoke of himself as a modern El Cid.

Entering the city by the bridge of San Pablo, you pass eight Fifteen stone statues of characters from the *Poema* (good job I had it with me). Then you are confronted by the Cid himself: a stunning bronze equestrian statue that Franco unveiled in 1955.

Picking your way around the tightly-packed medieval quarter of Burgos, you'll notice that the gift shops are full of replicas of the Cid's broadsword La Tizona (the real thing is in a glass case in Madrid's military museum). There are big ones (up to 4,000 pesetas) to hang on the wall and frighten the neighbours, or little ones (from 300 pesetas) just useful enough to rip into those bills that worm through your letter box.

Somehow, staying at the Hotel Meson del Cid seemed the only thing to do. It is elegant, comfortable, and stands next to the massive Gothic cathedral where the Cid and



El Cid commemorated – Burgos cathedral where the hero is buried (above); Charlton Heston and Sophia Loren in the 1961 epic (left) World Pictures

his wife Jimena be buried. Near the hotel, a plaque on the 15th-century church of Santa Agueda marks the site where the Cid forced his king to swear a public oath. Across the cathedral square is the huge carved arch of Santa Maria through which the Cid rode to exile. Inside the gatehouse, a glass case contains an inscribed bone with a hand-written "guarantee" of its authenticity as a relic of the Cid himself.

Seeing old Burgos on foot gives you time to take in the cobbled squares, the palaces and the churches. The banks of the river Arlanzon (where the Cid camped as he began his exile) are still surprisingly green, fringed with bull-rushes. But to get the best feeling for the city, take the

tourist train tour. On board, you feel like a very conspicuous visitor but this will take you around a monastery, past the site of the Cid's house and to the top of the castle mount where the views are spectacular.

If you were really keen, you'd then follow the Cid's trail all the way to Valencia. But there's no need to go the 517 kilometres to track him from birth to death. In 1102, Jimena brought Rodrigo's body back to Castilla, to a monastery at Cardena just outside Burgos. One account, which local guides ignore, says the monks there displayed the Cid's embalmed body to pilgrims for 10 years, until the nose fell off.

The drive from Burgos to Cardena takes you through wooded

vales to the monastery of San Pedro. Once inside, we were guided by a cream-robed monk. Did Dona Jimena stroll in the ancient cloister while her husband was battling in exile? Was this where she and the Cid were reunited? Tradition says so. So does the movie.

The original tombs of the Cid and Jimena, though empty since 1921 when the remains were moved to Burgos, can be seen in a side chapel. The recumbent effigies are worn, but at least the Cid's nose is intact. Looking closely at the stone figure of the bearded hero settled one thing. If the statue bears even a passing resemblance to the man, he looked more like Charlton Heston than dumpy old General Franco.

FACT FILE

TO TRACK down El Cid, the fastest approach is on Iberia (0171-830 0011) from Heathrow to Bilbao. The airline offers a fare of £207. P&O Ferries (0990 980980) sails twice a week from Portsmouth to Bilbao. From there, you can take the motorway direct to Burgos or connect by train.

Alternatively, find a discount flight on, for example, easyJet (0870 6 000 000) or Debonair (0541 500 300) from Luton to Madrid, and travel by rail from there.

Ronda is easy to reach by public transport from Malaga or Gibraltar, both of which have frequent flights from Britain. You could also fly into Jerez on GB Airways (through British Airways, 0345 222111), but note that this route is to be abandoned in November.

Spanish Tourist Office, 22-23 Manchester Square, London W1M 5AP (0171-486 8077; brochure-line 0891 669920). Open 9.15am-4.15pm, Monday-Friday. Nearest tube: Bond Street.

A bull's eye view

Ronda lies in an Andalusian heartland of white-washed villages and heart-stopping heights. By Andrew Thorman

IF YOU survive the drive along the long and winding road from the Costa del Sol at Malaga to Ronda, one of Spain's oldest and least explored towns, then the view is fantastic.

Perched on the very edge of a 100m-deep gorge, it simply takes your breath away. Ronda's homes cling precariously to the very edges of the chasm, defying the logic of gravity. Let alone those of the builders. You're an hour from the beaches and within striking distance of Seville and the famous white villages of this part of Andalusia.

Ronda is famous for two things, other than its gorge: black pudding and bull fighting. Let's deal first with the black pudding, or *morella rondera*. Made with pigs' blood and lard, it is seasoned with oregano, paprika, cloves, pepper, cumin and coriander. It looks disgusting and tastes – well, it tastes. Still, if that's not to your liking, you can always opt for another favourite, oxtail. No worries

about beef on the bone here. The portion I was served looked as if it had just been hacked off one of the bulls slaughtered in the city's famous bullring.

This is no ordinary bullring – it is one of the oldest and most famous in the whole of Spain. During September, it plays host to the country's top matadors at the Goyas festival, when bull-fighters and spectators are encouraged to dress in the style of the 18th-century Goyaesque engravings that adorn the Plaza de Toros.

But you don't have to eat ox-tail and watch a bullfight. You can do what we did and hit the gastronomic trail. This took us through the fabulous national park behind Ronda to a series of lost towns: Grazalema, Arcos de la Frontera, El Bosque and, my favourite, Zahara.

This little town of cobbled streets and orange trees lies scattered at the foot of a crumbling castle. There were no tourists; no Watneys Ale signs; no invitations to eat fish and

chips. Instead, a local café served a substantial menu of pork stew, chickpeas, goat's cheese and salad.

Back in Ronda, we stayed in the local paradox. Part of the state-run chain of hotels, this one occupies the old town hall, overlooking the Puente Nuevo, the bridge spanning the gorge. Our balcony looked like the ideal bungee platform to the river Tago, 120 metres below.

There was no escaping the magic of the place. The view from the hotel bedrooms alone is worth the trip. The drive to the airport at Malaga, 125 kilometres down the mountain-side, is another matter. We did it at night. Which was just as well, because on one of the bends we managed a 360-degree panoramic spin. It was a view I was grateful not to have seen in daylight.

The *Parador at Ronda* (00 34 95 287 75 00) costs around £50 per person per night. For travel information see Fact File above.

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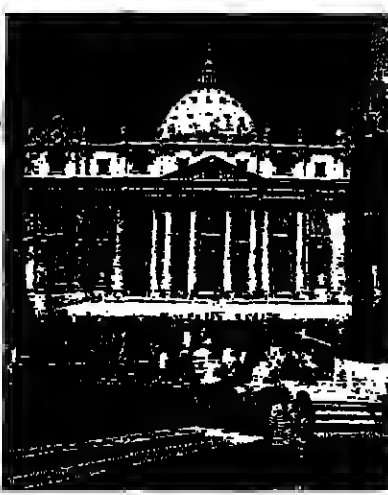
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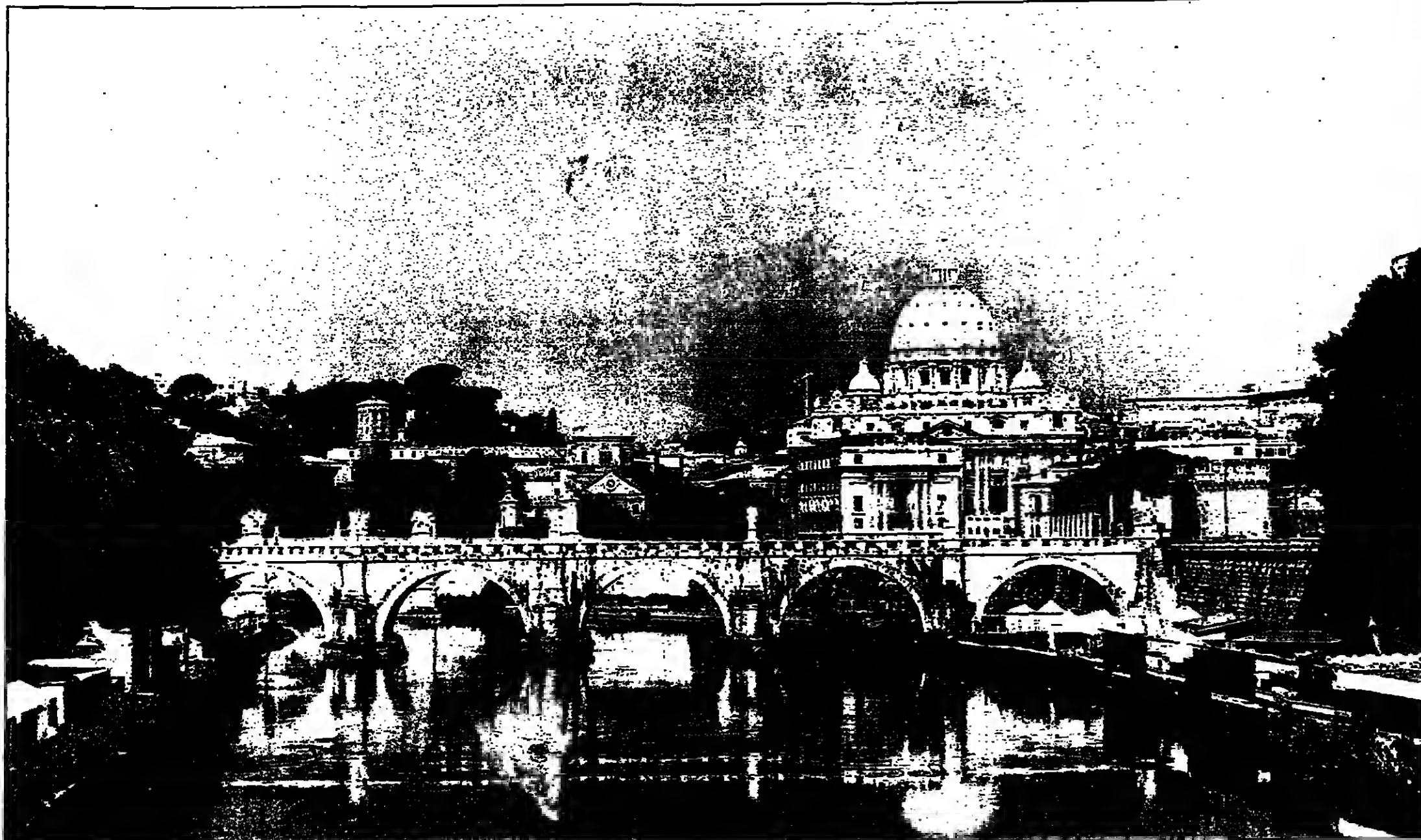
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St Peter's where the great dome peeks above the drapes of the work in progress

Universal Pictorial Press

Rome's secrets unwrapped

The Italian capital may be preening itself for the year 2000, but if you hate crowds, go now. By Simon Calder

Look out - Christo's about. Any visitor to Rome this autumn could be forgiven for thinking that the Bulgarian-born artist, who likes to wrap up well, has set to work on many of Rome's most celebrated sights with serious quantities of scaffolding and tarpaulin. Actually, he hasn't. Instead, there seems to be a campaign to rebuild Rome in 500 days. From tiny chapels to extravagant road projects, the city feels like a Work in Progress. The Forum resembles a building site even more than usual, and most alarming of all, the facade of St Peter's is obscured. The build-up for Holy Year in 2000 is being taken all too literally. For those unversed in the ways of Catholicism, the Vatican is not specifically celebrating the Millennium. Holy Years come round every quarter-century. The tourist board memorably promoted the last one in Britain with the slogan "Trip over Italy in Holy Year".

You could conclude that tripping over the Italian capital this year or next would be an unholy mistake. "Wrong," says James Hill, a British tour guide in the city. "All the pilgrims are putting off their visits until 2000, so there's a good case for visiting Rome now." This autumn, queues for the Colosseum are shorter, and even at the height of the evening *passaggiata*, you can

find space on the steps to gaze at the Trevi Fountain or pose at the Piazza di Spagna. Even the pickpockets seem to have decided that the volume of tourists is currently too low to be viable, and have sloped off surreptitiously to more lucrative cities.

A couple more good reasons to visit Rome now: the pound edging towards an absurd 3,000 lire, and the silliest air fares in Christendom. Britain's low-cost airlines are engaged in a vicious price war. British Airways' low-cost operation, Go, is offering returns to Rome from Stansted for £100. And Debonair is selling tickets from Luton to the Italian capital for £59 or £69 return.

A year ago, autumn flights to Rome cost around £150. So use the cash you save to hire a registered guide such as James.

If you are a first-time visitor, a guide will provide coherence to the overwhelming antiquity and help you sort your Bernini from your Borromini. Even those who know every tangle of the city's spaghetti street layout will glean a gem or two, like the magical keyhole on an anonymous door on the north-west side of the Piazza del Cavaliere di Malta, on the Aventine hill. Peer through from the humdrum world into a sublime one: framed by the perfect leafy avenue, the view of the dome of St Peter's will stun you.

To make the most of your £50 for

a morning's expertise, keep the itinerary simple. An obvious track, chronological as well as geographical, takes you zigzagging from the Pantheon via the Piazza Navona, across the Tiber to the Vatican - a distance of barely a mile.

The Pantheon is a miraculous dome. How on earth can a temple built nearly 2,000 years ago, and devoted to an array of gods, have survived in what subsequently became a fiercely monotheistic city? The spiritual answer is on the door, announcing this is now the church of Santa Maria and Martyres - the latter, adds James, being Christian martyrs whose remains were brought here from the catacombs.

OK, so what about that big hole in the dome? The nine-metre *oculus*, as it is correctly termed by James, did not happen when Hadrian's builders struck a structural impasse. "The design of the Pantheon mimics an Etruscan dwelling from the sixth century BC." In other words, like an igloo with a hole in the roof to let the smoke escape. Outside, we almost collided with Tiffany from *EastEnders*, being filmed in Rome for TV, and headed west.

If I were constrained to remain in a single square for the rest of my days, it would have to be the Piazza Navona. "The reason it is rectangular, rather like a sports arena, is because that is

exactly what it was," James explains that it is built on top of the arena constructed by Domitian (a dreadful, psychopathic emperor). It was the right of everyone to enjoy free entertainment, which is one reason why the Colosseum is so colossal. The Romans tried out the Greek idea of athletics, but the events didn't play as successfully as bloodier pastimes involving those with the misfortune to be the wrong species or religion.

Present residents of the square continue the tradition of providing entertainment: the politician and television magnate Silvio Berlusconi has an apartment on the square, as does Sophia Loren.

The Piazza Navona also doubles as an open-air art gallery, with Bernini's *Fountain of the Four Rivers* as its prime exhibit. You may often have marvelled at this marble masterpiece, blending mammal and marine forms, rock and water, light and shade. But did you know the four watercourses in question are the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges - and Argentina's river Plate? No Rhine or Euphrates, Yangtze or Amazon.

Bernini's other great set piece is St Peter's Colonnade. But the triumphal approach to the home of Catholicism is less than sublime: this week, they are cleaning up the columns. The facade of the basilica is under wraps, with only the dome peeking above the drapes. Progress across the square is impeded still

further if you happen to arrive, as we did, on a morning when the Pope is conducting an audience.

Fleets of smoky eastern-European coaches, bearing pilgrims who have not deferred until Holy Year, converge and park within the arc of the colonnade, which battles to retain its dignity while doubling as a wall between coach park and street vendors.

Once past the style police who measure the amount of exposed skin and reject those who score too highly, you are predictably awed by the sheer scale of the biggest church in the world. But until now, I had not realised that, on a floor scuffed by a million pilgrims and a billion tourists, St Peter's brags about its vastness.

Look closely down the middle of the basilica, about 25ft inside the entrance, and you will see a brass line inset into the floor with a Latin inscription indicating how far St Paul's falls short of the sheer size of St Peter's. Tombs, chapels and sculptures - of which Michelangelo's *Pietà* is the most emotive - James unravels them all.

Then he comes up with a top tourist tip: "Post your cards here. As an independent state, the Vatican has its own post office. The stamps will cost a couple of hundred lire more, but everything goes express so they'll arrive sooner." And they did.

FACT FILE

Planning: Italian state tourist office, 1 Princes St, London W1R 6AY (0171-408 1254). To book James Hill, call 00 39 06 639 0570.

Going: Debonair (0541 500300) flies from Luton, and Go (0845 80 54321) from Stansted, to Rome's Ciampino airport. Or you can fly to Fiumicino from Heathrow and Gatwick on Alitalia (0171-602 7111) and British Airways (0345 222111). Charters are available through agents such as Italy Sky Shuttle (0181-748 1333).

Staying: at the Hotel Pomezia, via dei Clivari 12 (00 39 06 686 1571), a room this week costs 50,000 lire (£10) single/100,000 lire (£20) double. The Fawty Towers Hostel, via Magenta 39 (00 39 06 445 4802), is a bargain at 30,000 lire (£10.50) for a night in a four-bedded dorm to 85,000 (£20) for a double room.

Seeing: the writer reports from Rome for the Holiday Maker series, to be shown on the cable and satellite station Travel Channel on 28 September at 8pm.

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The programme commences with a British Airways DC-10 direct flight from Gatwick to San Jose, before transferring to the Pacific coast. For our 7-night stay we have arranged accommodation at the sophisticated, European managed 5-star Playa Tambor Hotel situated on its own glorious beach and ideal for a relaxing stay or as a base from which to explore the national parks. Since the demand for the few available places is anticipated to be high, it is essential that telephone reservations are made to avoid disappointment.

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AN AIRLINE that takes off from Britain four times a week has just become, statistically, one of the most dangerous airlines in the world.

Air safety, and in particular the relative risks of flying on individual airlines, is of critical importance to travellers. This week *Holiday Maker* pointed out the stresses on air traffic control, and the Government's failure to publish the results of its safety checks on airlines. But a "league table" of flying risks already exists. As well as details of presidential indiscretions, the Internet contains information that puts the safety record of most of the world's airlines in sharp perspective.

The website is a privately compiled one: *airsafe.com*. It is safe to assume that the very worst carriers do not appear here, since the scary accident rates for some airlines in China and the former Soviet Union are not published. But among those for which statistics are available, one airline serving Gatwick and Manchester falls well below the rest in its safety record: Cubana, the national airline for Cuba.

Here's how that conclusion is reached. The compilers count each "fatal event" that an airline has incurred since 1 January 1970. This is a reasonable starting-point, since it was when the Boeing 747 entered service in significant numbers and therefore can be



SIMON CALDER

Cuba's airline has a 'fatal event rate' 60 times higher than BA

said to mark the moment mass travel by jet aircraft began.

A "fatal event" includes anything from a single death in flight for reasons other than natural causes, to the total loss of an aircraft and passengers, such as the Swissair disaster off Nova Scotia 10 days ago. As such, it is a coarse indicator of risk. As the compilers point out: "These listed fatal event rates are an estimate of historical risk and not an estimate or prediction of future performance."

The statistics do not break down the cause of accidents, which may be beyond the control of the airline. A 1976 mid-air collision near Zagreb involving a BA Trident, for example, is believed to have been caused by Yugoslav air traffic control. At least one of Cubana's crashes was the result of a terrorist bomb planted by anti-Castro terrorists.

Nevertheless, many air travellers would prefer to know whether their chosen airline has crashed never, rarely or often.

"Often," when applied to air accidents, is thankfully a relative term. Out of more than 6 million flights since 1970, British Airways has suffered two "fatal events": the Trident collision near Zagreb in 1976 in which 63 people died, and the engine fire on a Boeing 737 at Manchester airport nine years later, when 55 perished. Other leading European airlines, such as Lufthansa, Alitalia, Air France and Swissair, experience them rather more frequently - about one in a million flights for the latter two.

The biggest US airlines suffer one fatal event every 2 or 3 million flights, on average, with the safety star billing going to Southwest Airlines - which has flown more than 8 million flights without a fatal accident - making it easily the safest airline in the world.

Many others have avoided fatal accidents since 1970. Airlines with 1 million safe flights or more include Aer Lingus, SAS, Finnair and Sabena, plus charter carriers such as Britannia.

It is the other end of the spectrum that may alarm air travellers. In Ecuador a fortnight ago, an ageing Russian-built aircraft crashed on its third attempt to take off from Quito, killing 89 aboard and nine on the ground. The plane was a Tupolev operated by Cubana.

The crash was the airline's sixth since 1970. In the awful arithmetic of disaster, it means one of the airline's planes has crashed for every 55,000 take-offs.

Despite its unfortunate record, flying on Cubana is still safer than many other modes of transport. That is no mere platitude; to demonstrate my faith in the relative safety of air travel, I have just bought a ticket on Cubana for a Christmas holiday in Havana.

Now that you know the relative safety records, though, you may prefer to postpone your trip to the Caribbean's largest island until British Airways begins flying to Havana next spring. Cubana has a fatal event rate 60 times that of BA.

THE AVIATION industry is reticent about safety. So I was surprised to receive, yesterday, a press release from the Greek tourist office headed "Greece boasts world's safest airports".

The justification for this claim was a quote from Costa Ferreira, general secretary of the International Civil Aviation Organisation, that "We have received no official complaint concerning the safety of Greek airports".

A British pilot of my acquaintance spluttered into his coffee when I read the release to him. "From my point of view," he responded diplomatically, "I don't regard Athens as one of the safest airports in the world."

SOMETHING TO DECLARE

NEWS FROM THE TRAVEL WORLD

A good idea

Getting lost should become less of a problem for cyclists both in Britain and abroad. Ordnance Survey has finally begun to include portions of the National Cycle Network on its Landranger 1:50 000 maps. The first part of the bike network, created by the charity Sustrans, was the Bristol & Bath railway path. Appropriately, the first map to show these trails is sheet 172, covering the two cities. It costs £4.95 from bookshops.

Further north, the Cheltenham-based publisher Goldeneye (01243 575943) has brought out a pack of 12 mountain bike routes in the Cotswolds. The idea is that you use each card within an arm-and-a-leg map holder, supplied as part of the kit - total price £9.99.

In Spain, the tourist board for the region of Valencia has produced a series of mountain biking and hiking maps to the area. They are free, but to obtain them you have to call the Spanish National Tourist Office's 24-hour brochure line on 0891 669920, which costs 50p per minute.

Not such a good idea? Warnings from two new guidebooks out this week

Dominican Republic: "In Santo Domingo, on the beaches and at other tourist destinations, visitors will be approached by unofficial English-speaking guides, sellers of rum, women or drugs. The only value in taking an unofficial guide is to deter others from pestering you... Unofficial guides often refuse to give prices in advance, saying 'pay what you want' and then at the end, if they are not happy with the tip, they make a scene and threaten to tell the police that the customer had approached them to deal in drugs" - from *Caribbean Islands Handbook 1999* by Sarah Cameron, Footprint, £14.99

- Tunisia: "The Worst:
1. High-season crowds.
 2. Boring food at resort hotels.
 3. Inadequate labelling at museums.
 4. Matmata after 9am (the pit houses of this troglodyte settlement have proved irresistible fare for the tour buses).
 5. Metlaoui (a drab, dusty town that exists almost entirely because of phosphate mining. The only other reason to come here is because it's the starting point for rides through the spectacular Seldja Gorge).
 6. Polluted waterways in Gafsa.
 7. The toilets at Ksar Ghilane.
 8. The Tjani Zoo in Tzouzer.
 9. Carpet touts in Kairouan.
 10. The cost of car hire."
- from *Tunisia* by David Willett, Lonely Planet, £9.99

You wouldn't eat half-baked moussaka. So why buy half-baked travel insurance?

WORLD COVER

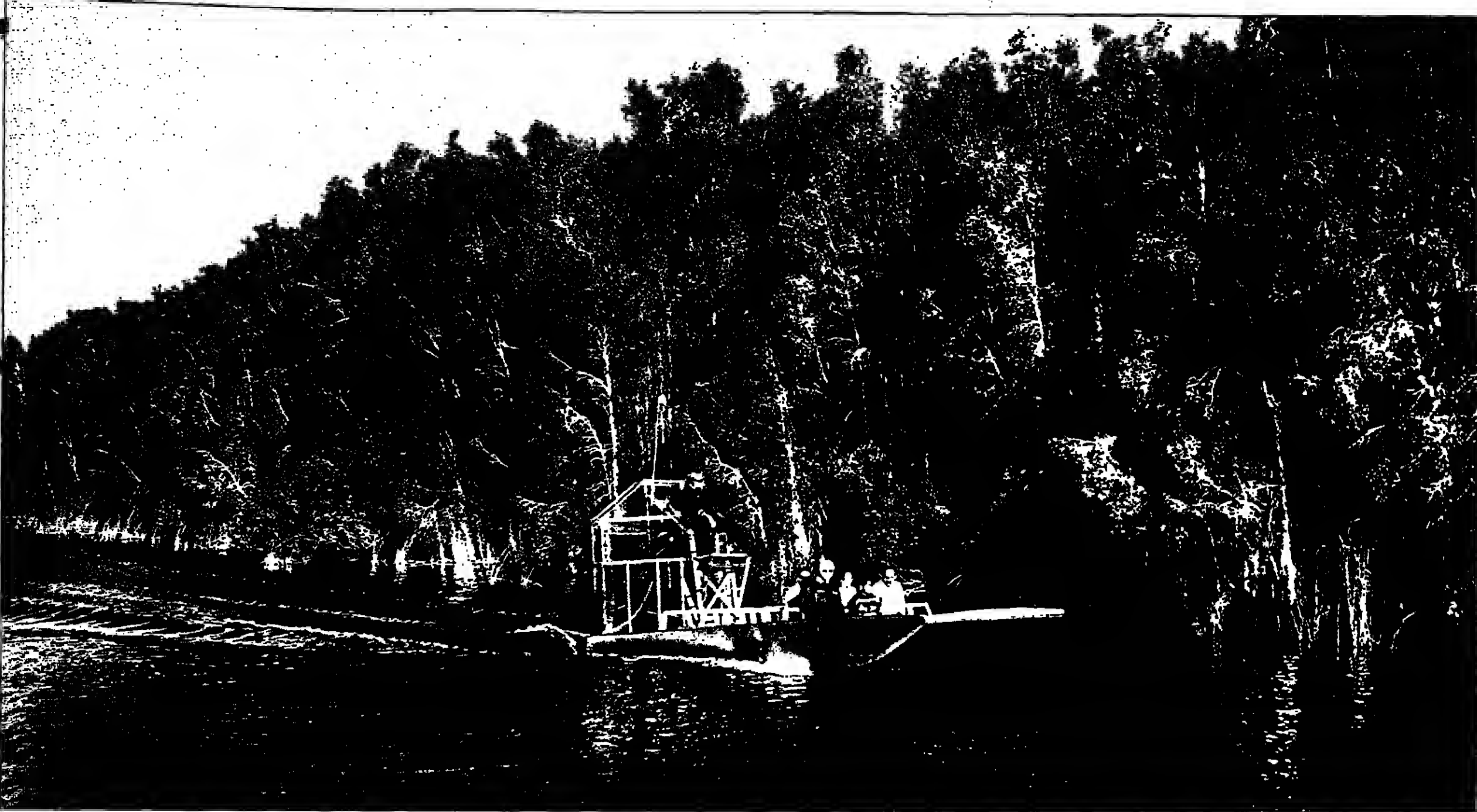
ANNUAL TRAVEL INSURANCE

The moussaka ad

0171 201 1520

Things are stirring in the swamp

Florida's Everglades are a haven of indigenous culture and rare wildlife, but don't forget the mosquito repellent. By Malcolm Smith



Airboats are horrendously noisy, propeller-driven craft, which inevitably damage marsh vegetation but there is no other way to get off the beaten track

World Pictures

Darkness had fallen and the steady pitter-patter of rain on the car gradually became heavier as we drove along the Tamiami Trail. Yet curiously the road ahead was bone-dry. These were no raindrops. It was raining insects, so rich in such creatures are the huge swamps of the Big Cypress National Preserve. Vast numbers of flies, bees and moths were hitting the windscreen by the dozen.

The thought that mosquitoes were high on the mortality list gave me a perverse pleasure. We had made the mistake, earlier in the day, of attempting a walk among the swamp cypress trees common in this southern part of Florida's enormous Everglades marshes.

My intention had been to photograph some of the showy bromeliads or air plants, flowering scarlet on the branches of the trees. No chance.

We were barely 10 yards from our vehicle when clouds of mosquitoes descended, forcing our rapid retreat to the car, where we spent much of the next hour swatting them.

The Miccosukee Indians, around 500 of whom still live in these swamps on land allocated belatedly to them by the Federal Government, knew a thing or two about how to protect themselves from the piercing mandibles of mosquitoes.

Or so we were told when we visited the Indians village-cum-mini-

theme park on the Tamiami Trail, now US41, less than 25 miles west of Miami. Their traditional dress, known as a Big Shirt, covered them from head to toe. It was woven thickly enough to deter a hungry mosquito's mouthparts. Even the wearer's hands were drawn up under it for protection.

That's why, in the photographs of traditionally garbed Miccosukees in their village museum, they appear amulet and handless. There are still a few who dress traditionally, we were told, but they are rarely seen. The closest we came was a collection of photos from the 1930s.

Descendants of the Miccosukees who escaped the compulsory march in the mid-1800s along the pitiful Trail of Tears west of Oklahoma, still preserve their culture and their independence.

They have their own schools, their own health department and their own police force, complete with Miami Vice-style cars distinguishable only by the words "Miccosukee Police".

Most of the Indians income, these days, comes from a huge gambling complex further north.

The traditional village is run almost entirely by white people ("Miccosukees don't mix a lot and keep themselves to themselves," we were told). It is more exhibit than community. However, a few Indians, most of them making wooden crafts, apparently sleep there in their "family living chickees".

The chickee is the centre of Miccosukee home life, even though

the main village, a few miles further west on the 41, consists of neat, concrete block houses with all the up-to-date conveniences.

We learnt that most Miccosukees retain a cooking chickee: a small, wood-framed building open to the breeze to keep cool (and mosquito-free), whose centre-piece is a cypress log fire. This is left in a constant state of smouldering: a symbol of eternal life. Chickees are roofed with palm leaves. A living chickee - much the same in appearance - has no fire but a large table to work on during the day and to sleep on at night. It wouldn't,

after all, be a long-lived Indian who simply slept on the ground - unpredictable water levels and abundant alligators need to be taken very seriously.

Hereabouts, Miccosukees - and whites - have converted some alligators into a rather tasteless "attraction", killed as alligator wrestling. It is a kind of macho-man-overcomes-dangerous-beast entertainment, advertised on billboards erected along this main highway across southern Florida.

We watched a heavily-built (a prerequisite, I suppose) Miccosukee start an alligator show. Selecting one

out of three or four captive alligators, he hauled all eight feet of it backwards by the tail on to the sand-covered wrestling area. Timing it carefully, he pounced on top of the creature - from behind, naturally - before clamping its jaw closed, sitting astride the beast and, finally, letting it go again. Rapturous applause. A rather banal form of entertainment we thought. The alligator toddled back into the water to join its mates.

Across the road, we took an airboat ride for a mile or so across the vast swamp, skittering on top of the shallow water over sawgrass, how-

ling water lilies and a plethora of other marsh plants. Occasionally we flushed out a large blue heron or a small, all-white snowy egret as we roared along. The dark-coloured sail kite, one of the Everglades' rarities, a bird that would give twitchers apoplexy, seemed to be in abundance. We must have clicked up at least half a dozen on our airboat ride.

This particular airboat was operated by a young Miccosukee man. All airboats, he explained, are horrendously noisy, propeller-driven craft, which inevitably damage the marsh vegetation. Conservationists don't give them their blessing. But then, because the Miccosukees no longer use dugout cypress logs to punt through these shallow waters, there is no other way to get off the beaten track.

Apart from canoes, that is. These can be hired in a few places. However, we decided to give canoeing a miss - because of a combination of the dread of mosquitoes and the proximity of alligators when you are that low in the water. They may only eat once a week but when you've seen those teeth, and heard the thud of that powerful jaw clamping shut, a shiver of anxiety can set in awfully easily.

We saw any number of them lounging in the Turner River - in fact an overgrown canal - when we drove, very slowly because there was so much to see, around the 12-mile Turner River Trail, a circular route in Big Cypress on the north side of the 41. At one of the many

stops I watched a few glossy ibis feeding in the muddy shallows a few yards along from an elegant great blue heron which was standing motionless in the water. A few alligators soaked up the sun, either on the banks or near some striped terrapins, lying low in the dark waters with only the tops of their heads and their eyes clearly visible. It was better watching than *Wildlife on One*, I thought.

This is indeed an amazing place. Protected by the Federal Government, it consists of 2,400 square miles of open, sedge-filled marsh - what the Indians called *Pu hay-o-kee*, or grassy water - and vast areas of pond cypress and other trees which flourish abundantly in the wet swamps. They are laden with certain of grey-green Spanish moss, bromeliads and all sorts of orchids which use the trees as a foothold and get all their sustenance from rainwater. Between May and October at least 60 inches of water fall here, mostly in heavy thunder showers.

Under permit, a certain amount of hunting, fishing and trapping is allowed; so are licensed alligator and four-wheel drive swamp buggies, but only on certain routes. However, apart from the sheer exhilaration of skimming over the marsh in a deafening airboat, you will see far more wildlife if you walk (or canoe) the various way-marked trails.

Just don't underestimate the biting capability of the mosquitoes when you do.

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FACT FILE

GETTING THERE: British Airways (0345 222111) and American Airlines (0345 789789) both fly from Heathrow and Gatwick to Miami. BA also flies from Gatwick to Orlando and also to Tampa. Virgin Atlantic (01293 747747) flies Manchester-Orlando, Gatwick-Orlando and Heathrow-Miami.

Lowest fares are likely to be available through discount agents; they will also be able to offer connections on US airlines from other UK airports and to alternative Florida destinations.

There are also plenty of charters from Gatwick, Manchester and other UK airports to Sanford and Orlando.

Space Coast - the final frontier: Florida's Space Coast Office of Tourism is well-organised, with a freephone number from Britain (0800 897 578), or visit the web site at www.space-coast.com. You can also call NASA's launch line (001 407 867 4636) or visit NASA's extensive websites. A limited number of Launch Viewing Car Passes allowing you to drive onto the Space Center and watch the lift-off are available. Write several months in advance to NASA Visitor Services, Mail Code: PA PASS, Kennedy Space Center, FL 32899. Around 1,500 Launch Viewing Opportunity tickets to board buses to the official site go on sale

(\$10) five days prior to launch. They can only be purchased in person at the KSC visitor complex ticket pavilion, open 9am-5pm, seven days a week. Outside KSC, the prime viewing sites are inland along Highway 1 and the Indian River in Titusville, and along Highway A1A in Cape Canaveral and Cocoa Beach.

Forthcoming Shuttle launches: 29 October, 2pm: Discovery - John Glenn returns to space 9 December, 10.09pm: Endeavour - second flight of International Space Station 14 January, 7.26am: Atlantis - third flight of International Space Station

Three, two, one ... and it's lift-off in the space state

On Florida's Space Coast, you can witness the inferno of a rocket launch, while in California you can check out the future: the X-38. By Chris Hulme

WE HAD come to see a rocket take off. With only the vague notion that if you head for Florida's "space coast" on launch days there will be a place along Route A1A where you can observe, we set off. I had been told that the police administer a few impromptu sites because the spectacle of the *Orbiter* (as they call the shuttle in these parts) leaving the atmosphere at 17,000mph is just too much for the average rubberneck. The plan was to drive the 55 miles from our hotel in Orlando to the Kennedy Space Center, taking our chances on finding a decent spot at the last minute.

During our stay in Florida we had already visited the KSC visitor complex. I have yet to meet anyone disappointed by its museum, rocket park and IMAX theatres. The most spectacular

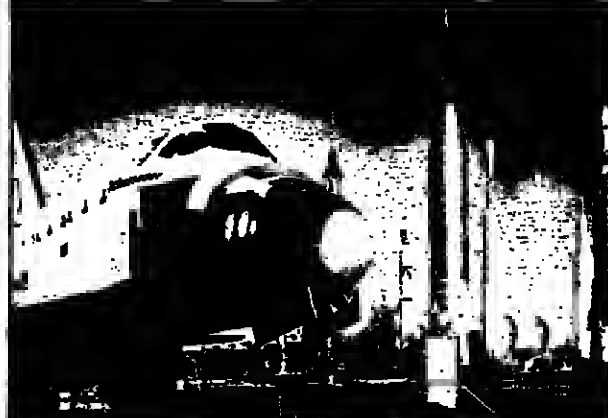
exhibit is inside the Apollo/Saturn V Centre. One of the three surviving 363ft Saturn V moon rockets rests on stilts, gleaming and iconic. The Saturn V was introduced in 1964. It was so big that the original site for manned flights, the air-force base on neighbouring Cape Canaveral, had to be abandoned. Walking around the rocket gives you a feeling of the monstrous scale of the programme.

Central Florida's Atlantic coast has few other attractions. You pass through miles of marshland before the journey peters out into Cape Canaveral, a flat bulge surrounded by ocean. The town feels low-rent and permanently out of season. What the cape does have is a sense of history. The budget motels, second-hand car dealerships and diners lining Route

A1A around Cocoa Beach are not so different from the businesses that prospered during the days of *Mercury*, *Gemini* and *Apollo*. I consoled myself with the best guide to the pioneering days of the space age, *The Right Stuff*.

"People coming to work at the cape for NASA felt part of the mad rush to battle the Soviets for domination over the heavens," wrote Tom Wolfe. "Very few people had a place big enough to entertain in. But every night the fraternal lounge was open, under the skies, in the salt air."

The same *joie de combat* supercharged the atmosphere at Edwards Air Force Base in California in the Fifties and Sixties. There was still such a feel when we took a trip here. Test pilots had created space-pioneer folklore from the moment when



Kennedy Space Centre, Florida

Robert Harding

Chuck Yeager broke the sound barrier above the base in 1947. A small museum celebrates him and other hotshots.

Palmdale, a few miles further on, feels like the last point of

civilisation. I stayed in the Holiday Inn and found an artist's impression of the X-38 space plane (due to replace the shuttle some time after the millennium) displayed in reception. The picture

is signed by the Lockheed Martin engineers developing the prototype of the edge of town. The Skynworks, as their office is known, is a large, windowless structure behind miles of security fencing. The U-2 and Blackbird spy planes were created inside, along with the Stealth fighter. Pressing my face against the perimeter steel, I wondered whether I would be whisked away in the style of *The X-Files*. Then I drove on.

The main entrance to Edwards is a 45-minute drive out of Palmdale. An escorted tour certainly makes a unique accompaniment to a California fly-drive holiday. The military built here because of Rogers Dry Lake, an enormous flat plain baked hard by the sun. It is the perfect place to land experimental aerospace vehicles.

The latest space ship to take advantage of the favourable geography is the X-38. It is an escape vehicle, being developed to allow people living on the International Space Station to evacuate and return to Earth. The X-38 prototype flew for the first time in March, the test flight ending successfully with a landing on the main runway.

But Florida, of course, remains the only place where you can watch the controlled inferno they call a launch. As we arrived at a viewing-area, the 60-second countdown began on the radio. Running down a dusty lane, following other latecomers, we had no idea what would greet us. As I emerged into a crowd, my vision was filled by a giant digital clock and I heard over the PA, "We have lift-off - the Space Shuttle Endeavour."

There was a three-second pause before I saw anything. Then the blazing white light of the shuttle engines drew every gaze. It climbed into the morning sky, spewing colossal clouds. In the excitement, I reached for my camera and captured my wife in several blurred frames. The *Orbiter* is flying out of her head. When I look at the photographs now, all I can remember is the strange elation of watching my fellow man reach for the stars.

Turners of Edwards Air Force Base (001 805 277 3510) take place on Fridays. Write to Flight Test Center, Public Affairs Office, E15 East Mojave, Edwards Air Force Base, California 93524, at least three months in advance. For the Kennedy Space Center, see the Florida Fact File above.

THEATRE

ABERDEEN
HIS MAJESTY'S The Rocky Horror Show Jason Donovan stars in the 35th anniversary tour of the classic rock'n'roll musical. 12 Sept. 8pm & 9pm. £9.50-£19.50. Rosemount Viaduct (01224-641122)

BIRMINGHAM
BIRMINGHAM REP Hamlet Bill Alexander directs this classic of procrastination and failed revenge. From 18 Sept. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. ends 10 Oct. £5-£19. Broad Street (0121-234455)

HIPPODROME The Phantom of the Opera Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical adaptation of the novel about a tragic love affair between an opera singer and a disfigured lover. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. mats Wed 2pm. Sun 2.30pm. ends 24 Sept. £10-£30. Hurst Street (0121-622 7486)

COCKERMOUTH
KIRKGATE CENTRE The Old Curiosity Shop A strong production reflecting the struggle between good and evil. 12 Sept. 7.30pm. phone for prices. Kirkgate (01900-826448)

DARLINGTON
CIVIC THEATRE Joseph and The Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical version of the Bible story. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. mats Wed, Thu & Sat 2pm. Fri & 4.45pm. ends 29 Sept. £5-£19.50. Parkgate (01325-489555)

DUNDEE
DUNDEE REPERTORY THEATRE Children of a Lesser God Love develops between a young deaf woman and her tutor. 12 Sept. 2.30pm & 7.45pm. Sat 7.45pm. Wed-Fri £5.50. On offer. A highly charged production of Shakespeare's tale of love and jealousy in the court of Cyprus. 15-19 Sept. 7.45pm. mat 16 Sept. 2pm. no part. 12 Sept. £5.50-£11.50. conds available. Grindlay Street (01382-223530)

EDINBURGH
ROYAL LYCEUM Britannia Rules Liz Lochhead's charming tale of four young Glaswegians evens during World War II. Tue-Sat 7.45pm. ends 3 Oct. £7-£12.50 (Tue-Thu). £8-£15 (Fri-Sat). conds available. Grindlay Street (0131-229 9697)

GLASGOW
ARCHES THEATRE Politics In The Park Comic gem with an afternoon of chatter between two elderly sisters. 12 Sept. 7.30pm. £5. conds £3 (SB). conds £5 if bought with Final Film.

KINGS THEATRE Kat And The Kings Musical set in 1950s Cape Town. 12 Sept. 5.30pm & 8.30pm. £5-£19.50. conds available. Bath Street (0141-287 5511)

LUDDERSFIELD
HAWTHORNE BATLEY THEATRE Music Comedy about a group of people who enrol at the gym in attempts to revive their sagging bodies and egos. 12 Sept. 7.30pm. £5-£10. conds available. Queen Street (01484-430528)

LAWRENCE BATLEY THEATRE - Obvious Friends Alan Ayckmough's comedy looks at the grieving process. 17-19 Sept. 7.45pm. phone for prices. Queen Street (01484-430528)

HULL
NEW THEATRE Pirates Of Penzance Paul Nicholas stars in this swash-buckling reworking of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic. 12 Sept. 2.30pm & 7.30pm. £4.75-£22.50. Kingston Square (01482-226655/cc 226696)

INVERNESS
EDEN COURT THEATRE The Granny Knot An old decrepit woman remembers the past that left her permanently curled in her armchair. 17 Sept. 8pm. £5. conds £4. Twelfth Night The hilarious tale of cross dressing, love and madness on a strange island. 18 & 19 Sept. 8pm. mat 18 Sept. 1.30pm. £8. conds £6. mat 19 Sept. 1.30pm. £8. conds £6. 2217/18/cc 234274

LEEDS
WEST YORKSHIRE PLAYHOUSE: QUARRY THEATRE Pigeons At The Lapin Agile Steve Martin's comedy about a hypothetical meeting between Albert Einstein and Pablo Picasso. Mon-Sat 8pm. ends 10 Oct. £5.50-£15.50. Quarry Hill Mount (0113-213 7700)

LEICESTER
HAYMARKET THEATRE The Rink Kander And Ebb's sassy musical. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. mats Wed & Sat 2.30pm. ends 26 Sept. £8-£18. 12 Sept. 7.30pm. phone for prices. Belgrave Gate (0116-253 9797)

PHOENIX ARTS Three Lions Drama following the agony and occasional ecstasy of the World Cup. 12 Sept. 7.45pm. £5. conds £4. Newarke Street (0116-255 4854)

LIVERPOOL
EVERYMAN THEATRE Mr Puntilla And His Man MacDuff Sean Polley and Jamshid McCall star in a new version of Brecht's comedy satire. 12 Sept. 8pm. £7.50-£11. conds available. Hope Street (0151-709 4776)

MANCHESTER
LIBRARY THEATRE Jake's Women Neil Simon's comedy about a New York writer battling to separate fact from fantasy. Mon-Thu 7.30pm. Fri-Sat 8pm. mats 15 & 16 Sept. 3pm. ends 10 Oct. £5-£15. conds available. Central Library, St Peter's Square (0161-236 7110)

OPERA HOUSE Oliveri Russ Abbot stars in David Hare's Dickensian musical. From 18 Sept. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. Wed & Sat 2.30pm. ends 30 Jan. £10-£29. Quay Street (0161-242 2503/cc 831 7733)

NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE
NEWCASTLE PLAYHOUSE A Clockwork Orange Anthony Burgess's provocative and disturbing tale of youth violence is brought to the stage. 12 Sept. 8pm. £5-£12.75. conds available. Barras Bridge (0191-230 5151)

THEATRE ROYAL Pirates Of Penzance Paul Nicholas stars in this swash-buckling reworking of the Gilbert and Sullivan classic. 14-19 Sept. 7.30pm. mat 17 Sept. 2pm. £5-£25. Grey Street (0191-232 2061)

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME
NEW VICTORIA THEATRE Kias Of The Spider Woman Alan Baker's translation of Manuel Puig's adult tale of love, sexuality and betrayal. 18, 14-15, 19, 21-24, 26 Sept. 7.30pm. £5.50-£12.50. conds available. Eldon Road (01782-717962)

NOTTINGHAM
NOTTINGHAM PLAYHOUSE The Boy Friend A singing new version of Broadway's jazz musical. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. ends 10 Oct. £3-£18.50. East Circus St (0115-941 9419)

THEATRE ROYAL Grease Luke Goslin stars in the stage version of the hit film. Mon-Sat 8pm. mats Fri 5.30pm. Sat 3pm. ends 19 Sept. £8-£26. Theatre Sq (0115-989 5555/cc 948 2525)

EXHIBITIONS

BIRMINGHAM
BARBER INSTITUTE OF FINE ARTS Animals In Art Includes work by Delacroix and Goya. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Sun 2pm-5pm. ends 27 Sept. free. Edgbaston (0121-414 7333)

BRADFORD
NATIONAL MUSEUM IN EXILE Living Apart: Ian Berry Major photographic work which defined South Africa's troubles. Ends 1 Nov. Sun Pictures To Cyberspace Tracing important photographic developments over the years. Ends 1 Nov. Donwona Whyte Important young documentary photographer exhibits series of alternative life-styles. Tue-Sun & Bank Hols 10am-5pm. ends 11 Nov. free. Upper Parkgate (01274-727488)

BURNLEY
MID PENNINE GALLERY Face The Day The human body explored including work by Henry Moore and Lucien Freud. Mon. Wed-Sat 10am-5pm. Tue-Sun 10am-5pm. Sun 2pm-5pm. free. York Street (01283-421886)

EDINBURGH
SCOTTISH NATIONAL GALLERY OF MODERN ART Mona Housum's work since the mid-1980s, including installation, sculpture, video and photographs. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. Sun 2pm-5pm. ends 25 Oct. free. Belford Road (0131-624 6200)

GLASGOW
CENTRE FOR CONTEMPORARY ARTS East And Situate Video artists including Mona Batum, Damien Hirst, Gilbert and George and John Maybury. Mon-Sat 11am-6pm. Sun 12noon-5pm. ends 19 Sept. free. Sauchiehall Street (0141-332 7521)

HUNTERIAN ART GALLERY Printmaking in Paris: Picasso And His Contemporaries Including Picasso, Matisse and Derain. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm. ends 19 Sept. free. 8855 ext. 5431

HALIFAX
OCEAN CLOUGH GALLERIES The GSH Series: Derek Jarman Paintings by the artist. Sculpture: A Time And A Place: Jerry Hardman-Jones Mon-Fri 10am-6pm. Sat & Sun 10am-5pm. ends 27 Sept. free. Deans Clough (01422-250250)

KENDAL
ABBOT HALL MUSEUM OF ART, ARCHAEOLOGY Elizabeth Blackadder: Printmaker Prints by the leading watercolourist. Opens 18 Sept. Mon-Sun 10.30am-5pm. ends 1 Nov. £2.80. conds available. Abbot Hall (01539-722464)

KETERING
ALFRED EAST GALLERY Picasso: Histoire Naturelle Prints. Mon-Sat 9.30am-5pm. ends 27 Sept. free. Sheep Street (01536-534274)

LIVERPOOL
TATE GALLERY Liverpool: Willie Doberty Photographic and video works. Ends 4 Oct. Modern British Art: The refurbished galleries exhibit works from the National Collections. Ends Apr. Urban Modern: work examining city life. Ends Apr. 99. Cubism Party paintings, sculptures and collages by Picasso, Braque and others. Tue-Sun & Bank Hols 10am-6pm. ends Apr. 99. free. Albert Dock (0151-709 3223)

MANCHESTER
CORNERHOUSE: Revolution: System Update: Perry Hebertman Part of the International Symposium of Electronic Art. Tue-Sat 11am-6pm. Sun 2pm-6pm. ends 3 Oct. free. Oxford Street (0161-228 2463)

PETERBOROUGH
KEY THEATRE Live Bed Show Arthur Smith's comedy. 12 Sept. 5pm & 8pm. £9-£11.50. Spring And Port Wine Vintage comedy about a disciplinary father whose daughter finally challenges his authority. 14-17 Sept. 7.30pm. 18-19 Sept. 8pm. mat 17 Sept. 2.30pm. £9.50-£11.50. conds av. Embankment Rd (01733-552439)

PITLOCHRY
PITLOCHRY FESTIVAL THEATRE A Voyage Round My Father John Mortimer's auto-biographical account of his relationship with his father. 17 Sept. 8pm. mats 12 Sept. 2pm. ends 8 Oct. £12.50-£15. conds available. A Street Car Named Desire Tennessee Williams's tragic drama of Southern passions with its themes of sexual fascination and cruelty, madness, violence and desire. 14 Sept. 8pm. ends 9 Oct. £12.50-£15. conds available. The Importance Of Being Earnest Oscar Wilde's comedy of unlikely coincidences. 15 Sept. 8pm. mats 12 Sept. 2pm. ends 7 Oct. £12.50-£15. conds available. Funny Money Ray Cooney's farce. 18 & 22 Sept. 2 & 10 Oct. £12.50-£15. conds available. (01796-472680)

RHYL
PANTHEON THEATRE Talking Heads See Hedge performs two of Alan Bennett's monologues. 15 Sept. 7.30pm. £6.50-£7.50. conds available. Promenade (01745-330000)

SCARBOROUGH
STEPHEN JOSEPH THEATRE: MCCARTHY AUDITOR Sweet Potatoe Michael Goss's comedy about a dog who worships her into her mistress's house and bears. 12, 19, 26 Sept. 10.30pm. £4. Bolt From The Blue Comedy about a seemingly happy couple who have not been entirely honest with each other. 15 & 22 Sept. 1.10pm. £4. Contacting Laura One man's attempt to move on following a marriage break-up. 18 & 25 Sept. 1.10pm. £4. Later Life Comedy set in Boston about love and life after love. 18, 19, 25 Sept. 10.30pm. £4. Westborough (01723-370541)

STEPHEN JOSEPH THEATRE RESTAURANT About Colin Dillingham's views of one man from his wife and his mistress. 16 & 23 Sept. 1.10pm. £4. Westborough (01723-370541)

STEPHEN JOSEPH THEATRE THE ROUND Love Songs & Shopkeepers Alan Ayckmough's comedy. 17th's comedy about a single writer with professional and romantic aspirations. 3-5, 7-9, 17-19, 21-26 Sept. 7.30pm. mat 12 Sept. 2.30pm. ends 26 Sept. £5-£12.50. Westborough (01723-370541/cc 378863)

ANNA KARENINA Stage adaptation of Tolstoy's classic portrayal of passion, from Shared Experience Theatre. Lyric Hammersmith King St. W6 (0181-741 2311) & Hammersmith. From 15 Sept. Mon-Sat 7.30pm. ends 26 Sept. £5-£12.50. Westborough (01723-370541)

THE BLUE ROOM Nicole Kidman stars in David Hare's adaptation of Schitzler's La Ronde. Donmar Warehouse Earham Street. WC2 (0171-369 1732) & Covent Garden. Mon-Sat 8pm. mats Thu & Sat 3pm. £12-£25.

CLEO, CAMPING EMMAUNUELLE AND DICK Terry Johnson's new play looks at the Carry On actors and recreates Sid James, Kenneth Williams and Babs Windsor on stage. National Theatre Lyttelton South Bank. SE1 (0171-452 3000) BR/6 Waterloo. In rep. 12, 17 & 18 Sept. 7.30pm. ends 12 & 16 Sept. 2.15pm. continuing. £8-£27.

CLASSICAL

GLASGOW
STEVENSON HALL Scottish International Piano Competition Stage one. 12-14 Sept. 1.15pm & 6.45pm. from £2.50. Scottish International Piano Competition Stage 2. 16 & 17 Sept. 1.15pm & 6.45pm. from £2.50. Renfrew Street (0141-332 5057)

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BRIDGEWATER HALL Manchester Camerata/Gamba Joined by organist Wayne Marshall. 18 Sept. 7.30pm. £8-£20. Lower Mosley Street (0161-907 9007)

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CREATAT NATION House with Paul Oakenfold, Craig Richards and Sasha. 12 Sept. 9pm-3am. £10. NUS £7. Walsingham Square (0151-709 1693/cc 709 9172)

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HORNBY AT BAKERS Dave Pearce (Radio One) and John Hollis (Crombie) appear at the opening of this new class at house anthems session. 18 Sept. 10pm-2am. £7. NUS £4 before 11pm. mews £2. Broad Street (0121-633 3839)

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CLUBS

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EMBRACE Epic guitar rockers tour the acclaimed debut album, Good Will Out. The Dome Bawtry Road (01302-370888) 12 Sept. 8pm. £9.50.

DUNDEE
MANIC STREET PREACHERS. MORGAN Intense Welsh trio tour their new album, This Is My Truth. 28th Me Yours, supported by Scottish quiet nights DJ crew. Spa Royal Hall South Marine Drive (01262-678258) 17 Sept. 8pm. £14.

LIVERPOOL
GEORGE MELLY AND JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS Veteran raconteur with his faithful band of merry musicians. Ziba Bar & Brasserie 15-19 Berry Street (0151-708 8870) 16 Sept. 8pm. phone for prices.

MANCHESTER
CYPRESS HILL Original hip hop stars from the West Coast rap scene. 12 Sept. 7.30pm. phone for prices. Hop & Grape (Manchester University Students Union) Oxford Road (0161-275 2930) 16 Sept. 7.30pm. phone for prices.

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SUNDAY TELEVISION & RADIO

BBC1

BBC2

ITV LWT

Channel 4

Channel 5

ITV/Regions

6.30 **Australian Birds** (682465). 7.20 Match of the Day (102310). 8.30 Breakfast with Frost (48348). 9.30 The Heaven and Earth Show (S) (80954). 10.30 Top Gear (4410). 11.00 Pomorie (889). 11.30 Countryfile on Sunday (7819). 12.00 News (47833). 12.05 The Argument (853056). 1.00 EastEnders (35023). 1.30 Cartoon (480584). 1.45 Athletics (738332). 2.30 EastEnders (726184). 4.25 Farnborough International: The 50th Year (572706). 4.55 Pink Panther (548503).

5.20 News; Weather (T) (591936).

5.40 Local News; Weather (34888).

5.45 **Songs of Praise**. Harry Secombe is at the Royal Albert Hall, where the Mormon Tabernacle choir sing some hymns (S) (T) (37891).

6.20 **FILM** *Dragnet* (Tom Mankiewicz 1987 US). So-so comic send-up of the long-running 1950s TV series, casting successfully against type Dan Aykroyd (as the straight one) and Tom Hanks (as the unconventional one). The film involves bent evangelists and pornographers, and co-stars Debrai Coleman and Christopher Plummer. (S) (7800485).

8.00 **EastEnders**. A one-hour special in which Tiffany and Louise's party descends into chaos - after which, as they say, things will never be the same again (S) (T) (2145).

9.00 **CHOICE** *Falling for a Dancer*. 1/4. The first part of an adaptation of Deirdre Purcell's romance, which begins in the late 1930s. See *Drama of the Day*, below (S) (T) (427890).

9.50 News; Weather (T) (70874).

10.05 **FILM** *Scent of a Woman* (Martin Brest 1992 US). Cornily effective Oscar-winning tale of blind and bitter Vietnam veteran Al Pacino and a life-changing weekend with the scholarship student (Chris O'Donnell) who comes to look after him one weekend (S) (T) (5778058).

12.30 **FILM** *The Opposite Sex* (Matthew Moseley 1993 US). Tresome singles comedy with a pre-stardom Courtney Cox (Then Weather) (3539443).

1.50 **Commonwealth Games**. Swimming. And lots of it (S) (8594799). To 6am.

6.35 **Open University**. Chardin and the Still Life (280555). 7.00 Critical Trials (T) (48310). 7.25 Approaching Literature (788567). 8.15 Italianissimo (226723). 8.30 Horner's Americanus (3548). 9.00 Sunday Grandstand (S) (580225). 9.05 Men's Hockey (799643). 9.30 Cycling (814587). 10.30 Bowling (81833). 11.15 Boring (370961). 11.30 Swimming (377). 1.00 Gymnastics (294503). 1.45 The Simpsons (971236). 2.30 Robot Wars (228). 3.00 Goodwood Festival of Speed (R) (998). 3.30 Sunday Grandstand (S) (408787). 3.35 Racing and Rowing (726878). 4.30 Commonwealth Games (T) (6834667). 5.20 Motorcycling (8824077).

5.45 News Round-Up (427400).

6.15 **Watch Out Monthly**. Wildlife magazine presented by Chris Packham (S) (41848).

6.45 **Star Trek: Voyager**. Ensign Kim falls in love with a holodeck character. (S) (T) (96484).

7.30 **Scrutiny**. Dinah Lammiman joins the Welsh Affairs Committee as they investigate how to make Wales an economic success (S) (T) (618).

8.00 **CHOICE** *From D-Day to Berlin*. Extraordinary home-movie footage shot by Hollywood director George Stevens as he followed the Allies into Germany. See *Documentary of the Day*, below (R) (S) (T) (384690).

8.50 **Spielberg - The Interview**. Mark Cousins interviews Steven Spielberg about his new release, *Saving Private Ryan* (S) (82577).

9.30 **CHOICE** *Schindler's List* (Steven Spielberg 1993 US). Multi-Oscar-winning true story of the World War Two Austrian entrepreneur who helped Jews escape to Israel. See *Film of the Day*, below (S) (T) (28019435).

12.45 **Survivors of the Shoah** (Followed by Weather) (T) (332559).

2.00 **BBC Learning Zone: Artists 1** (4759). 4.00 Languages: Italian (4801). 5.00 Business & Training: Business Programme (773004). 5.45 - 6.30 Open University: Leadership (626443).

6.00 **GMTV** (79705). 8.00 Digby (9044348). 8.25 Tiny Toon Adventures (3868-318). 9.50 Men in Black (722284). 10.15 Cluskey (728323). 10.40 My Favourite Hymns (489752). 11.00 Morning Worship (S) (T) (482680). 12.40 ITN News; Weekend Weather (T) (489081). 12.45 London Weekend Today (T) (2343058). 12.55 P1: Italian Grand Prix Live (4534416).

2.50 **FILM** *The 300 Spartans* (Rudolph Mate 1962 US). Historical epic about the hero's Spartan efforts against the Persian army. With Ralph Richardson (8105394).

5.00 **Murder, She Wrote** (R) (2470481).

5.55 **Catchphrase** (R) (S) (T) (314313).

6.20 **London Tonight** (T) (323077).

6.25 **ITN News; Weekend Weather**. (T) (9084).

6.40 **You've Been Framed** (S) (T) (31232).

7.40 **Who Wants to Be a Millionaire?** The final day of Chris Tarrant's big-money game show. (S) (T) (46170).

7.40 **Coronation Street**. Steve brings Maxine round to his way of thinking, poor lamb (T) (65145).

8.30 **Heartbeat**. Continuing the post-Nick Barry Skates copper series. Mike has to make a dramatic rescue after a dangerous radioactive isotope goes missing. And Greengrass turns babysitter (S) (T) (12722).

9.30 **The Jump**. 2/4. Continuing this drama about a woman whose husband asks her to break him out of prison after he has been jailed for a crime he didn't commit. With Adrian Dunbar and Susan Vidler (S) (T) (7842905).

10.15 **ITN News; Weather** (T) (73881).

10.30 **Beach Boys - Endless Harmony**. Conclusion of the two-part documentary (S) (T) (41487).

11.30 **F1: Italian Grand Prix** (33338).

12.30 **FILM** *Rio Diablo* (Rod Hardy 1993 US). Frontier action drama starring Kenny Rogers (90424).

2.30 **In Bed with Madeline** (4619). 3.00 **Film: Wizards of the Lost Kingdom** (878427). 4.20 **ITV** *Nightvision* (574207). To 5.30am.

6.05 **The Pink Panther Show** (809331). 6.30 Little Dracula (5881). 7.00 Ovide (R) (5042058). 7.15 HulaBalloo (555855). 7.35 Sharky and George (482674). 8.00 Biker Mice from Mars (634023). 8.25 The Odyssey (R) (729133). 11.00 Holyoke (488232). 12.40 The Real World (457884). 1.05 **Film: The Dark Avenger** (7936313).

2.45 **Football Italia**. Perugia vs Juventus (2370597).

5.00 **FILM** *Westbound* (Budd Boetticher 1959 US). American Civil War western starring Randolph Scott and Virginia Mayo (T) (185058).

6.20 **Scrapheap**. Technological challenge set in a scrapyard where two teams must create a piece of machinery using junk. Robert Llewellyn is the host (T) (465068).

7.20 **FILM** *Carry On Regardless* (Gerald Thomas 1961 UK). Sid James runs the "Helping Hands" employment agency in this sketchy fifth contribution to the long-running series. Tasks include walking a chimpanzee, modeling underwear and guarding the employees of a strip club. With Kenneth Connor, Kenneth Williams, Charles Hawtrey and Joan Sims (T) (2489394).

8.00 **Cutting Edge Special: Independent Results**. Documentary about the brief editorship at *The Independent* of Rosie Boycott, now at *The Express* (T) (5618).

10.00 **FILM** *Love Field* (Jonathan Kaplan 1982 US). This touching movie stars Michelle Pfeiffer as a Dallas housewife whose husband with Jackie Kennedy leads her to travel to Washington for JFK's funeral. On the bus she meets a black man who may or may not be abducting his daughter (Followed by *Trauma*) (T) (3416).

12.30 **FILM** *My Heroes Have Always Been Cowboys* (Stuart Rosenberg 1991 US). Contemporary western starring Scott Glenn as an ageing rodeo rider (T) (9806).

2.30 **FILM** *Malay Padi Manj* (Ravindra Dave 1976 Ind). (9449085) To 5.20am.

6.00 **Hot Property** (7229400). 6.25 Posters (3436708). 6.30 Hawk-azoo (3838787). 7.00 Dappledown Farm (189232). 7.30 Mithral (5676348). 7.55 Wm's House (743618). 8.00 The Agony Hour (3488936). 9.00 Roobarb (504394). 9.35 Pitch, Hit and Run (7060313). 9.30 The New Adventures of Robin Hood (489087). 10.30 Miroc Mirror (370777). 11.00 Daria (760023). 11.30 Singled Out (S) (789752). 12.00 The Mag Special: Oasis Unplugged (8937329). 1.05 News (5582855).

1.20 **The Movie Chart Show** (5418023). 1.50 Exclusive (901693). 3.30 Family Affairs Omnibus (3720177).

5.25 **FILM** *Splash, Too* (Greg Antonacci 1988 US). Not really a sequel to the Disney mermaid fantasy which starred Tom Hanks and Daryl Hannah as a feature-length pilot for a TV series that never got made. You can see why. With someone called Todd Waring in the Hanks role (T) (2241947).

7.00 **Tell the Truth**. Kirsty Young hosts live studio discussions on contentious subjects. This week, the release of convicted paedophiles. Expect more heat than light (S) (773232).

8.00 **African Safari**. Documentary on the African leopard, hunted to the brink of extinction for its fur. Survivors are seldom sighted, but this programme follows a leopard as she struggles to raise her young (R) (S) (T) (764752).

9.00 **FILM** *The Chase* (Paul Wendice 1991 US). Fact-based thriller about the hunt for an escaped bank robber. The Denver police and a TV helicopter news team are hot on the trail of a criminal who has escaped from a Texas jail and embarked on a violent crime spree. Actress-turned-chat-show-host Ricki Lake makes a fleeting appearance. (T) (7761348).

10.50 **Sex Life**. Series looking at the sexual revolution sweeping Britain today. (R) (S) (T) (888503).

11.40 **The Comedy Store** (S) (402961). 12.30 Motor Racing (S) (956462). 1.00 Major League Baseball - Live (S) (8462065). 4.40 Monsters (3786437). 5.05 Throb (6834004). 5.30 Period Rooms (R) (S) (T) (422337). To 6am.

BBC1

Wales 11.30 - 12.00 Homeland

BBC2

N Ireland 2.30 - 3.00 In My Own Way

Anglia

As LWT except: 12.30 News

Headlines; National News

(480081). 12.35 Anglia News

(2343058). 2.50 Gang Wild

(281945). 3.00 Cows Week: the

Inside Story (446). 3.30 Film: 633

Squadron Country Churches (22555). 5.45

On the Box (30784). 6.05 The

Stakes (80435). 6.20 Anglia News

(33077). 12.30 Film: Shadow of a

Stranger (90494). 2.30 Charlie

Grace (47587). 3.30 World

Football (235074). 5.45

Spectator (83353). 4.30 H2O

International Boat Show (575827).

4.55 ITV Nightvision (1782202).

5.00 Coronation Street (24820).

Central

As LWT except: 12.35 Central

News (2343058). 2.50 Film: Nine

Hours to Rama (1843752). 3.30

Our House (343685). 4.40

Catchphrase (40477). 5.40 Central

News (2343058). 6.05 The

Wizards of the Lost Kingdom (502733).

4.35 Joinfinder (893424). 5.00

Spotlight Asia (24820).

ITV Wales

As LWT except: 12.35 HTV

News (2343058). 2.50 Champions

of the Future Flys Home, Herts

(4778329). 3.30 Baywatch

(330752). 4.30 Film: (87548).

5.30 The Front Row (894058).

6.00 Soccer Sunday (22413). 6.20

HTV News (33077). 12.30 - 5.00

As Anglia.

ITV West

As LWT except: 12.35

Westcountry News (2343058). 2.50

Film: The Longest Day (303943).

6.00 Faces of Dartmoor (85826).

6.35 Westcountry News (67972).

11.30 F1: Italian Grand Prix

(509953). 12.30 - 5.00 As Anglia.

Yorkshire

As LWT except: 12.35

Yorkshire News (2343058). 2.50

Murder, She Wrote (444135). 3.45

To Be Announced (246093). 5.05

Coronation Street (247972). 6.00

House Style (795394). 6.20

Calendar News (33077). 12.30

Film: Rio Diablo (714004). 12.45

Teles from the Crypt (42733). 1.15

Film: Muzard (771564). 4.30

Joinfinder (4022).

ITV Wales

As LWT except: 12.35

Air Yorkshire News (2343058). 2.50

Newsweek (477923). 3.20

Something Else for the Weekend

(235074). 4.30 Welsh

Water-Skiing (727058). 4.50

Cartoon Time (379752). 6.20

North East News (33077).

S4C

As Channel 4 except: 12.30

Uchafbryn Llew (546148).

12.40 Film (713077). 12.55

Go! (870503). 1.35 Mission:

Impossible (543122). 2.35

Brookside (8828910). 4.00

Don't Stop the Music (335377). 5.00

Newcastle (106458). 5.30

Manifesto (2508435). 5.35

Pobol y Cwm (843587). 7.30

Portsmouth (880610). 8.00

Cerdd e Chuan (840810). 8.30

Pobol y Cwm (843587). 9.00

Newyddion (1930416). 9.40

Cutting Edge Special (8585435).

10.45 Short and Curious: Seventeen

(882184). 10.50 Film: Romeo is

Beeding (2332438). 12.15

My Own Private Idaho (778630).

2.25 Close.

DRAMA OF THE DAY

FALLING FOR A DANCER (9pm BBC1) Swirling new four-part drama (adapted by Deirdre Purcell from her own novel) set in late Thirties Ireland. Elisabeth Dermot Walsh plays a young woman who is made pregnant by a feckless actor and sent by her parents to marry a widowed and much older farmer in the remote west of Ireland. Enter the farmer's lusty young neighbour, played by Liam Cunningham.



DOCUMENTARY OF THE DAY

D-DAY TO BERLIN (8pm BBC2) There is a Steven Spielberg (right) theme to this evening on BBC2, to coincide both with the cinema release of *Saving Private Ryan* and the screening later of *Schindler's List*. This remarkable documentary relates to the former, and was made by Hollywood director George Stevens as he progressed with the victorious Allies from the Normandy landing beaches, via Paris to Berlin.



FILM OF THE DAY

SCHINDLER'S LIST (8.30pm BBC2) "Like an earthquake in a culture of gardens", wrote the film biographer David Thomson, mightily impressed by Steven Spielberg's moving tale of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), the gentle factory owner who went from exploiting few Jewish labour in Poland to saving Jewish lives. "The film works so well because [Spielberg] is Schindler," adds Thomson, "and 1993 has been his 1944."



RADIO

Radio 1 (87.8-98.8MHz FM) 6.30 *Che Warren*. 10.00 *Mark Goodier's Radio 1 Request Show*. 1.00 *Radio 1 Live*. 4.00 *The Official UK Top 40*. 7.00 *Radio 1 Live*. 10.00 *Chris Jordan*. 4.00 - 6.30 *Che Warren*. **Radio 2** (88-90.2MHz FM) 7.00 *Don Maclean*. 9.05 *Steve Wright's Sunday Love Songs*. 10.00 *Parish's Sunday Sunday*. 10.00 *Diamond Carrington*. 3.00 *Russell Davis*. 4.00 *A Royal Tour*. 4.30 *Sing Something Simple*. 6.00 *Matthew Kelly*. 7.00 *High Scooty*. 8.30 *Sunday Half Hour*. 9.00 *Alan Keith*. 10.00 *Malcolm Lockwood*. 10.00 *The David Jacobs Collection*. 12.05 *Steve Madden*. 3.00 - 4.00 *Alan Lester*. **Radio 3** (90.2-92.4MHz FM) 6.00 *On Air*. 6.59 *Darlene Week*. Introduction. 9.00 *Brian Kay's Sunday Morning*. 12.05 *Music Matters*. 1.00 *The Radio 3 Lunchtime Concert*. 1.25 *The Lighter Side of Schoenberg*. 1.35 *Concert*, part 2. 2.45 *Spirit of the Age*. 3.45 *100 Great Singers*. 4.00 *Centurions*. 4.45 *The Year*. 5.30 *Private Passions*. 6.30 *Danute Week*. 6.45 *Sunday Feature: The End of the World*. 7.30 *Performance on 3*. Humphrey Burton introduces a concert from Linz, bridge of Anton Bruckner and the poor who cannot take up the annual Bruckner Festival. He also visits the Floran monastery where Bruckner was a chorister and an organist. Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra/Harriet Blomstedt. Honegger: Symphony No 3 (Lurgue). 8.40 *Linz - Past and Present*. 8.50 *Concert*, part 2. Bruckner, op. Novak: Symphony No 3 in D minor. 9.45 *Sunday Play: To the Wedding*. John Berger's novel, dramatised for radio by John Berger, Simon McBurney and Mark Wheatley, is presented with an international cast well known from the productions of the Theatre de Complicité. A father and mother separated for 17 years travel across Europe to their daughter's wedding in Italy. As they travel, we become aware of the human tragedy that awaits them and a conclusion which is as tender as it is devastating. With Uli Raur, Simon McBurney, Kevin Cardigan, Tim McInallen, Simon McBurney, Kathryn Hunter and Richard Hope. Director

SATURDAY RADIO

Radio 1
(97.8-98.8MHz FM)
7.00 Mark Goodier. 10.00
Chris Moyles. 1.00 Lisa Arson.
3.00 Radio 1's R'n'B Chart. 5.00
Judge Jules. 7.00 Danni Ramping.
Lovegroove Dance Party. 9.00
Westwood - Radio 1 Rap Show.
12.00 Radio 1 Reggae Dancehall
Mix. 2.00 Essential Mix. DJ Rap.
4.00 - 6.30 Annie Nightingale.

Radio 2
(88-90.2MHz FM)
6.00 Mo Dutt. 8.05 Brian
Matthew. 9.00 Steve Wright's
Saturday Show. 1.00 The
Worldhouse Archive. 1.30 What on
Earth? 2.00 Alan Freeman. 3.30
Johnnie Walker. 5.30 Paul
Gambaccini. 7.30 Prons in the Park.
9.00 Last Night of the Proms.
10.35 Bob Harris. 1.00 Charles
Nove. 4.00 - 7.00 Mo Dutt.

Radio 3
(92.2-92.4MHz FM)
6.00 On Air.
9.00 CD Review.
10.00 Interview.
11.00 Record Review.
12.00 Private Passions.
1.00 The Radio 3 Lunchtime
Concert.
2.00 Best of 3.
3.00 The Other Karajan. See *Pick of the Day*.
4.35 Artists' Question Time.
5.00 Jazz Record Requests.
6.00 Swinging with Uncle Joe.
6.30 Brahms.
7.35 BBC Proms 98. Live from the
Royal Albert Hall, London. The
traditional close to the Proms season,
with music for Gershwin's centenary,
excerpts from two Tigris operas,
Rachmaninov's famous rhapsody
and two new works. Jean-Yves
Thibaudet (piano), Thomas Hampson
(baritone), BBC Singers, Symphony
Chorus and Orchestra/Andrew
Davis. Rossini: Overture
The Barber of Seville; Mozart:
Non più andrai (The Marriage of
Figaro); Verdi: Di provenza il mia (La
traviata); Rossini: Largo al factotum
(The Barber of Seville); High Wood:
Variations for Orchestra; Rachmaninov:
Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini.
8.35 And Finally... Christopher Cook
investigates endings and grand
finales - the eccentric ways people

PICK OF THE DAY

NINETY-NINE per cent of what
has been written about Herbert
von Karajan (right) focuses on
20 per cent of the information:
asserts Richard Osborne in *The
Other Karajan* (3pm R3). The
first programme of six is called
"Undertones of War", Osborne's
contention being that war and
fear of war were central to
Karajan's life - in particular that
his childhood during WWI left

him with an abiding terror of
Russian invaders. Whether this
makes his enthusiasm for Nazism
any more sympathetic is another
matter. More Bolshevik nightmares
(8pm R4). Christopher Andrew
looks at counterespionage and
codebreaking since WWII, and
how it led to the unmasking of
Philby, Burgess and McLean.
ROBERT HANKS



finish things off, bow out and bring
down the curtain.
9.00 Concert, Part 2. Bernstein:
Overture "Candide"; Pary: Bist Pair
of Sins; Gershwin: Nice work if you
can get it; Somebody loves me; A
Foggy Day; Embraceable You;
Fascinating Rhythm. Thomas Ades:
These Premises Are Alarmed. Edgar:
Pomp and Circumstance March No
1 in D. Henry Wood: Fantasia on
British Sea Songs. Arne: Rule,
Britannia! Partly, or, Elgar: Jerusalem.
10.35 Books Abroad. Novelist
Tibor Fischer opens a literary
window on the world, getting to the
heart of the thinking and culture of
other countries through books and
revealing the forces that are shaping
other people's lives. In this programme:
the new historians rewriting Chinese
history, unravelling the complexities of
language and identity in Singapore,
the impact of the Tiger crash on
Korean publishing, and the dilemmas
of writing in English in Malaysia.
11.05 The Mood of the Moment.
11.30 Jazz on 3.
1.00 - 6.00 Through the Night.

Radio 4
(92.4-94.6MHz FM)
6.00 News Briefing.
6.05 Sports Desk.
6.30 Open Country.
6.57 Weather.
7.00 Today.
8.00 Home Truths.
10.00 News; Loose Ends.
11.00 News; The Food
Programme.
11.30 From Our Own Correspondent.

22.00 News; Money Box.
22.30 The News Quiz.
22.55 Weather.
1.00 News.
1.05 The Commission.
2.00 News; The Commission Call
(0171) 580 4444.
2.30 A History of War and Peace in
4 Menus.
3.00 News; The Saturday Play:
Where Waters Meet.
4.00 News; Weekend Woman's
Hour.
5.30 Talking Pictures.
5.54 Shipping Forecast.
5.57 Weather.
6.00 Six O'Clock News.
6.35 Saturday Night Fry.
7.00 Saturday Review.
7.45 Divided We Stand. A four-part
documentary history of the century
that is ending, written and presented
by Robert Robinson. 1: 100 years of
the correspondence column makes
very clear what has divided people
across the century.
8.00 The Archival Hour: The
Codebreakers. Christopher Andrew
traces the history of postwar
espionage - the codebreaking
agreements between the UK and the
US that were concluded 50 years
ago this summer, and how they led
to the unmasking of the KGB's five
most successful British agents. See
Pick of the Day.
9.00 News; The Classic Serial:
Rites of Passage. By William Golding,
adapted in three parts by Don Taylor.
The journal found after Colley's
death reveals the shocking truth
behind his behaviour, and Tabot finds

himself at the centre of a quest for
justice. With Samuel West, Simon
Russell Beale and Kenneth Haigh.
Director Don Taylor.
10.00 News and Weather.
10.45 Inside Out. English regional
identity comes under the spotlight in
tonight's debate from the Council
Chambers in Newcastle. Following
Scottish and Welsh devolution,
Lesley Riddoch asks if there is any
demand for regional governments
for England.
11.00 News; The Music That Binds
Us. Four programmes about how
people share music within
relationships. 3: Sue McGarry
talks to academic and his wife, Mary.
They discuss music they sang
together, their courtship and
early family days, opera from
their days in Paris, and music they
now share with their grandchildren.
11.30 Cartoons, Lampoons and
Buffoons. (R)
12.00 News.
12.25 Experimental Feature:
The Way Home.
12.30 The Late Story: Lyrical
Ballads.
12.45 Shipping Forecast.
1.00 As World Service.
1.30 World News.
5.35 Shipping Forecast.
5.40 Inshore Forecast.
5.50 - 6.00 Bells on Sunday.

Radio 5 Live
(93.9-95.9MHz MW)
6.00 Dirty Tackles.
6.30 Breakfast.
9.00 Chiles on Saturday.
11.00 Move It.
11.30 The Scoop.
12.00 Sportscast.
1.00 Sport on Five.
6.05 Six-O-Six and US Open Tennis.
9.00 The Treatment.
10.00 Late Night Currie.
1.00 Up All Night.
5.00 - 6.00 Morning Reports.

Classic FM
(100.1-101.9MHz FM)
6.00 Sarah Lucas. 8.00 Count-
down. 11.00 Masters of Their Art.
12.00 Mike Read. 3.00 Margaret
Howard. 6.00 Classic FM at the
Movies. 7.00 Smooth Classics at
Seven. 8.00 Opera Guide. 10.00
The Classic Quiz. 12.00 Midnight
Music. 2.00 Evening Concert. 4.00
- 6.00 Sunday Start.

Virgin Radio
(121.1-128.0MHz MW 105.8MHz
FM)
6.00 Paul Coyle. 10.00 Mark
Forrest. 12.00 Jeremy Clark. 5.00
Johnny Boy's Wheels of Steel. 10.00
Howard Lee Grace. 2.00 - 6.00
Jonny Pearce.

World Service
(198kHz LW)
1.00 Newsdesk. 1.30 Letter from
America. 1.45 British Today. 2.00
Newsdesk. 2.30 Soundworks.
2.45 Sports. 3.00 Newsdesk. 3.30
Music Review. 4.00 World News.
4.05 Business. 4.15 Sports. 4.30
From Our Own Correspondent.
5.00 Newsdesk. 5.30 - 6.00
Global Business.

Talk Radio
6.00 Paul Ross and Carol McGiffin.
9.00 Sean Bolger. 11.30 Danny
Baker and Danny Kelly. 1.00 Alan
Mulroy. 3.00 Nationwide League.
5.30 Danny Baker and Danny Kelly.
7.30 Nancy Roberts. 10.00 Mike
Allen. 2.00 - 6.00 Mike Dixon.

INDEPENDENT PURSUITS

CHESS

JON SPEELMAN

WHO WOULD be the non-playing
captain of a chess team? Four,
six, sometimes seven hours of
watching battles in which, not
actually playing the games, and in
any case normally being weaker
than his players, the captain may
have only a hazy idea of what's
going on.

Not just watching, but feeling.
And then something happens. It
may be a draw offer, which the
player can refer to his captain, not
for advice about the game but
rather about the match position.
Or occasionally an incident -
probably in time trouble, when
points may be sprayed like con-
fetti. Did the player's flag fall
before he reached the time control
- in which case he has lost? Or was
the clock faulty? Did he touch the
piece, in which case he has to
move it, or did his hand merely
hover?

After hours of steadily rising
and essentially impotent anxiety,
the captain may suddenly feel
thrilled into the fray, but he must
somehow remain calm.

I'm currently at the Spanish
Team Championships in Sala-
manca where there has been just
one serious incident, albeit not in
real time. In the first round En-
desa, from Ponferrada near Leon,
felled their top four, including the
Georgian grandmaster Gior-
giadze on board one.

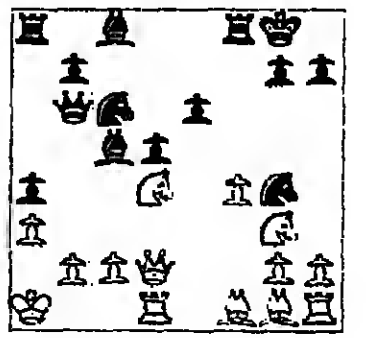
Unfortunately Giorgiadze, as
they must have known, hadn't
made it to Salamanca, so they
defaulted the top board and were
automatically awarded a half-
point penalty.

Three rounds later Endesa
played Olivar (Saragossa). Quite
deliberately they again fielded a
team with the absent Giorgiadze on

one. Olivar immediately protested,
claiming the match 4-0 on default,
for not only were they now all fac-
ing stronger opponents, but in
shifting boards Endesa had nullified
all their preparation. But
Endesa subsequently racked up
three wins for what they hoped
would (including the penalty) be a
21-1 victory! This time the result
was allowed to stand, but they
were warned to play all boards in
future.

Here, briefly, is a win by En-
desa's top board from an earlier
round:

White: Alfonso Romero
Holmes
Black: Miguel Illescas



Black to play
17...e5? 18 Kx5 Ng5 19 Bc2
Kh5 20 Qc3? Rd3 21 Nh3? Nxd4? 22
Bxd4 Bxd4 23 Rd4 Rxd4 24 Rg4! 1-0
17...e5 looked good but 17...
Nxd4 18 Bxd4 Rxd4 19 Qxd4 Qxd4
20 Rxd4 Ne3 was safer. 19... Kh5
avoided the d pawn going with
check in some lines; but the cure
turned out to be worse than the
disease. In the final position Black
is busted, since if 21... Rxd3 25
Rxd3 mate or 21... Rxd4 25 Qxd5.
jspeelman@compuserve.com

BRIDGE

ALAN HIRON

"THAT WAS a wild shot!" com-
plained East sourly after South had
landed his slam on this deal.

"You couldn't possibly have got
a count on my hand - so what pos-
sessed you to play me for two sin-
gletons?"

But there was a good reason for
declarer's play.
East opened Three Clubs (it was
either Three Clubs or Five, for
Four would have had a special
meaning). South rather danger-
ously joined in with Three Hearts
and North launched into Roman
Key Card Blackwood.

On learning that his partner
held three aces but no queen of
hearts, North wisely put on the
brakes in Six Hearts.

West led ♠K against the slam
and, after winning in dummy, the
king and ace of hearts revealed a
sure trump loser.

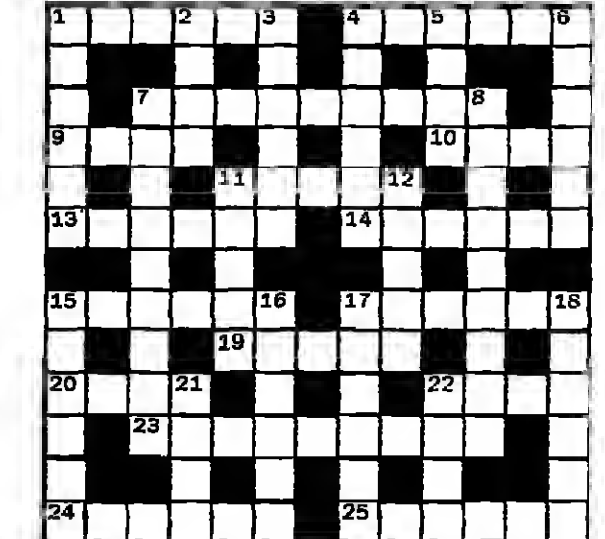
Prospects were not good, for
how could South avoid losing a
spade as well? It would be no help
to find the diamonds divided 3-2, for
West would be able to ruff the
fourth round and cash a spade. The
only hope lay in finding West with
four diamonds, but only two of the

North-South game:	
dealer East	
North	East
♠A J 9	♠K 10 8 5 2
♥K 7 6 3	♥A Q 10 8 5 2
♦K Q 8 5 2	♦A 4
♣A	♣K 10 8 7 6 5 3
West	East
♠K Q 10 8 5 2	♠A 4
♥K 10 4	♥A Q 10 8 5 2
♦J 10 7 3	♦A 4
♣A 2	♣K 10 8 7 6 5 3
South	
♠7 6 3	
♥A J 9 8 5	
♦A 6 4	
♣A J	

jack, the ten and the nine.
Accordingly, South played off
♠A and was pleased to see East
drop the nine. He followed with a
low diamond and when West played
the seven, finessed ♠8 and closed his
eyes.
When he opened them again, a
disgruntled East had discarded a
club. Now South's remaining
spades went away before West
could ruff.

CONCISE CROSSWORD

No. 3714 Saturday 12 September



- | ACROSS | DOWN |
|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Tent-dweller? (6) | 1 Conscription (4-2) |
| 4 Almost (6) | 2 Pig-meat (4) |
| 7 Actor (9) | 3 Sorrow (6) |
| 9 Welsh emblem (4) | 4 Pushes gently (6) |
| 10 Soothing application (4) | 5 Type of horse (4) |
| 11 Allude (5) | 6 Freeholder (6) |
| 12 Heavenly body (6) | 7 Persistent (9) |
| 14 Spangle (6) | 8 Of course (9) |
| 15 Emergency (6) | 11 Terms of reference (5) |
| 17 Horrified (6) | 12 Period of rule (5) |
| 19 Sharp projection (5) | 15 Cotton cloth (6) |
| 20 Noisy (4) | 16 Casual garments (6) |
| 22 In addition (4) | 17 Polar region (6) |
| 23 Office worker (9) | 18 Prize (6) |
| 24 Fruit (6) | 21 Diesel fuel (4) |
| 25 Risky (6) | 22 District (4) |

Solution to yesterday's Concise Crossword:
ACROSS: 1 Noah, 3 Widgeons (Norwegians), 9 March, 10 Drifter.
11 Dad, 13 Megaphone, 14 Turbot, 16 Delays, 18 Backstage, 20 Hug,
22 Eminent, 23 Sabre, 25 Unweary, 26 Pret, DOWN: 1 Nomial, 2 Anti,
4 Indigo, 5 Glimpses, 6 Osteopathy, 7 Screens, 8 Sham, 12 Disjective,
14 Tibbles, 15 Obscene, 17 Pastel, 19 East, 21 Guest, 24 Bar.

SATELLITE AND CABLE

PICK OF THE DAY

DESPITE THE absence of Greg
Rusedski and Tim Henman, both
knocked out in earlier rounds, the
US Open (4.15pm Sky Sports 2)
tennis championship is still
worth a look. This evening's
programme features the men's
semi-finals - defending champion
Pete Sampras against No 3 seed
Pat Rastier, plus unseeded Mark
Phillipoussis against No 10
seed Carlos Moya - sandwiched
around the women's final, which
starts at 8.30pm. Martina Hingis

will have to avenge her Wimbledon
semi-final defeat by Jana Novotna
for a place in the final. Steve
Coogan's monstrous chat-show
debut tonight in *Knowing Me,
Knowing You*, with Alan
Partridge (8.20pm UK Gold).
The 40 minutes of gloriously
offensive *four* pos make a
welcome change from *Are You
Being Served* and *The Bill*, the
channel's staple daytime fillers.
PETER CONCHIE



4.40-5.00 2.00 Superhit (707/102).
6.00 Killer Weather: Killer Quake
(704/322). 9.00 Adrenaline Rush Hour
Speed Crash Rescue (706/398). 10.00
A Century of Warfare (706/473). 11.00
Arthur C Clarke's Mysterious Universe
(699/458). 11.30 Arthur C Clarke's Mys-
terious Universe (702/494). 12.00 Battle-
fields (810/48). 1.00 Battlefields
(815/77). 2.00 Close.

Sky 1
2.00 My Pet Monster (898/3). 3.30 On-
son and Olive (702/8). 6.00 What-
eases (27/4). 8.30 Uniforce (895/5).
9.00 The Simpsons (705/7). 9.30 Court
Duckie (892/2). 10.00 Games World
OmniBus (892/2). 11.00 World Wrestling
Federation Live Wire (897/6). 12.00
World Wrestling Federation Shot Gun
(892/1). 1.00 The New Adventures of Su-
perman (892/2). 2.00 The Newwired
Game (897/7). 2.30 The Newwired Game
(898/8). 3.00 M*A*S*H (892/3). 3.30
M*A*S*H (893/4). 4.00 Star Trek: Deep
Space Nine (895/7). 5.00 Star Trek: Voy-
ager (845/4). 6.00 Xena: Warrior Princess
(847/3). 7.00 Beverly Hills, 90210 (895/0).
8.00 3rd Rock from the Sun (891/7). **8.30**
3rd Rock from the Sun (898/8). **9.00** The
X-Files (894/4). 10.00 Unsolved Mys-
teries (893/3). 11.00 Stand and Deliver
(898/3). 11.30 Showbiz Weekly (898/2).
12.00 The Big Easy (894/3). 1.00 King
Fu - the Legend Continues (75/8). 2.00
- 8.00 Long Play (818/23).

Sky Sports 3
12.00 The Max (848/822). 12.30
Powerboat World (848/822). 1.00 Eque-
strian (882/257). 1.30 Euro Tour Golf
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